

# THE BOOK OF RANDOM KNOWLEDGE

## APRIL 2019

(for A.M.)



The Alpine Club of Canada, Photo from *The Canadian Alpine Journal*

## BIOGRAPHY

FAWCETT, MILLICENT GARRETT (1847-), British writer and political worker, was born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, June 11 1847, the seventh child of Mr. Newson Garrett. In 1867 she married the economist Henry Fawcett, subsequently Postmaster-General (see 10.215), and during her husband's life was closely associated with him in all his work, his blindness making him in many ways extremely dependent upon her. She herself produced various works on economics, including *Political Economy for Beginners* (1870), *Tales in Political Economy* (1875), and, with her husband, a volume of *Essays and Lectures* (1872). Mrs. Fawcett had for many years been interested in the higher education of women and in their economic and political future, and was one of the early workers for women's suffrage, becoming more prominent in the cause after her husband's death (1884). By about 1870 various small societies had grown up with the purpose of advancing the cause of women's suffrage, and in 1896 these were amalgamated under the name of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, Mrs. Fawcett in 1907 becoming the president of this movement. The body was for some years the only important suffrage society, and most of the pioneers of the movement belonged to it; but in 1906 the Women's Social and Political Union was formed, pledged to work by militant, as opposed to constitutional methods. Mrs. Fawcett was strongly opposed to the tactics of the militant suffragists, and expressly dissociated the N.U.W.S.S. from any sympathy with such methods. The constitutional methods adopted by the body of which she was president included an alliance formed with the Labour party (1912) by which the society agreed to support Labour candidates in preference to Liberal when the latter proved unsatisfactory on the suffrage question. Mrs. Fawcett in 1912 produced her work *Women's Suffrage*, and her other books include *Lives of Queen Victoria* (1895) and *Sir William Molesworth* (1901), and *Five Famous French Women* (1906).

Mrs. Fawcett's only child, Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, had a distinguished career at Newnham College, Cambridge, where in 1890 she was bracketed equal to senior wrangler. She became in 1905 principal assistant in the Education Officer's department of the L.C.C. 1922 *Encyclopædia Britannica* Fawcett, Millicent Garrett

1922 *Encyclopædia Britannica*

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Fayolle, Marie-Emile Fazy, Henri→  
See also Émile Fayolle on Wikipedia, and the disclaimer.

FAYOLLE, MARIE-EMILE (1852-), French marshal, was born at Puy (Haute Loire) May 14 1852. He entered the École Polytechnique in 1873, and on leaving in 1875 was posted to the 16th Regt. of artillery. As a subaltern he saw service in Tunis. He was promoted captain in 1882. In 1889 he passed through the École de Guerre, to which, in Nov. 1889, he returned as assistant to Col. Ruffey, who was then artillery lecturer. At this time Foch was lecturer in tactics, and Maud'huy and Pétain joint lecturers in infantry. In 1900 Fayolle succeeded Ruffey as artillery lecturer and held the appointment for seven years. He was promoted lieutenant-colonel in 1902 and colonel five years later. In Nov. 1908 he took over command of a regiment of artillery, and in 1910 he was made a general of brigade; but as on May 14 1914 he had passed the age limit and had not received further promotion he was placed on the retired list. On the outbreak of the World War he was recalled and given command first of a reserve brigade and then of the 70th (Reserve) Division. This division took part in the abortive Lorraine offensive of Aug. 1914. It distinguished itself in the defence of Nancy and was made the subject of a special order of the day by de Castelnau. In Oct. 1914 the division again received special notice—this time for the part it played in the fighting on the line Gavrelle-Bailleul. On Oct. 11 Fayolle was made a

Commander of the Legion of Honour. In June 1915 the division was again made the subject of a special army order by Gen. d'Urbal who commanded the X. Army. On May 13 1915 Gen. Fayolle had been, contrary to the custom in the case of retired officers and in face of considerable opposition, promoted a temporary general of division. In June of the same year he succeeded Gen. Pétain in the command of the XXXIII. Corps. On Feb. 26 1916 he was promoted to the command of the VI. Army, and on March 25 following was confirmed in his rank as general of division. In command of the VI. Army, he carried out the French portion of the Somme offensive (July 1916-Nov. 1916). On Oct. 8 1916 Fayolle was made a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. In May 1917 he again succeeded Pétain, this time in the command of the centre group of armies. In Nov. he went to the Italian theatre in command of the French forces that were sent thither after the disaster of Caporetto. He returned in Feb. 1918 and took an important part in repelling the German offensives of March-June 1918, and in the Allied counter-offensive from July 18 onwards as commander of the northern group of armies. On July 10 he was given the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. Somewhat tardily he was, in Oct. 1919, awarded the Médaille Militaire. But not long afterwards he was, with Lyautey and Franchet d'Espérey, given the highest grade of all, that of Marshal of France.

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Fazy, Henri    Febvre, Alexandre Frédéric→

See also Henri Fazy on Wikipedia, and the disclaimer.

FAZY, HENRI (1842-1920), Swiss statesman and historian, was a member of a family which at the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685) came from Dauphiné to Geneva to seek protection for religious reasons. Its most prominent member was his great-uncle, the Radical statesman, James Fazy (see 11.591), whose biography (1887) was written by him. He was born at Berne on Jan. 31 1842. He studied at Geneva for his doctorate in philosophy and law, became a member of the Genevese cantonal parliament in 1868, and was member of the cantonal executive from 1897 till his death. He was a Radical in politics, but of a more moderate type than his great-uncle, and founded a Radical “group,” opposed to the more extreme section. Carteret, the successor of James Fazy as leader of the latter, died in 1889, and henceforward Henri Fazy played a more and more prominent part in Radical Genevese politics. As a member of the cantonal executive he had charge of the Department of Finances, and was much criticised by Gustave Ador, the leader of the Democrats or Whigs. In 1880 his proposal to separate Church and State in Geneva was rejected by the people, but was finally accepted by them in 1907. He was a member of the Swiss Conseil National from 1896 to 1899, and from 1902 onwards. After the Radical defeat of 1918 he was the only member of his party who was not turned out of office, but he became more and more conservative as time went on. In 1914, as the senior member of the Swiss Conseil National, he protested solemnly against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium.

For many years he was the archivist of Geneva, and also professor of Swiss history at the university of Geneva (1896-9 and from 1902). In the latter capacity he wrote much on Genevese history. In 1887 appeared the *Life of James Fazy*, in 1890 the *Constitutions de Genève*, in 1891 *L'Alliance de 1584 entre Berne, Zurich et Genève*, in 1895 *Les Suisses et la Neutralité de Savoie*, in 1897 *La Guerre du Pays de Gex et l'Occupation genevoise, 1589-1601*, in 1902 *Histoire de Genève a l'Époque de l'Escalade, 1589-1601*, in 1909 *Genève el Charles Emmanuel* and countless papers in the *Proceedings of the Institut National Genevois*. He died at Geneva Dec. 22 1920.

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Page, Walter Hines    Paget, Francis→

See also Walter Hines Page on Wikipedia, and the disclaimer.

PAGE, WALTER HINES (1855-1918), American editor and diplomatist, was born at Cary, N.C., Aug. 15 1855. After graduating from Randolph-Macon College, Va., in 1876, he was appointed one of the first 20 fellows of the newly established Johns Hopkins University. He taught for a time in Louisville, Ky., and then accepted the editorship of the St. Joseph, Mo., Daily Gazette. After two years (1881) he resigned to travel through the South, having arranged to contribute letters on southern sociological conditions to the New York World, the Springfield Republican and the Boston Post. These letters were helpful in educating the North and the South to a fuller understanding of their mutual dependence. In 1882 he joined the editorial staff of the New York World and wrote a series of articles on Mormonism, the result of personal investigation in Utah. Later in the same year he went to Raleigh, N.C., where he founded the State Chronicle, but returned to New York in 1883 and for four years was on the staff of the Evening Post. From 1887 to 1895 he was, first, manager and, after 1890, editor of The Forum, a monthly magazine; and from 1895 to 1900 was literary adviser to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and for most of the same period editor of the Atlantic Monthly (1896-99). When the house of Doubleday, Page & Co. was organized in 1899, his duties were divided between editorial and publishing work, for he was not only a partner in the publishing house but also editor of its magazine, the World's Work. In March 1913 President Wilson appointed him to succeed Whitelaw Reid as ambassador to England.

Mr. Page was hardly known in England when he was appointed, but during his tenure of office he gradually established himself as one of the great line of American ambassadors. None had ever worked more assiduously than he did for Anglo-American solidarity, and his speeches — though he was no orator — were always marked by absolute sincerity and by well-informed appeals to history. His position was a delicate one after the outbreak of the World War, when German and Austrian interests in England were placed in his hands. He was thoroughly loyal to his country in his conduct, although sympathetic with the Allies. Among the problems with which he had to deal were the British claim of the right to stop and search American ships, including examination of mail pouches; the commercial blockade (1915) and the “blacklist,” containing the names of American firms with whom all financial and commercial dealings on the part of the British were forbidden (1916). He had the satisfaction of seeing the United States through its period of neutrality without friction, and then representing it as a partner in the war. In Aug. 1918, finding his strength exhausted, he resigned as ambassador and returned to America in September. He was critically ill on arrival, and after a short rally died at Pinehurst, S.C., Dec. 21 1918. No man ever served his country, or the cause of Anglo-American friendship, more strenuously. While in Great Britain he was honoured with degrees by the universities of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Sheffield, Cambridge, and Oxford. He was the author of *The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths* (1902) and *The Southerner, a Novel: Being the Autobiography of Nicholas Worth* (1909).

1922 Encyclopædia Britannica

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Pearse, Patrick Henry Pearson, Sir Cyril Arthur→

See also Patrick Pearse on Wikipedia, and the disclaimer.

PEARSE, PATRICK HENRY (1870-1916), Irish educationist, author, and Sinn Fein leader, was born in Dublin on Nov. 10 1879. His father was an Englishman, a sculptor and worker in stone, who was himself the author of a pamphlet on England's Duty to Ireland as it appears to an Englishman. It is likely that it was from his father Pearse derived his love of liberty; and from his mother, whose people

came from county Meath, he drank in memories of '98 and of the Fenians. He was educated at the Christian Brothers schools and graduated before he was 24 at the Royal University of Ireland as a B.A. and B.L. His first serious work was when he became editor of the *Claidheamh Soluis*, the weekly organ of the Gaelic League. When engaged on this work he made a tour through Belgium to study bilingual methods, and edited several Fionn tales from Irish manuscripts. He was a hard worker on the *Coisde Gnotha* or Executive of the League, and secretary to its publication committee. He was more interested in education than in any other subject, and it is remarkable that he was in favour of accepting Mr. Birrell's Irish Council bill (see 14.788) in 1907, because it gave the Irish control over their own education. In this attitude he stood almost alone. His first book was a slender volume containing *Three Lectures on Gaelic Topics*, published when he was only 19, dedicated to the New Ireland Literary Society (an ephemeral body which he himself had founded) by its President. This little book contained the germs of much later and better work, including a plea for enthusiasm, and a prophecy that the Gael would "become the saviour of idealism in modern intellectual and social life." In order to carry out his educational schemes he founded a school at Cullinstown, in Dublin, which prospered. The idea was to give an Irish education such as he assumed would be given in a free Ireland. Much stress was laid on the Irish language and on religion. In 1910 he removed this school to the Hermitage, Rathfarnham, a few miles out of Dublin, and continued to run it until his death. He travelled in America collecting money for his schemes, and on his return threw himself into the Irish Volunteer movement. He was high up in its councils, and led in the revolution of 1916, of which he was commander-in-chief. At the same time he proclaimed an Irish Republic. After a week's fighting in Dublin he saw that further resistance was useless, and ordered the Volunteers to lay down their arms. He and Thomas MacDonagh, who had formerly been one of his assistant masters at the Hermitage, and other leaders were tried by court-martial and shot soon after their surrender. Pearse was an excellent orator, with a fine resonant voice. He was a pious Catholic, of irreproachable life, a great lover of children and of nature.

After his death appeared *The Collected Works of Padraic H. Pearse* (3 vols. 1917), containing plays, poems and stories in Irish,

and one volume of English writing.  
(D. Hy.)

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# United States Supreme Court

300 U.S. 319

*PHELPS v. BOARD OF EDUCATION OF WEST NEW YORK*

Argued: Feb. 4, 5, 1937. --- Decided: March 1, 1937

The people of New Jersey have ordained by their Constitution that the Legislature 'shall provide for the maintenance and support of a thorough and efficient system of the public schools.' [1] In fulfillment of this command a comprehensive school law was adopted in 1903 by which boards of education were set up for cities, towns, and school districts throughout the state. [2] Section 106 empowered these boards to make rules and regulations governing engagement and employment of teachers and principals, terms and tenure of such employment, promotion, and dismissal, salaries and their time and mode of payment, and to change and repeal such rules and regulations from time to time. [3] This general school law was amended by the Act of April 21, 1909, [4] section 1 of which provides (4 N.J.Comp.St.1910, p. 4763, § 106a): 'The service of all teachers, principals, supervising principals of the public schools in any school district of this state shall be during good behavior and efficiency, after the expiration of a period of employment of three consecutive years in that district, unless a shorter period is fixed by the employing board. \* \* \* No principal or teacher shall be dismissed or subjected to reduction of salary in said school district except for inefficiency, incapacity, conduct unbecoming a teacher or other just cause, and after a written charge of the cause or causes shall have been preferred against him or her, \* \* \* and after the charge shall have been examined into and found true in fact by said board of education, upon reasonable notice to the person charged, who may be represented by counsel at the hearing.'

An Act of February 4, 1933, [5] premising that existing economic conditions require that boards of education be enabled to fix and determine the amount of salary to be paid to persons holding positions in the respective school districts, authorizes each board to fix and determine salaries to be paid officers and employes for the period July 1, 1933, to July 1, 1934, 'notwithstanding any such person be under tenure'; prohibits increase of salaries within the period named; forbids discrimination between individuals in the same class of service in the fixing of salaries or compensation; and sets a minimum beyond which boards may not go in the reduction of salaries. June 23, 1933, the board adopted a resolution reducing salaries for the school year July 1, 1933, to July 1, 1934, by a percentage of the existing salaries graded upward in steps as the salaries increased in amount, except with respect to clerks, the compensation of each of whom was reduced to a named amount.

Appellants, who were principals, teachers, and clerks employed by the appellee, petitioned the Department of Public Instruction, in accordance with the school law, praying that the action of the board be set aside. The Commissioner of Education dismissed the petition and, upon appeal from his action, the State Board of Education affirmed the decision. The appellants applied for certiorari from the Supreme Court, assigning among other reasons that the decision violated article 1, section 10, and section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment, of the Federal Constitution. The writs [6] issued and, after hearing, the court affirmed the action of the administrative tribunal. [7] The Court of Errors and Appeals affirmed the judgment upon the opinion of the Supreme Court. [8]



The position of the appellants is that by virtue of the Act of 1909 three years of service under contract confer upon an employe of a school district a contractual status indefinite in duration which the legislature is powerless to alter or to authorize the board of education to alter. The Supreme Court holds that the Act of 1909 'established a legislative status for teachers, but we fail to see that it established a contractual one that the Legislature may not modify. \* \* \* The status of tenure teachers, while in one sense perhaps contractual, is in essence dependent on a statute, like that of the incumbent of a statutory office, which the Legislature at will may abolish, or whose emoluments it may change.'

This court is not bound by the decision of a state court as to the existence and terms of a contract, the obligation of which is asserted to be impaired, but where a statute is claimed to create a contractual right we give weight to the construction of the statute by the courts of the state. [9] Here those courts have concurred in holding that the act of 1909 did not amount to a legislative contract with the teachers of the state and did not become a term of the contracts entered into with employes by boards of education. Unless these views are palpably erroneous we should accept them.

It appears from a stipulation of facts submitted in lieu of evidence that after a teacher has served in a school district under yearly contracts for three years it has not been customary to enter into further formal contracts with such teacher. From time to time, however, promotions were granted and salary raised for the ensuing year by action of the board. In the case of many of the appellants there have been several such increases in salary.

Although after the expiration of the first three years of service the employe continued in his then position and at his then compensation unless and until promoted or given an increase in salary for a succeeding year, we find nothing in the record to indicate that the board was bound by contract with the teacher for more than the current year. The employe assumed no binding obligation to remain in service beyond that term. Although the act of 1909 prohibited the board, a creature of the state, from reducing the teacher's salary or discharging him without cause, we agree with the courts below that this was but a regulation of the conduct of the board and not a term of a continuing contract of indefinite duration with the individual teacher.

The resolution of June 23, 1933, grouped the existing salaries paid by the board into six classes the lowest of which comprised salaries between \$1200 and \$1999; and the highest included salaries ranging between \$4000 and \$5600. The reduction in the lowest class for the coming year was 10 per cent; that in the highest class 15 per cent. Salaries in the intermediate classes were reduced 11, 12, 13, and 14 per cent. It resulted that in some instances a teacher receiving the lowest salary in a given bracket would have his compensation reduced to a figure lower than the reduced compensation of one receiving the highest salary in the next lower bracket. From this circumstance it is argued that the board's action arbitrarily discriminated between the employes and so denied them the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

We think it was reasonable and proper that the teachers employed by the board should be divided into classes for the application of the percentage reduction. All in a given class were treated alike. Incidental individual inequality resulting in some instances from the operation of the plan does not condemn it as an unreasonable or arbitrary method of dealing with the problem of general salary reductions or deny the equality guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment.

Judgments affirmed.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Article 4, § 7, par. 6, 1 N.J.Comp.St.1910, p. lxxv.

<sup>2</sup> Act of Oct. 19, 1903, Laws of N.J.1904, 1905, 4 N.J.Comp.St.1910, p. 4724 et seq., § 1 et seq.

<sup>3</sup> 4 N.J.Comp.St.1910, p. 4762, § 106.

<sup>4</sup> Chapter 243, N.J.Laws 1909, Pamph. L. p. 398, 4 N.J.Comp.St.1910, pp. 4763, 4764, §§ 106a to 106c.

<sup>5</sup> Chapter 12, N.J.Laws 1933, Pamph. L. p. 24 (N.J.St.Annual 1933, § 185-225b).

<sup>6</sup> Two writs were issued. The only difference between the two cases, which were heard as one, is that in the Phelps case the employee refused to accept the reduced salary. In the case of Askam, et al., the employees took the reduced salary under protest.

<sup>7</sup> Phelps v. State Board of Education, 115 N.J.Law, 310, 180 A. 220, 222.

<sup>8</sup> Phelps v. Board of Education of Town of West New York, N.J., 116 N.J.Law, 412, 185 A. 8; Askam v. Board of Education of Town of West New York, 116 N.J.Law, 416, 184 A. 737.

<sup>9</sup> Freeport Water Co. v. Freeport, 180 U.S. 587, 595, 21 S.Ct. 493, 45 L.Ed. 679; Tampa Waterworks Co. v. Tampa, 199 U.S. 241, 243, 26 S.Ct. 23, 50 L.Ed. 170; Milwaukee Elec. Ry. Co. v. Railroad Comm., 238 U.S. 174, 184, 35 S.Ct. 820, 59 L.Ed. 1254; Seton Hall College v. South Orange, 242 U.S. 100, 103, 37 S.Ct. 54, 61 L.Ed. 170; Coombes v. Getz, 285 U.S. 434, 441, 52 S.Ct. 435, 76 L.Ed. 866.

←United States Supreme Court



This work is in the public domain in the United States because it is a work of the United States federal government (see 17 U.S.C. 105).

## United States Supreme Court

57 U.S. 635

DOE v. BRADEN

THIS case came up, by writ of error, from the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Florida.

It was an ejectment brought by the lessee of Clark and the other plaintiffs in error against Braden, to recover all that tract or parcel of land in Florida, which is described as follows, namely: Beginning at the mouth of the river heretofore called or known as the Amanina, where it enters the sea, to wit, at the point of the twenty-eighth degree and twenty-fifth minute of north latitude, and running along the right bank of that river to its head spring or main fountain source; thence by a right line to the nearest point of the river St. John; then ascending said river St. John, along its left bank, to the lake Macaco; then from the most southern extremity of that lake, by a right line, to the head of the river heretofore known



or called the Hijuelas; and then descending along that river's right bank to its mouth in the sea; thence continuing along the coast of the sea, including all the adjacent islands, to the mouth of the river Amanina, the beginning point aforesaid, containing twelve millions of acres of land.

The cause went on regularly by the appearance of the defendant, the confession of lease, entry, and ouster, and the admission of counsel on behalf of the United States to defend the suit.

In May, 1852, the case came up for trial at the city of St. Augustine.

The counsel for the plaintiff offered in evidence the following duly verified papers:

1. A memorial of the Duke of Alagon to the King of Spain, dated 12th July, 1817, praying the king to be pleased to grant him the uncultivated lands not already granted, in East Florida, situated between the banks of the river Santa Lucia and San Juan, as far as their mouths into the sea, and the coast of the gulf of Florida and its adjacent islands, with the mouth of the river Hijuelos by the twenty-sixth degree of latitude, following along the left bank of said river up to its source, drawing thence a line to lake Macaco, descending thence by the way of the river San Juan to lake Valdez, and drawing another line from the extreme north part of said latter lake to the source of the river Amanina, thence pursuing the right bank of said river to its mouth by the 28th or 25th degrees of latitude, and continuing along the coast of the sea with all its adjacent islands, to the mouth of the river Hijuelos, in full property for himself and his heirs, and permitting him the importation of negroes free of duty to work and cultivate said lands, a favor which he hopes to obtain from the innate benevolence of your Majesty, whose precious life may God preserve many years, as he prays.

MADRID, 12th July, 1817.

2. The order of the King upon the above, addressed to the royal and supreme council of the Indies, as follows:

His Majesty having taken cognizance of the contents therein, and in consideration of the distinguished merit of this individual, and of his well known zeal for the royal service, and likewise in consideration of the advantages which will result to the State by the increase of the population and civilization of the aforesaid territories, which he solicits, he has deigned to resolve, that the same be communicated to the supreme council, declaring to them that the favor which he solicits is granted to him, provided the same be not contrary to the laws; all of which I communicate to your Excellency by his royal order for your information and that of the council, and for the other necessary ends. God preserve your Excellency many years.

PALACE, December 17th, 1817.

3. A cedula, issued by the extinct council of the Indies, addressed to the governor, captain-general of the island of Cuba and its district, to the intendant of the army and royal exchequer of the Havana and its districts, and to the governor of the Florida. This document bore date on the 6th of February, 1818, and after reciting the petition and grant, concluded as follows:

Wherefore I command and require you, by this my royal cedula, that in conformity with the laws touching this matter, effectually to aid the execution of said gift, taking all the measures proper to carry it into effect without prejudice to the rights of a third party; and in order that the said Duke of Alagon may be enabled to put into execution his design, agreeably in every respect to my benevolent wishes, in

furtherance of the agriculture and commerce of said possessions, which demand a population proportioned to the fertility of the soil and the defence and security of the coast, reporting hereafter successively the progress that may be made; it being understood that the importation of negroes, comprehended in said gift, is to be made, as far as the traffic in them is concerned, in conformity with the regulations prescribed in my royal order of the nineteenth of December ultimo, for such is my will; and that account be taken of this royal order in the contaduria-general of the Indies. Given at the palace, this sixth day of February, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen.

4. A power of attorney from the Duke of Alagon to Don Nicholas Garrido, dated 27th of February, 1818.

5. A decree of Coppinger, governor of Florida, dated 27th of June, 1818, putting Garrido into possession of the land claimed.

6. A deed of conveyance, dated 29th of May, 1819, from the Duke of Alagon to Richard S. Hackley, of Richmond, Virginia. This deed conveyed a part of the lands in question to Richard S. Hackley and company, for the purpose of immediately opening, clearing, and settling them.

7. The deposition of Ann Rachel Hart, of Baltimore, Maryland, that Richard S. Hackley was a native-born citizen of the United States.

8. A deed from Richard S. Hackley, dated 14th of September, 1836, to Joseph D. Beers, Lot Clark, and David Clarkson, the lessors of the plaintiff.

9. An admission by the counsel for the United States that Braden, the defendant, was in possession of 587 45/100 acres of land, lying on the Manatee river, in the present county of Hillsborough, which was covered by the foregoing titles, and was of the value of two thousand dollars and upwards.

The defendant, to prove the issue on his part, read in evidence certified copies of patents for his land from the United States.

A great number of other documents and testimony were offered by the defendant and plaintiff, but a particular notice of them is not deemed necessary in the present report.

On the conclusion of the argument, the court instructed the jury as follows:

1st. The foundation of the plaintiff's title is the concession or order of the King of Spain of the 17th of December, 1817, and the cedula or royal order of the 6th of February, 1818, which, together, constitute the grant or concession to the Duke of Alagon to the lands in question. Whether the order of the 17th of December, 1817, was complete in itself, and amounted to a grant, I deem it unimportant to inquire, because it was reaffirmed and made operative by the cedula or royal order of the 6th of February, 1818, which related back to the order of the 17th of December, 1817; and hence that may be considered the date of the concession, explained and rendered more full and perfect by the order of the 6th of February, 1818, and it is so considered for the purposes of this suit.

Taking these two orders together, it is manifest, from their tenor and spirit, and it is more particularly apparent from the orders and proceedings of the king and the council of the Indies, in the early part of 1818, that one object and intent, and one condition of the grant or concession to Alagon, and one of the principal inducements on the part of the king to make the grant, was the colonization and settlement of

the country, and the agricultural and commercial advantages which it was supposed would arise to the province therefrom. And it is equally clear that the grant was made subject to the laws of Spain, and particularly subject to such laws of the Indies as were applicable to the case; and that the Duke of Alagon, in his proceedings to carry into effect the objects of the grant, and to avail himself of its benefits, was bound to conform to those laws.

The testimony goes to show not only what those laws were, but that early in 1818, and before the Duke of Alagon had sold or conveyed any of these lands, his attention was distinctly called to them by the king and the council of the Indies, or by the proper officials of the Spanish government, and that every effort was made on the part of the King of Spain to insure the due observance of them by the Duke of Alagon; and that he was especially cautioned and advised that he could not by law, and would not be permitted to alienate the lands, or any part of them, particularly to strangers or foreigners. After this, and before any treaty had been ratified and confirmed between the United States and Spain, and while the province of East Florida was still under the dominion of Spain, and subject to the laws of Spain, the deed of May, 1819, was executed by Alagon to Richard S. Hackley.

Second. Therefore, if the jury are satisfied that the laws of Spain and the Indies were such as have been read to them, and that it was not lawful for a Spanish subject to sell or transfer lands to a stranger or foreigner, then this deed of May, 1819, from Alagon to Hackley, was in violation of law and void, and conferred no title upon Hackley.

The Duke of Alagon could not (if those laws have been correctly and satisfactorily proved) legally make any such conveyance; and had he attempted so to do here in the province of East Florida, where it ought to have been done if at all, he would have been prevented by the governor from doing it; and no notary here could have executed the papers without violation of law and of the royal order.

The same objection applies to the deed of conveyance to Hackley of the 30th of June, 1820. That conveyance was likewise in violation of law, and against the express injunctions of the king. It was made in Madrid instead of the province of East Florida, and while the Spanish law was in full force and effect here.

Third. The court is further of opinion, that the grant to the East Florida, where it ought to have been by the king on the final ratification of the treaty, by and with the consent of the cortes, as appears from the evidence in the case; and whether this revocation or annulment of the grant by the king and cortes was founded upon the fact that Alagon had justly forfeited all right to the lands by disregarding the objects and conditions of the grant, and by attempting to transfer the lands to a foreigner, or upon the right of eminent domain, and upon the ground that it was necessary, in order to complete the treaty, and therefore for the public good and general welfare of the nation, to resume or revoke the grant, it was in either case a rightful and legitimate use of sovereign power, and one which cannot be questioned in a court of justice.

Fourth. The court is further of the opinion, that even if the grant was not rightfully annulled by the treaty, yet it is not a grant which, by the terms of the treaty, would stand ratified and confirmed, or which the United States are bound to confirm, although made before the 24th of January, 1818: that the United States are bound to ratify and confirm it only to the same extent that it would have been valid if the territory had remained under the dominion of Spain; and it is manifest, from the evidence in the case, that if the treaty had not been made, the grant would not have been held valid by the Spanish government; it was in fact revoked and annulled by the king and cortes. The United States, therefore, are not bound either by the rules of public law, by the universal principles of right and justice, or by the

terms of the eighth article of the treaty, to recognize or confirm it.

Fifth. The court is further of the opinion, that inasmuch as this claim under the grant to the Duke of Alagon has never been recognized and confirmed by the United States, or by any board of commissioners or court authorized by Congress to adjudicate or decide upon the validity of the grant, it is therefore a claim 'not recognized or confirmed,' and within the meaning of the first section of the act of Congress of 3d March, 1807, (relating to settlements, & c., on the public lands: 2d vol. Statutes at Large of the U.S. page 445,) and that the claimants, therefore, have only an equitable or inchoate title at best, and have not the right to take possession; but, on the contrary, are expressly forbidden so to do until their title has been confirmed. Consequently, that not having the right of possession, or the complete legal title, they cannot sustain an action of ejectment; that their only redress is by application to the political power or legislative department of the government; that the courts of justice cannot furnish it without a violation of law.

Notes

This work is in the public domain in the United States because it is a work of the United States federal government (see 17 U.S.C. 105).

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## Apocalypse

by Emily Dickinson

Sister Projects.sister projects: Wikidata item.

I'm wife ; I've finished that,  
That other state ;  
I'm Czar, I'm woman now :  
It's safer so.

How odd the girl's life looks  
Behind this soft eclipse !  
I think that earth seems so  
To those in heaven now.

This being comfort, then  
That other kind was pain ;  
But why compare ?  
I'm wife ! stop there !

## I see thee better — in the Dark — by Emily Dickinson

611 (612) It would have starved a Gnat —→

Sister Projects.sister projects: Wikidata item.

I see thee better — in the Dark —  
I do not need a Light —  
The Love of Thee — a Prism be —  
Excelling Violet —

I see thee better for the Years  
That hunch themselves between —  
The Miner's Lamp — sufficient be —  
To nullify the Mine —

And in the Grave — I see Thee best —  
Its little Panels be  
Aglow — All ruddy — with the Light  
I held so high, for Thee —

What need of Day —  
To Those whose Dark — hath so — surpassing Sun —  
It deem it be — Continually —  
At the Meridian?

## **It would have starved a Gnat** — by Emily Dickinson

612 (613) They shut me up in Prose —→  
Sister Projects.sister projects: Wikidata item.

It would have starved a Gnat —  
To live so small as I —  
And yet I was a living Child —  
With Food's necessity

Upon me — like a Claw —  
I could no more remove  
Than I could coax a Leech away —  
Or make a Dragon — move —

Not like the Gnat — had I —  
The privilege to fly  
And seek a Dinner for myself —  
How mightier He — than I —

Nor like Himself — the Art  
Upon the Window Pane  
To gad my little Being out —  
And not begin — again —

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# **Kim** by Rudyard Kipling

Chapter I      Chapter II→

From McClure's Magazine/Volume 16, December 1900, pp.122-134

## CHAPTER

### I

Oh ye who tread the Narrow Way  
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day  
Be gentle when the heathen pray  
To Buddha at Kamakura

He sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammeh on her brick platform opposite the old Ajaib-Gher the Wonder House, as the natives call the Lahore Museum. Who hold Zam-Zammeh, that 'fire-breathing dragon,' hold the Punjab; for the great green-bronze piece is always first of the conqueror's loot.

There was some justification for Kim,—he had kicked Lala Dinanath's boy off the trunnions,—since the English held the Punjab and Kim was English. Though he was burned black as any native; though he spoke the vernacular by preference, and his mother-tongue in a clipped uncertain sing-song; though he consorted on terms of perfect equality with the small boys of the bazar; Kim was white—a poor white of the very poorest. The half-caste woman who looked after him (she smoked opium and pretended to keep a second-hand furniture shop by the square where the ticca gharries stand) told the missionaries that she was Kim's mother's sister; but his mother had been nursemaid in a colonel's family and had married Kimball O'Hara, a young colour-sergeant of the Mavericks, an Irish regiment, who afterwards took a post on the Sind, Punjab, and Delhi railway, and his regiment went home without him. She died of cholera in Ferozepore, and O'Hara fell to drink and loafing up and down the line with the keen-eyed three-year-old baby. Societies and chaplains, anxious for the child, tried to catch him, but O'Hara drifted away, till he came across the woman who took opium and learned the taste from her, and died as poor whites die in India. His estate at death consisted of three papers—one he called his 'ne varietur' because those words were written below his signature thereon, and the other his 'clearance certificate.' The third was Kim's birth certificate. Those things, he was used to say, in his glorious opium hours, would yet make little Kimball a man. On no account was Kim to part with them, for they belonged to a great piece of magic—such magic as men practised over yonder behind the Museum, in the big blue and white Jadoo-Gher—the Magic House, as they call the Masonic Lodge. It would, he said, all come right some day, and Kim's horn would be exalted between pillars—monstrous pillars—of beauty and strength. The colonel himself, riding on a horse, at the head of the finest regiment in the world, would attend to Kim,—little Kim that should have been better off than his father. Nine hundred first-class devils, whose god was a red bull on a green field, would attend to Kim, if they had not forgotten O'Hara—poor O'Hara that was gang-foreman on the Ferozepore line. Then he would weep bitterly in the broken rush chair on the verandah. So it came about after his death that the woman sewed parchment, paper, and birth certificate into a leather amulet-case which she strung round Kim's neck.

'And some day,' she said, confusedly remembering O'Hara's prophecies, 'there will come for you a great red bull on a green field, and the colonel riding on his tall horse, yes, and'—dropping into English—'nine hundred devils—pukka shaitans'

'Ah,' said Kim, 'I shall remember. A red bull and a colonel on a horse will come, but first, my father said, come the two men making ready the ground for these matters. That is how, my father said, they always did; and it is always so when men work magic.'

If the woman had sent Kim up to the local Jadoo-Gher with those papers, he would, of course, have been taken over by the Provincial Lodge and sent to the Masonic Orphanage in the Hills; but what she had heard of magic she distrusted. Kim, too, held views of his own. As he reached the years of indiscretion, he learned to avoid missionaries and white men of serious aspect who asked who he was, and what he did. For Kim did nothing with an immense success. True, he knew the wonderful walled city of Lahore from the Delhi Gate to the outer Fort Ditch; was hand in glove with men who led lives stranger than anything Haroun al Raschid dreamed of; that he lived in a life wild as that of the Arabian Nights, but missionaries and secretaries of charitable societies could not see the beauty of it. His nickname through all the wards was 'Little Friend of all the World'; and very often, being lithe and inconspicuous, he executed commissions by night on the crowded housetops for sleek and shiny young men of fashion. It was intrigue, of course,—he knew that much, as he had known all evil since he could speak,—but what he loved was the game for its own sake—the stealthy prowling through the dark gullies and lanes, the crawl up a water-pipe, the sights and sounds of the women's world on the flat roofs, and the headlong flight from housetop to housetop under cover of the hot dark. Then there were holy men, ash-smeared fakirs by their brick shrines under the trees at the riverside, with whom he was quite familiar—greeting them as they returned from begging tours, and, when no one was by, eating from the same dish. The woman who looked after him insisted with tears that he should wear European clothes—trousers, a shirt, and a battered hat. Kim found it easier to slip into Hindu or Mohammedan garb when engaged on certain businesses. One of the young men of fashion—he who was found dead at the bottom of a well on the night of the earthquake—had once given him a complete suit of Hindu kit, the costume of a low-caste street boy, and Kim stored it in a secret place under some baulks in Nila Ram's timber-yard beyond the Punjab High Court, where the fragrant deodar logs lie seasoning after they have driven down the Ravee. When there was business or frolic afoot, Kim would use his properties, returning at dawn to the verandah, all tired out from shouting at the heels of a marriage procession, or yelling at a Hindu festival. Sometimes there was food in the house, more often there was not, and Kim went out again to eat with his native friends.

As he drummed his heels against Zam-Zammeh he turned now and again from his king-of-the-castle game with little Chota Lal and Abdullah the sweetmeat-seller's son to make a rude remark to the native policeman on guard over rows of shoes at the Museum door. The big Punjabi grinned tolerantly. He knew Kim of old. So did the water-carrier, sluicing water on the dry road from his goat-skin bag. So did Jawahir Singh, the Museum carpenter, bent over new packing-cases. So did everybody in sight except the peasants from the country, hurrying up to the Wonder House to view the things that men made in their own province and elsewhere. The Museum was given up to Indian arts and manufactures, and anybody who chose could ask the curator to explain things.

'Off! Off! Let me up!' cried Abdullah, climbing up Zam-Zammeh's wheel.

'Thy father was a pastry cook, Thy mother stole the ghi,' sang Kim. 'All Mussalmans fell off Zam-Zammeh long ago!'

'Let me up!' shrilled little Chota Lai in his gilt-embroidered cap. His father was worth perhaps half a million sterling, but India is the only democratic land in the world.



'The Hindus fell off Zam-Zammeh too. The Mussalmans pushed them off. Thy father was a pastry cook \_\_\_\_\_'

He stopped; for there shuffled round the corner, from the roaring Motee Bazar, such a man as Kim, who thought he knew all castes, had never seen. He was nearly six feet high, dressed in fold upon fold of dingy stuff like horse-blanketing, and not one fold of it could Kim refer to any known trade or profession. At his belt hung a long open-work iron pencase and a wooden rosary such as holy men wear. On his head was a gigantic sort of tam-o'-shanter. His face was yellow and wrinkled, like that of Fook Shing, the Chinese bootmaker in the bazar. His eyes turned up at the corners and looked like little slits of onyx.

'Who is that?' said Kim to his companions.

'Perhaps it is a man,' said Abdullah, finger in mouth, staring.

'Without doubt,' returned Kim; 'but he is no man of India that I have ever seen.'

'A Yogi, perhaps,' said Chota Lai, spying the rosary. 'See! He goes in to the Wonder House!'

'Nay, nay,' said the policeman, shaking his head. 'I do not understand your talk.' The constable spoke Punjabi. 'Oh, The Friend of all the World, what does he say?'

'Send him hither,' said Kim, dropping from Zam-Zammeh, flourishing his bare heels. 'He is a foreigner, and thou art a buffalo.'

The man turned helplessly and drifted towards the boys. He was old, and his woollen gaberdine still reeked of the stinking artemisia of the mountain passes.

'O Children, what is that big house?' he said in very fair Urdu.

'The Ajaib-Gher, the Wonder House!' Kim gave him no title—such as Lala or Mian. He could not divine the man's creed.

'Ah! The Wonder House! Can any enter?'

'It is written above the door—all can enter.'

'Without payment?'

'I go in and out. I am no banker,' laughed Kim.

'Alas! I am an old man. I did not know.' Then, fingering his rosary, he turned toward the Museum.

'What is your caste? Where is your house? Have you come far?' Kim asked.

'I came by Kulu—from beyond the Kailas—but what know you? From the Hills where'—he sighed—'the air and water are fresh and cool.'

'Aha! Khitai (a Chinaman),' said Abdullah proudly. Fook Shing had once chased him out of his shop for

spitting at the joss above the boots.

'Pahari (a hill man),' said little Chota Lal.

'Ay, child—a hill man from hills thou'lt never see. Didst hear of Bhotiyal (Tibet)? I am no Khitai, but a Bhotiya (Tibetan), since you must know—a lama—or, say a guru in your tongue.'

'A guru from Tibet,' said Kim. 'I have not seen such a man. They be Hindus in Tibet, then?'

'We be followers of the Middle Way, living in peace in our lamasseries, and I go to see the Four Holy Places before I die. Now do you, who are children, know as much as I do who am old.' He smiled benignantly on the boys.

'Hast thou eaten?'

He fumbled in his bosom and drew forth a worn wooden begging-bowl. The boys nodded. All priests of their acquaintance begged.

'I do not wish to eat yet.' He turned his head like an old tortoise in the sunlight. 'Is it true that there are many images in the Wonder House of Lahore?' He repeated the last words as one making sure of an address.

'That is true,' said Abdullah. 'It is full of heathen butts. Thou also art an idolater.'

'Never mind him,' said Kim. 'That is the Government's house and there is no idolatry in it, but only a Sahib with a white beard. Come with me and I will show.'

'Strange priests eat boys,' whispered Chota Lal.

'And he is a stranger and a búť-parast (idolater),' said Abdullah the Mohammedan.

Kim laughed. 'He is new. Run to your mother's laps, and be safe. Come, old man!'

Kim clicked round the self-registering turnstile; the old man followed and halted amazed. In the entrance-hall stood the larger figures of the Greco-Buddhist sculptures done, savants know how long since, by forgotten workmen whose hands were feeling, and not unskilfully, for the mysteriously transmitted Grecian touch. There were hundreds of pieces, friezes of figures in relief, fragments of statues and slabs, crowded with figures that had encrusted the brick walls of the Buddhist Stupas and viharas of the North Country and now, dug up and labelled, made the pride of the Museum. In open-mouthed wonder the lama turned to this and that, and finally checked in rapt attention before a large alto-relief representing a coronation or apotheosis of the Lord Buddha. The Master was represented seated on a lotus the petals of which were so deeply undercut as to show almost detached. Round him was an adoring hierarchy of kings, elders, and old-time Buddhas. Below were lotus-covered waters with fishes and water-birds. Two butterfly-winged dewas held a wreath over his head; above them another pair supported an umbrella surmounted by the jewelled headdress of the Bodhisat.

'The Lord! The Lord! It is Sakya Muni himself,' the lama half sobbed; and under his breath began the wonderful Buddhist invocation:

'To Him the Way—the Law—Apart—  
Whom Maya held beneath her heart—  
Ananda's Lord—the Bodhisat'

'And he is here! The Most Excellent Law is here also. My pilgrimage is well begun. And what work! What work!'

'Yonder is the Sahib,' said Kim, and dodged sideways among the cases of the arts and manufacture wing. A white-bearded Englishman was looking at the lama, who gravely turned and saluted him and after some fumbling drew out a note-book and a scrap of paper.

'Yes, that is my name,' smiling at the clumsy, childish print.

'One of us who had made pilgrimage to the Holy Places—he is now Abbot of the Lung-Cho Monastery—gave it me,' stammered the lama. 'He spoke of these.' His lean hand moved tremulously round.

'Welcome, then, O lama from Tibet. Here be the images, and I am here'—he glanced at the lama's face—'to gather knowledge. Come to my office a while.' The old man was trembling with excitement.

The office was but a little wooden cubicle partitioned off from the sculpture-lined gallery. Kim laid himself down, his ear against a crack in the heat-split cedar door, and, following his instinct, set himself to listen and watch.

Most of the talk was altogether above his head. The lama, haltingly at first, spoke to the curator of his own lamassery, the Such-zen, opposite the Painted Rocks, four months' march away. The curator brought out a huge book of photos and showed him that very place, perched on its crag, overlooking the gigantic valley of many-hued strata.

'Ay, ay!' The lama mounted a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles of Chinese work. 'Here is the very door through which we bring wood before winter. And thou—the English know of these things? He who is now Abbot of Lung-Cho told me, but I did not believe. The Lord—the Excellent One—He has honour here too? And His life is known?'

'It is all carved upon the stones. Come and see, if thou art rested.'

Out shuffled the lama to the main hall, and, the curator beside him, went through the collection with the reverence of a devotee and the appreciative instinct of a craftsman.

Incident by incident in the beautiful story he identified on the blurred stone, puzzled here and there by the unfamiliar Greek convention, but delighted as a child at each new trove. Where the sequence failed, as in the Annunciation, the curator supplied it from his mound of books—French and German, with photographs and reproductions.

Here was the devout Asita, the pendant of Simeon in the Christian story, holding the Holy Child on his knee while mother and father listened; and here were incidents in the legend of the cousin Devadatta; here was the wicked woman who accused the Master of impurity, all confounded; here was the teaching in the Deer-park; the miracle that stunned the fire-worshippers; here was the Bodhisat in royal state as a prince; the miraculous birth; the death at Kusinagara, where the weak disciple fainted; while there were almost countless repetitions of the meditation under the Bodhi tree; and the adoration of the

alms-bowl was everywhere. In a few minutes the curator saw that his guest was no mere bead-telling mendicant, but a scholar of parts. And they went at it all over again, the lama taking snuff, wiping his spectacles, and talking at railway speed in a bewildering mixture of Urdu and Tibetan. He had heard of the travels of the Chinese pilgrims, Fo-Hian and Hwen Thiang, and was anxious to know if there was any translation of their record. He drew in his breath as he turned helplessly over the pages of Beal and Stanislas Julien. "Tis all here. A treasure locked.' Then he composed himself reverently to listen to fragments, hastily rendered into Urdu. For the first time he heard of the labours of European scholars, who by the help of these and a hundred other documents have identified the Holy Places of Buddhism. Then he was shown a mighty map, spotted and traced with yellow. The brown finger followed the curator's pencil from point to point. Here was Kapilavastu, here the Middle Kingdom, and here Mahabodi, the Mecca of Buddhism; and here was Kusinagara, sad place of the Holy One's death. The old man bowed his head over the sheets in silence for a while, and the curator lit another pipe. Kim had fallen asleep. When he waked, the talk, still in spate, was more within his comprehension.

'And thus it was, O Fountain of Wisdom, that I decided to go to Holy Places which His foot had trod—to the Birthplace, even to Kapila; then to Maha Bodhi, which is Buddh Gaya—to the Monastery—to the Deer-park—to the place of His death.'

The lama lowered his voice. 'And I come here alone. For five—seven—eighteen—forty years it was in my mind that the Old Law was not well followed; being overlaid, as thou knowest, with devildom, charms, and idolatry. Even as the child outside said but now. Ay, even as the child said, with bût-parasti.'

'So comes it with all faiths.'

'Thinkest thou? The books of my lamassery I read, and they were as dried pith; and the later ritual with which we of the Reformed Law have cumbered ourselves—that, too, had no worth to these old eyes. Even the followers of the Excellent One are at feud on feud with one another. It is all illusion. Ay, Maya, illusion. But I have another desire'—the seamed yellow face drew within three inches of the curator, and the long forefinger nail tapped on the table. 'Your scholars, by these books, have followed the Blessed Feet in all their wanderings; but there are things which they have not sought out. I know nothing,—nothing do I know,—but I go to free myself from the Wheel of Things by a most broad and open road.' He smiled with simple triumph. 'As a pilgrim to the Holy Places I acquire merit. But there is more. Listen to a true thing. When our gracious Lord, being as yet a youth, sought a mate, men said, in his father's court, that he was over tender for marriage. Thou knowest?'

The curator nodded; wondering what would come next.

'So they made the triple trial of strength against all comers. And at the test of the Bow, our Lord first breaking that which they gave him, called for such a bow as none might bend. Thou knowest?'

'It is written. I have read.'

'And, overshooting all other marks, the arrow passed far and far beyond sight. At the last it fell; and, where it touched earth, there broke out a stream which presently became a river, whose nature, by our Lord's beneficence, and that merit He acquired ere He freed himself, is that whoso bathes in it washes away all taint and speckle of sin.'

'So it is written,' said the curator sadly.

The lama drew a long breath. 'Where is that river, Fountain of Wisdom, where fell the arrow?'

'Alas, my brother, I do not know,' said the curator.

'Nay, if it please thee to forget—the one thing only that thou hast not told me. Surely thou must know? See, I am an old man! I ask with my head between thy feet, O Fountain of Wisdom. We know He drew the bow! We know the arrow fell! We know the stream gushed! Where then is the river? My dream told me to find it. So I came. I am here. But where is the river?'

'If I knew, think you I would not cry it aloud?'

'By it one attains freedom from the Wheel of Things,' the lama went on, unheeding. 'The River of the Arrow! Think again! Some little stream, may be. Dried in the heats? But the Holy One would never so cheat an old man.'

'I do not know. I do not know.'

The lama brought his thousand-wrinkled face once more a hand's breadth from the Englishman's. 'I see thou dost not know. Not being of the Law, the matter is hid from thee.'

'Ay—hidden—hidden.'

'We are both bound, thou and I, my brother. But I—he rose with a sweep of the soft thick drapery—I go to cut myself free. Come also!'

'I am bound,' said the curator. 'But whither goest thou?'

'First to Kashi (Benares): where else? There I shall meet one of the pure faith in a Jain temple of that city. He also is a seeker in secret, and from him haply I may learn. May be he will go with me to Buddha Gaya. Thence north and west to Kapilavastu, and there will I seek for the river. Nay, I will seek everywhere as I go—for the place is not known where the arrow fell.'

'And how wilt thou go? It is a far cry to Delhi, and farther to Benares.'

'By road and the trains. From Pathân Kot, having left the Hills, I came hither in a te-rain. It goes swiftly. At first I was amazed to see those tall poles by the side of the road snatching up and snatching up their threads,'—he illustrated the stoop and whirl of a telegraph pole flashing past the train. 'But later, I was cramped and desired to walk, as I am used.'

'And thou art sure of thy road?' said the curator.

'Oh, for that one but asks a question and pays money, and the appointed persons despatch all to the appointed place. That much I knew in my lamassery from sure report,' said the lama proudly.

'And when dost thou go?' The curator smiled at the mixture of old world piety and modern progress that is the note of India to-day.

'As soon as may be. I follow the places of His life till I come to the River of the Arrow. There is,

moreover, a written paper of the hours of the trains that go south.'

'And for food?' Lamas, as a rule, have good store of money somewhere about them, but the curator wished to make sure.

'For the journey, I take up the Master's begging-bowl. Yes. Even as he went so go I, forsaking the ease of my monastery. There was with me when I left the Hills a chela (disciple) who begged for me as the Rule demands, but halting in Kulu a while a fever took him and he died. I have now no chela, but I will take my alms-bowl and thus enable the charitable to acquire merit.' He nodded his head valiantly. Learned doctors of a lamassery do not beg, but the lama was an enthusiast in this quest.

'Be it so,' said the curator smiling. 'Suffer me now to acquire merit. We be craftsmen together, thou and I. Here is a new book of white English paper: here be sharpened pencils two and three—thick and thin, all good for a scribe. Now lend me thy spectacles.'

The curator looked through them. They were heavily scratched but the power was almost exactly that of his own pair, which he slid into the lama's hand, saying: 'Try these.'

'A feather! A very feather upon the face!' The old man turned his head delightedly and wrinkled up his nose. 'How scarcely do I feel them! How clearly do I see!'

'They be bilaur—crystal and will never scratch. May they help thee to thy River, for they are thine.'

'I will take them and the pencils and the white note-book,' said the lama, 'as a sign of friendship between priest and priest—and now——' he fumbled at his belt, detached the open iron-work pencase, and laid it on the curator's table. 'That is for a memory between thee and me—my pencase. It is something old—even as I am.'

It was a piece of ancient design, Chinese, of an iron that is not smelted in these days; and the collector's heart in the curator's bosom had gone out to it from the first. For no persuasion would the lama resume his gift.

'When I return, having found the River, I will bring thee a written picture of the Padma Samthora—such as I used to make on silk at the lamassery. Yes—and of the Wheel of Life,' he chuckled, 'for we be craftsmen together, thou and I.'

The curator would have detained him: they are few in the world who still have the secret of the conventional brush-pen Buddhist pictures which are, as it were, half written and half drawn. But the lama strode out, head high in air, and pausing an instant before the great statue of a Bodhisat in meditation, brushed through the turn-stiles.

Kim followed like a shadow. What he had overheard excited him wildly. This man was entirely new to all his experience, and he meant to investigate further: precisely as he would have investigated a new building or a strange festival in Lahore city. The lama was his trove, and he purposed to take possession. Kim's mother had been Irish too.

The old man halted by Zam-Zammeh and looked round till his eye fell on Kim. The inspiration of his pilgrimage had left him for a while, and he felt old, forlorn, and very empty.

'Do not sit under that gun,' said the policeman loftily.

'Huh! Owl!' was Kim's retort on the lama's behalf. 'Sit under that gun if it please thee. Why didst thou steal the milk-woman's slippers, Dunnoo?'

That was an utterly unfounded charge sprung on the spur of the moment, but it silenced Dunnoo, who knew that Kim's clear yell could call up legions of bad boys if need arose.

'And what didst thou worship within?' said Kim affably, squatting in the shade beside the lama.

'I worshipped none, child. I bowed before the Excellent Law.'

Kim accepted this new god without emotion. He already knew a few score.

'And what dost thou do?'

'I beg. I remember now it is long since I have eaten or drunk. What is the custom of charity in this town? In silence, as we do of Tibet, or speaking aloud?'

'Those who beg in silence starve in silence,' said Kim, quoting a native proverb. The lama tried to rise, but sank back again, sighing for his disciple, dead in far away Kulu. Kim watched—head to one side, considering and interested.

'Give me the bowl. I know the people of this city—all who are charitable. Give, and I will bring it back filled.' Simply as a child the old man handed him the bowl.

'Rest thou. I know the people.'

He trotted off to the open shop of a Kunjri, a low-caste vegetable-seller, which lay opposite the belt-tramway line down the Motee Bazar. She knew Kim of old.

'Oho, hast thou turned jogi, with thy begging-bowl?' she cried.

'Nay,' said Kim proudly. 'There is a new priest in the city—a man such as I have never seen.'

'Old priest—young tiger,' said the woman angrily. 'I am tired of new priests! They settle on our wares like flies. Is the father of my son a well of charity to give to all who ask?'

'No,' said Kim. 'Thy man is rather yagi (bad tempered) than yogi (a holy man). But this priest is new. The Sahib in the Wonder House has talked to him like a brother. O my mother, fill me this bowl. He waits.'

'That bowl indeed! That cow-bellied basket! Thou hast as much grace as the holy bull of Shiva. He has taken the best of a basket of onions already, this morn; and forsooth, I must fill thy bowl. He comes here again.'

The huge mouse-coloured Brahminee bull of the ward was shouldering his way through the many-coloured crowd, a stolen plantain hanging out of his mouth. He headed straight for the shop, well knowing his privileges as a sacred beast, lowered his head, and puffed heavily along the line of baskets



ere making his choice. Up flew Kim's hard little heel and caught him on his moist blue nose. He snorted indignantly, and walked away across the tram line, his hump quivering with rage.

'See! I have saved more than the bowl will cost thrice over. Now, mother, a little rice and some dried fish atop—yes, and some vegetable curry.'

A growl came out of the back of the shop, where a man lay.

'He drove away the bull,' said the woman in an undertone. 'It is good to give to the poor.' She took the bowl and returned it full of hot rice.

'But my yogi is not a cow,' said Kim, gravely making a hole with his fingers in the top of the mound. 'A little curry is good, and a dried cake, and a morsel of conserve would please him, I think.'

'It is a hole as big as thy head,' said the woman fretfully. But she filled it, none the less, with good, steaming vegetable curry, clapped a dried cake atop, and a morsel of clarified butter on the cake, dabbed a lump of sour tamarind conserve at the side; and Kim looked at the load lovingly.

'That is good. When I am in the bazar the bull shall not come to this house. He is a bold beggarman.'

'And thou?' laughed the woman. 'But speak well of bulls. Hast thou not told me that some day a bull will come out of a field to help thee? Now hold all straight and ask for the holy man's blessing upon me. Perhaps, too, he knows a cure for my daughter's sore eyes. Ask him that also, O thou Little Friend of all the World.'

But Kim had danced off ere the end of the sentence, dodging pariah dogs and hungry acquaintances.

'Thus do we beg who know the way of it,' said he proudly to the lama, who opened his eyes at the contents of the bowl. 'Eat now and—I will eat with thee. Ohé bhístie," he called to the water-carrier, sluicing the crotons by the Museum. 'Give water here. We men are thirsty.'

'We men!' said the bhístie, laughing. 'Is one skinful enough for such a pair? Drink then, in the name of the Compassionate.'

He loosed a thin stream into Kim's hands, who drank native fashion; but the lama must needs pull out a cup from his inexhaustible upper draperies and drink ceremonially.

'Pardesi (a foreigner),' Kim explained, as the old man delivered in an unknown tongue what was evidently a blessing.

They ate together in great content, clearing the beggar's bowl. Then the lama took snuff from a portentous wooden snuff-box, fingered his rosary awhile, and so dropped into the easy sleep of age, as the shadow of Zam-Zammeh grew long.

Kim loafed over to the nearest tobacco-seller, a rather lively young Mohammedan woman, and begged a rank cigar of the sort that they sell to students of the Punjab University who copy English customs. Then he smoked and thought, knees to chin, under the belly of the gun, and the outcome of his thoughts was a sudden and stealthy departure in the direction of Nila Ram's timber-yard.

The lama did not wake till the evening life of the city had begun with lamp-lighting and the return of clerks and subordinates from the Government offices. He stared dizzily in all directions, but none looked at him save a Hindu urchin in a dirty turban and Isabella-coloured clothes. Suddenly he bowed his head on his knees and wailed.

'What is this?' said the boy, standing before him. 'Hast thou been robbed?'

'It is my new chela (my disciple) that is gone away from me, and I know not where he is.'

'And what like of man was thy disciple?'

'It was a boy who came to me in place of him who died, on account of the merit which I had gained when I bowed before the Law within there.' He pointed toward the Museum. 'He came upon me to show me a road which I had lost. He led me into the Wonder House, and by his talk made me bold to speak to the Keeper of the Images, so that I was cheered and made strong. And when I was faint with hunger he begged for me, as would a chela for his teacher. Suddenly was he sent. Suddenly has he gone away. It was in my mind to have taught him the Law upon the road to Benares.'

Kim stood amazed at this, because he had overheard the talk in the Museum, and knew that the old man was speaking the truth, which is a thing a native seldom presents to a stranger.

'But I see now that he was but sent upon a purpose. By this I know that I shall find a certain river for which I seek.'

'The River of the Arrow?' said Kim, with a superior smile.

'Is this yet another sending?' cried the lama. 'To none have I spoken of my search, save to the Priest of the Images. Who art thou?'

'Thy chela,' said Kim simply, sitting on his heels. 'I have never seen anyone like to thee in all this my life. I go with thee to Benares. And, too, I think that so old a man as thou, speaking truth to chance-met people at dusk, is in great need of a disciple.'

'But the River—the River of the Arrow?'

'Oh, that I heard when thou wast speaking to the Englishman. I lay against the door.'

The lama sighed. 'I thought thou hadst been a guide permitted. Such things fall sometimes—but I am not worthy. Thou dost not, then, know the river?'

'Not I.' Kim laughed uneasily. 'I go to look for—for a Bull—a Red Bull on a green field who shall help me.' Boylike, if an acquaintance had a scheme, Kim was quite ready with one of his own; and, boylike, he had really thought for as much as twenty minutes at a time of his father's prophecy.

'To what, child?' said the lama.

'God knows, but so my father told me. I heard thy talk in the Wonder House of all those new strange places in the Hills, and if one so old and so little—so used to truth-telling—may go out for the small matter of a river, it seemed to me that I too must go a travelling. If it is our fate to find those things we

shall find them—thou, thy river; and I, my bull, and the strong Pillars and some other matters that I forget.'

'It is not pillars but a wheel from which I would be free,' said the lama.

'That is all one. Perhaps they will make me a king,' said Kim, serenely prepared for anything.

'I will teach thee other and better desires upon the road,' the lama replied in the voice of authority. 'Let us go to Benares.'

'Not by night. Thieves are abroad. Wait till the day.'

'But there is no place to sleep.' The old man was used to the order of his monastery, and though he slept on the ground, as the Rule decrees, preferred a decency in these things.

'We shall get good lodging at the Kashmir Serai,' said Kim, laughing at his perplexity. 'I have a friend there. Come!'

The hot and crowded bazars blazed with light as they made their way through the press of all the races in Upper India, and the lama mooned through it like a man in a dream. It was his first experience of a large city, and the sight of the crowded tram-car with its continually squealing brakes frightened him. Half pushed, half towed, he arrived at the high gate of the Kashmir Serai: that huge open square over against the railway station, surrounded with arched cloisters where the camel and horse caravans put up on their return from Central Asia. Here were all manner of Northern folk, tending tethered ponies and kneeling camels; loading and unloading bales and bundles; drawing water for the evening meal at the creaking well windlasses; piling grass before the shrieking, wild-eyed stallions; cuffing the surly caravan dogs; paying off camel drivers; taking on new grooms; swearing, shouting, arguing, and chaffing in the packed square. The cloisters, reached by three or four masonry steps, made a haven of refuge around this turbulent sea. Most of them were rented to traders, as we rent the arches of a viaduct; the space between pillar and pillar being bricked or boarded off into rooms, which were guarded by heavy wooden doors and cumbrous native padlocks. Locked doors showed that the owner was away, and a few rude—sometimes very rude—chalk or paint scratches told where he had gone. Thus: 'Lutuf Allah is gone to Kurdistan.' Below, in coarse verse: 'O Allah, who sufferest lice to live on the coat of a Kabuli, why hast thou allowed this louse Lutuf to live so long?'

Kim, fending the lama between excited men and excited beasts, sidled along the cloisters to the far end, nearest the railway station, where Mahbub Ali, the horse-trader, lived when he came in from that mysterious land beyond the Passes of the North.

Kim had had many dealings with Mahbub in his little life,—especially between his tenth and his thirteenth year,—and the big burly Afghan, his beard dyed scarlet with lime (for he was elderly and did not wish his gray hairs to show), knew the boy's value as a gossip. Sometimes he would tell Kim to watch a man who had nothing whatever to do with horses: to follow him for one whole day and report every soul with whom he talked. Kim would deliver himself of his tale at evening, and Mahbub would listen without a word or gesture. It was intrigue of some kind, Kim knew; but its worth lay in saying nothing whatever to anyone except Mahbub, who gave him beautiful meals all hot from the cookshop at the head of the Serai, and once as much as eight annas in money.

'He is here,' said Kim, hitting a bad-tempered camel on the nose. 'Ohé, Mahbub Ali!' He halted before a

dark arch and slipped behind the bewildered lama.

The horse-trader, his deep embroidered Bokhariot belt unloosed, was lying on a pair of silk carpet saddle-bags, pulling lazily at an immense silver hookah. He turned his head very slightly at the cry; and seeing only the tall, silent lama, chuckled in his deep chest.

'Allah! A lama! A red lama! It is far from Lahore to the Passes. What dost thou do here?'

The lama held out the begging-bowl mechanically.

'God's curse on all unbelievers,' said Mahbub. 'I do not give to a lousy Tibetan; but ask my Baltis over yonder behind the camels. They may value your blessings. Oh, horse-boys, here is a countryman of yours. See if he be hungry.'

A shaven, crouching Balti, who had come down with the horses, and who was nominally some sort of degraded Buddhist, fawned upon the priest, and with thick gutturals invited the holy one to sit at the horse-boys' fire.

'Go!' said Kim, pushing him lightly, and the lama strode away, leaving Kim at the edge of the cloister.

'Go!' said Mahbub Ali, returning to his hookah. 'Little Hindu, run away. God's curse on all unbelievers! Beg from those of my tail who are of thy faith.'

'Maharaj,' whined Kim, using the Hindu form of address, and thoroughly enjoying the situation; 'my father is dead—my mother is dead—my stomach is empty.'

'Beg from my men among the horses, I say. There must be some Hindus in my tail.'

'Oh, Mahbub Ali, but am I a Hindu?' said Kim in English.

The trader gave no sign of astonishment, but looked under his shaggy eyebrows.

'Little Friend of all the World,' said he, 'what is this?'

'Nothing. I am now that holy man's disciple; and we go a pilgrimage together—to Benares, he says. He is quite mad, and I am tired of Lahore city. I wish new air and water.'

'But for whom dost thou work? Why come to me?' The voice was harsh with suspicion.

'To whom else should I come. I have no money. It is not good to go about without money. Thou wilt sell many horses to the officers. They are very fine horses, these new ones: I have seen them. Give me a rupee, Mahbub Ali, and when I come to my wealth I will give thee a bond and pay.'

'Um,' said Mahbub Ali, thinking swiftly. 'Thou hast never before lied to me. Call that lama—stand back in the dark.'

'Oh, our tales will agree,' said Kim laughing.

'We go to Benares,' said the lama, as soon as he understood the drift of Mahbub Ali's questions. 'The

boy and I. I go to seek for a certain river.'

'Maybe—but the boy?'

'He is my disciple. He was sent, I think, to guide me to that river. Sitting under a gun was I when he came suddenly. Such things have befallen the fortunate to whom guidance was allowed. But I remember now, he said he was of this world—a Hindu.'

'And his name?'

'That I did not ask. Is he not my disciple?'

'His country—his race—his village? Mussalman—Sikh—Hindu—Jain—low caste or high?'

'Why should I ask? There is neither high nor low in the Middle Way. If he is my chela—does—will—can any one take him from me? for, look you, without him I shall not find my river.' He wagged his head solemnly.

'None shall take him from thee. Go, sit among my Baltis,' said Mahbub Ali, and the lama drifted off, soothed by the promise.

'Is he not quite mad?' said Kim, coming forward to the light again. 'Why should I lie to thee, Hajji?'

Mahbub puffed his hookah in silence. Then he began, almost whispering: 'Umballa is on the road to Benares—if indeed ye two go there.'

'Tick! Tick! I tell thee he does not know how to lie—as we two know.'

'And if thou wilt carry a message for me as far as Umballa, I will give thee money. It concerns a horse—a white stallion which I have sold to an officer upon the last time I returned from the Passes. But then—stand nearer and hold up hands as begging—the pedigree of the white stallion was not fully established, and that officer, who is now at Umballa, bade me make it clear.' (Mahbub here described the horse and the appearance of the officer.) 'So the message to that officer will be: "The pedigree of the white stallion is fully established." By this will he know that thou comest from me. He will then say: "What proof hast thou?" and thou wilt answer: "Mahbub All has given me the proof."'

'And all for the sake of a white stallion,' said Kim, with a giggle, his eyes aflame.

'And that pedigree I will give thee now—in my own fashion—with some hard words as well.' A shadow passed behind Kim, and a feeding camel. Mahbub Ali raised his voice.

'Allah! Art thou the only beggar in the city? Thy mother is dead. Thy father is dead. So is it with all of them. Well, well——' he turned as feeling on the floor beside him and tossed a flap of soft, greasy Mussalman bread to the boy. 'Go and lie down among my horse-boys for to-night—thou and the lama. To-morrow I may find thee a service.'

Kim slunk away, his teeth in the bread, and, as he expected, he found a small wad of folded tissue paper wrapped in oil-skin, with three silver rupees—enormous largesse. He smiled and thrust money and paper into his leather amulet-case. The lama, sumptuously fed by Mahbub's Baltis, was already asleep

in a corner of one of the stalls. Kim lay down beside him and laughed. He knew he had rendered a service to Mahbub Ali, and not for one little minute did he believe the tale of the stallion's pedigree.

But Kim did not suspect that Mahbub Ali, known as one of the best horse-dealers in the Punjab, a wealthy and enterprising trader, whose caravans penetrated far and far into the Back of Beyond, was registered in one of the locked books of the Indian departments as C.25.1B. Twice or thrice yearly C.25 would send in a little story, badly told but most interesting, and generally it was checked by the statements of R.17 and M.4—quite true. It concerned all manner of out-of-the-way mountain principalities, explorers of nationalities other than English, and the gun-trade—was, in brief, a small portion of that vast mass of 'information received' on which the Indian Government acts. But, recently, five confederated kings, who had no business to confederate, had been informed by a kindly Northern Power that there was a leakage of news from their territories into British India. So those kings' prime ministers were seriously annoyed and took steps, after the Oriental fashion. They suspected, among many others, the bullying, red-bearded horse-dealer whose caravans ploughed through their fastnesses belly deep in snow. At least, his caravan that season had been ambushed and shot at twice on the way down, when Mahbub's men accounted for three strange ruffians who might, or might not, have been hired for the job. Therefore Mahbub had avoided halting in the insalubrious city of Peshawur, and had come through without stop to Lahore, where, knowing his country people, he anticipated curious developments.

And there was that on Mahbub Ali which he did not wish to keep an hour longer than was necessary—a wad of closely folded tissue paper, wrapped in oil-skin—an impersonal, unaddressed statement, with five microscopic pin-holes in one corner, that most scandalously betrayed the five confederated kings, the sympathetic Northern Power, a Hindu banker in Peshawur, a firm of gun-makers in Belgium, and an important, semi-independent Mohammedan ruler to the south. This last was R.17's work, which Mahbub had picked up beyond the Dora Pass and was carrying in for R.17, who, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, could not leave his post of observation. Dynamite was milky and innocuous beside that report of C.25; and even an Oriental, with an Oriental's views of the value of time, could see that the sooner it was in the proper hands the better. Mahbub had no particular desire to die by violence, because two or three family blood-feuds across the border hung unfinished on his hands, and when these scores were cleared he intended to settle down as a more or less virtuous citizen. He had never passed the Serai Gate since his arrival on the previous day, but had been ostentatious in sending telegrams to Bombay, where he banked some of his money; to Delhi, where a sub-partner of his own clan was selling horses to the agent of a Rajputana state; and to Umballa, where an Englishman was excitedly demanding the pedigree of a white stallion. The public letter-writer, who knew English, composed excellent telegrams, such as:—'Creighton, Laurel Bank, Umballa.—Horse is Arabian as already advised. Sorrowful delayed-pedigree which am translating.' And later to the same address: 'Much sorrowful delay. Will forward pedigree.' To his sub-partner at Delhi he wired: 'Lutuf Allah.—Have wired two thousand rupees your credit Luchman Narain's bank.' This was entirely in the way of trade, but every one of those telegrams was discussed and rediscussed, by parties who conceived themselves to be interested, before they went over to the railway station in charge of a foolish Balti who allowed all sorts of people to read them en route.

When, in Mahbub's own picturesque language, he had muddled the wells of inquiry with the stick of suspicion, Kim had dropped on him, as from Heaven; and, being as prompt as he was unscrupulous, Mahbub Ali, used to taking all sorts of gusty chances, pressed him into service as we have seen.

A wandering lama with a low-caste boy-servant might attract a moment's interest as they wandered about India, the land of pilgrims; but no one would suspect, or what was more to the point, rob them.

He called for a new light-ball to his hookah, and considered the case. If the worst came to the worst, and the boy came to harm, the paper would incriminate nobody. And he would go to Umballa at his leisure and—at a certain risk of exciting fresh suspicion—repeat his own tale viva voce to the people concerned.

But R.17's tale was the kernel of the whole affair, and it would be distinctly inconvenient if that failed to come to hand. However, God was great, and Mahbub Ali felt he had done all he could for the time being. Kim was the one soul in the world who had never told him a lie. That would have been a fatal blot on Kim's character if Mahbub had not known that to others, for his own ends or Mahbub's business, Kim could lie like an Oriental.

Then Mahbub Ali rolled across the serai to the Gate of the Harpies who paint their eyes and trap the stranger, and was at some pains to call on the one girl who, he had reason to believe, was a particular friend of a smooth-faced Kashmiri pundit who had waylaid his simple Balti in the matter of the telegrams. It was an utterly foolish thing to do; because they fell to drinking perfumed brandy against the law of the prophet, and Mahbub grew wonderfully drunk, and the gates of his mouth were loosened, and he pursued the Flower of Delight with the feet of intoxication till he fell fiat among the cushions, where the Flower of Delight, aided by a smooth-faced Kashmiri pundit, searched him from head to foot most thoroughly.

About the same hour Kim heard soft feet in Mahbub's deserted stall. The horse-trader, curiously enough, had left his door unlocked, and his men were busy celebrating their return to India with a whole sheep of Mahbub's bounty. A sleek young gentleman from Delhi, armed with a bunch of keys which the Flower had unshackled from the senseless one's belt, went through every single box, bundle, mat, and saddle-bag in Mahbub's possession even more systematically than the Flower and the pundit were searching the owner.

'And I think,' said the Flower scornfully an hour later, one rounded elbow on the snoring carcase, 'that he is no more than a pig of an Afghan horse-dealer, with no thought except women and horses. Moreover, he may have sent it away by now—if ever there were such a thing.'

'Nay—in a matter touching Five Kings it would be next his black heart,' said the pundit. 'Was there nothing?'

The Delhi man laughed and resettled his turban as he entered. 'I searched between the soles of his slippers as the Flower searched his turban. This is not the man but another—I leave little unseen.'

'They did not say he was the very man,' said the pundit thoughtfully. 'They said, "Look if he be the man, since our councils are troubled."'

'That country is full of horse-dealers as an old coat of lice. There is Sikandar Khan, Nur Ali Beg, and Farrukh Shah—all heads of Kafilas—who deal there,' said the Flower.

'They have not yet come in,' said the pundit. 'Thou must ensnare them when they come.'

'Phew!' said the Flower with deep disgust, rolling Mahbub's head from her lap. 'I earn my money. Farrukh Shah is a bear, Ali Beg a swashbuckler, and old Sikandar Khan—yaie! I sleep now. This swine will not stir till the dawn.'



When Mahbub woke, the Flower talked to him severely on the sin of drunkenness. Asiatics do not wink when they have outmanœuvred the enemy, but as Mahbub Ali cleared his throat, tightened his belt, and staggered forth under the early morning stars, he came very near it.

'What a colt's trick,' he said to himself. 'As if every girl in Peshawur did not use it! But 'twas prettily done. Now God he knows how many more there be upon the road who have orders to test me—perhaps with the knife. So it stands that the boy must go to Umballa—and by rail—for the writing is something urgent. I abide here, following the Flower and drinking wine as an Afghan coper should.'

He halted at the stall next his own. His man lay there heavy with sleep. There was no sign of Kim or the lama.

'Up!' He stirred a sleeper. 'Whither went those who lay here last even—the lama and the boy? Is aught missing?'

'Nay,' grunted the man, 'the old madman rose at second cock-crow saying he would go to Benares, and the young one led him away.'

'The curse of Allah on all unbelievers,' said Mahbub heartily, and climbed into his own stall, growling in his beard.

But it was Kim who had wakened the lama—Kim with one eye against a knot-hole in the planking, who had seen the Delhi man's search through the boxes. This was no common thief that turned over letters, bills, and saddles—no mere burglar who ran a little knife sideways into the soles of Mahbub's slippers, or picked the seams of the saddle-bags so deftly. At first Kim had been minded to give the alarm—the long-drawn cho-or!—choor! (thief! thief!) that sets the serai ablaze of nights; but he looked more carefully, and hand on amulet, drew his own conclusions.

'It is the pedigree of that made-up horse-lie,' said he, 'the thing that I carry to Umballa. Better that we go now. Hai! Hai!' in a whisper to the light-sleeping old man. 'Come. It is time time to go to Benares.'

The lama rose obediently, and they passed out of the serai like shadows.

Kim by Rudyard Kipling

Chapter II      Chapter III→

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## CHAPTER II

For whoso will, from Pride released,  
Contemning neither man nor beast,  
May hear the Soul of all the East  
    About him at Kamakura.

Kim led to the fort-like railway station, black in the end of night; the electrics sizzling over the goods-yard where day and night they handle the heavy Northern traffic.

'This is the work of devils!' said the lama, recoiling from the hollow echoing darkness, the glimmer of

rails between the masonry platforms, and the maze of girders above. He stood in a gigantic stone hall paved, it seemed, with the sheeted dead—third-class passengers who had taken their tickets overnight and were sleeping in the waiting-rooms. All hours of the twenty-four are alike to Orientals, and their passenger traffic is regulated accordingly.

'This is where the fire-carriages come. One stands behind that hole'—Kim pointed to the ticket-office—'who will give thee a paper to take thee to Umballa.'

'But we go to Benares,' he replied petulantly.

'All one. Benares then. Quick: she comes!'

'Take thou the purse.'

The lama, not so well used to trains as he had pretended, started as the 3.25 a.m. south bound roared in. The sleepers sprung to life, and the station filled with clamour and shoutings, cries of water and sweetmeat venders, shouts of native policemen, and shrill yells of women gathering up their baskets, their families, and their husbands.

'It is the train—only the te-rain. It will not come here. Wait!' Amazed at the lama's immense simplicity (he had handed him a small bag full of rupees), Kim asked and paid for a ticket to Umballa. A sleepy clerk grunted and flung out a ticket to the next station, just six miles distant.

'Nay,' said Kim, scanning it with a grin. 'This may serve for farmers, but I live in the city of Lahore. It was cleverly done, babu. Now give the ticket to Umballa.'

The babu scowled and dealt the proper ticket.

'Now another to Amritzar,' said Kim, who had no notion of spending Mahbub Ali's money on anything so crude as a paid ride to Umballa. 'The price is so much. The small money in return is just so much. I know the ways of the te-rain. . . . Never did yogi need chela as thou dost,' he went on merrily to the bewildered lama. 'They would have flung thee out at Mian Mir but for me. This way! Come!' He returned the money, keeping only one anna in each rupee of the price of the Umballa ticket as his commission—the immemorial commission of Asia.

The lama jibbed at the open door of a crowded third-class carriage. 'Were it not better to walk?' said he weakly.

A burly Sikh artisan thrust forth his bearded head. 'Is he afraid? Do not be afraid. I remember the time when I was afraid of the train. Enter! This thing is the work of the Government.'

'I do not fear,' said the lama. 'Have ye room within for two?'

'There is no room even for a mouse,' shrilled the wife of a well-to-do cultivator—a Hindu Jat from the rich Jullunder district. The night trains are not as well looked after as the day ones, where the sexes are very strictly kept to separate carriages.

'Oh, mother of my son, we can make space,' said the blue-turbaned husband. 'Pick up the child. It is a holy man, see'st thou?'

'And my lap full of seventy times seven bundles! Why not bid him sit on my knee, Shameless? But men are ever thus!' She looked round for approval. An Amritzar courtesan near the window sniffed behind her head drapery.

'Enter! Enter!' cried a fat Hindu money-lender, his folded account-book in a cloth under his arm. With an oily smirk: 'It is well to be kind to the poor.'

'Ay, at seven per cent a month with a mortgage on the unborn calf,' said a young Dogra soldier going south on leave; and they all laughed.

'Will it go to Benares?' said the lama.

'Assuredly. Else why should we come? Enter, or we are left,' cried Kim.

'See!' shrilled the Amritzar girl. 'He has never entered a train. Oh see!'

'Nay, help,' said the cultivator, putting out a large brown hand and hauling him in. 'Thus is it done, father.'

'But—but—I sit on the floor. It is against the Rule to sit on a bench,' said the lama. 'Moreover, it cramps me.'

'I say,' began the money-lender, pursing his lips, 'that there is not one rule of right living which these terrains do not cause us to break. We sit, for example, side by side with all castes and peoples.'

'Yea, and with most outrageously shameless ones,' said the wife, scowling at the Amritzar girl making eyes at the young sepoy.

'I said we might have gone by cart along the road,' said the husband, 'and thus have saved some money.'

'Yes—and spent twice over what we saved on food by the way. That was talked over ten thousand times.'

'Ay, by ten thousand tongues,' grunted he.

'The gods help us poor women if we may not speak. Oho! He is of that sort which may not look at or reply to a woman.' For the lama, constrained by his Rule, took not the faintest notice of her.

'And his disciple is like him?'

'Nay, mother,' said Kim most promptly. 'Not when the woman is well-looking and above all charitable to the hungry.'

'A beggar's answer,' said the Sikh, laughing. 'Thou hast brought it on thyself, sister!' Kim's hands were crooked in supplication.

'And whither goest thou?' said the woman, handing him the half of a cake from a greasy package.

'Even to Benares.'

'Jugglers belike?' the young soldier suggested. 'Have ye any tricks to pass the time? Why does not that yellow man answer?'

'Because,' said Kim stoutly, 'he is holy, and thinks upon matters hidden from thee.'

'That may be well. We of the Loodhiana Sikhs,' he rolled out sonorously, 'do not trouble our heads with doctrine. We fight.'

'My sister's brother's son is naik (corporal) in that regiment,' said the Sikh craftsman quietly. 'There are also some Dogra companies there.' The soldier glared, for a Dogra is of other caste than a Sikh, and the banker tittered.

'They are all one to me,' said the Amritzar girl.

'That we believe,' snorted the cultivator's wife malignantly.

'Nay, but all who serve the Sirkar with weapons in their hands are, as it were, one brotherhood. There is one brotherhood of the caste, but beyond that again'—she looked round timidly—'the bond of the Pulton—the Regiment.'

'My brother is in a Jat regiment,' said the cultivator. 'Dogras be good men.'

'The Sikhs at least were of that opinion,' said the soldier, with a scowl at the placid old man in the corner. 'Thy Sikhs thought so when our two companies came to help them at the Pirzai Kotal in the face of eight Afreed standards on the ridge not three months gone.'

He told the story of a border action in which the Dogra companies of the Loodhiana Sikhs had acquitted themselves well. The Amritzar girl smiled; for she knew the tale was to win her approval.

'Alas!' said the cultivator's wife at the end. 'So their villages were burnt and their little children made homeless.'

'They had cut up our dead. They paid a great payment after we of the Sikhs had schooled them. So it was. Is this Amritzar?'

'Ay, and here they come to look at our tickets,' said the banker, fumbling in his clothes.

The lamps were paling in the dawn when the half-caste guard came round. Ticket-collecting is a slow business in the East, where people secrete their tickets in all sorts of curious places. Kim produced his and was told to get out.

'But I go to Umballa,' he protested. 'I go with this holy man.'

'Thou canst go to Jehannum for aught I care. This ticket is only to Amritzar. Out!'

Kim burst into a flood of tears, protesting that the lama was his father and his mother, that he was the prop of the lama's declining years, and that the lama would die without his care. All the carriage bade

the guard be merciful,—the banker was specially strong on this point,—but the guard hauled Kim on to the platform. The lama blinked, he could not overtake the situation, and Kim lifted up his voice and wept outside the carriage window.

'I am very poor. My father is dead—my mother is dead. Oh, charitable ones, if I am left here, who shall tend that old man?'

'What—what is this?' the lama repeated. 'He must go to Benares. He must come with me. He is my chela. If there is money to be paid——'

'Oh, be silent,' whispered Kim; 'are we Rajahs to throw away good silver when the world is so charitable?'

The Amritsar girl stepped out with her bundles, and it was on her that Kim kept his watchful eye. Ladies of that persuasion, he knew, were generous.

'A ticket—a little ticket to Umballa—O Breaker of Hearts!' She laughed. 'Hast thou no charity?'

'Does the holy man come from the North?'

'From far and far in the North he comes,' cried Kim. 'From among the Hills.'

'There is snow among the pine trees in the North—in the Hills there is snow. My mother was from Kulu. Get thee a ticket. Ask him for a blessing.'

'Ten thousand blessings,' shrilled Kim. 'O Holy One, a woman has given us in charity so that I can come with thee—a woman with a golden heart. I run for the tikkut.'

The girl looked up at the lama, who had mechanically followed Kim to the platform. He bowed his head that he might not see her, and muttered in Tibetan as she passed on with the crowd.

'Light come—light go,' said the cultivator's wife viciously.

'She has acquired merit,' returned the lama. 'Peradventure it was a nun.'

'Ay, there be ten thousand such nuns in Amritsar alone. Return, old man, or the train may depart without thee,' cried the banker.

'Not only was it sufficient for the ticket, but for a little food also,' said Kim, leaping to his place. 'Now eat, Holy One. Look. Day comes!'

Golden, rose, saffron, and pink, the morning mists smoked away across the flat green levels. All the rich Punjab lay out in the splendour of the keen sun. The lama flinched a little as the telegraph posts swung by.

'Great is the speed of the train,' said the banker, with a patronizing grin. 'We have gone farther since Lahore than thou couldst walk in two days: at even, we shall enter Umballa.'

'And that is still far from Benares,' said the lama wearily, mumbling over the cakes that Kim offered.

They all unloosed their bundles and made their morning meal. Then the banker, the cultivator, and the soldier prepared their pipes and wrapped the compartment in choking, acrid smoke, spitting and coughing and enjoying themselves. The Sikh and the cultivator's wife chewed pan; the lama took snuff and told his beads, while Kim, cross-legged, smiled over the comfort of a full stomach.

'What rivers have ye by Benares?' said the lama of a sudden to the carriage at large.

'We have Gunga,' returned the banker, when the little titter had subsided.

'What others?'

'What need for other than Gunga?'

'Nay, but in my mind was the thought of a certain river of healing.'

'That is Gunga. Who bathes in her is made clean and goes to the gods. Thrice have I made pilgrimage to Gunga.' He looked round proudly.

'There was need,' said the young sepoy drily, and the travellers' laugh turned against the banker.

'Clean—to return again to the gods,' the lama muttered. 'And to go forth on the round of lives anew—still tied to the Wheel.' He shook his head testily. 'But maybe there is a mistake. Who, then, made Gunga in the beginning?'

'The gods. Of what known faith art thou?' the banker said, appalled.

'I follow the Law—the most excellent Law. So it was the gods that made Gunga. What like of gods were they?'

The carriage looked at him in amazement. It was inconceivable that any one should be ignorant of Gunga.

'What—what is thy god?' said the money-lender at last.

'Hear!' said the lama, shifting the rosary to his hand. 'Hear: for I speak of Him now! O people of Hind, listen!'

He began in Urdu the tale of the Lord Buddha, but, borne by his own thoughts, slid into Tibetan and long-droned texts from a Chinese book of the Buddha's life. The gentle, tolerant folk looked on reverently. All India is full of holy men stammering gospels in strange tongues; shaken and consumed in the fires of their own zeal; dreamers, babblers, and visionaries: as it has been from the beginning and will continue to the end.

'Um!' said the soldier of the Loodhiana Sikhs. 'There was a Mohammedan regiment lay next to us at the Pirzai Kotal, and a priest of theirs, he was, as I remember, a naik,—when the fit was on him, spake prophecies. But the mad all are in God's keeping. His officers overlooked much in that man.'

The lama fell back on Urdu, remembering that he was in a strange land. 'Hear the tale of the Arrow which our Lord loosed from the bow,' he said.

This was much more to their taste, and they listened curiously while he told it. 'Now, O people of Hind, I go to seek that river. Know ye aught that may guide me, for we be all men and women in evil case.'

'There is Gunga—and Gunga alone—who washes away sin,' ran the murmur round the carriage.

'Though past question we have good gods Jullunder-way,' said the cultivator's wife, looking out of window. 'See how they have blessed the crops.'

'To search every river in the Punjab is no small matter,' said her husband. 'For me, a stream that leaves good silt on my land suffices, and I thank Bhumia, the god of the homestead.' He shrugged one knotted, bronzed shoulder.

'Think you our Lord came so far north?' said the lama, turning to Kim.

'It may be,' Kim replied soothingly, as he spat red pan-juice on the floor.

'The last of the Great Ones,' said the Sikh with authority, 'was Sikander Julkarn (Alexander the Great). He paved the streets of Jullunder and built a great tank near Umballa. That pavement holds to this day; and the tank is there also. I never heard of thy god.'

'Let thy hair grow long and talk Punjabi,' said the young soldier jestingly to Kim, quoting a Northern proverb. 'That is all that makes a Sikh.' But he did not say this very loud.

The lama sighed and shrunk into himself, a dingy shapeless mass. In the pauses of their talk they could hear the low droning—'Om mane pudme hum! Om mane pudme hum!'—and the thick click of the wooden rosary beads.

'It irks me,' he said at last. 'The speed and the clatter irk me. Moreover, my chela, I think that may be we have overpassed that river.'

'Peace, peace,' said Kim. 'Was not the river near Benares? We are yet far from the place.'

'But—if our Lord came north, it may be any one of these little ones that we have run across.'

'I do not know.'

'But thou wast sent to me—wast thou sent to me?—for the merit I had acquired over yonder at Suchzen. From beside the cannon didst thou come—bearing two faces—and two garbs.'

'Peace. One must not speak of these things here,' whispered Kim. 'There was but one of me. Think again and thou wilt remember. A boy—a Hindu boy—by the great green cannon.'

'But was there not also an Englishman with a white beard—holy among images—who himself made more sure my assurance of the River of the Arrow?'

'He—we—went to the Ajaib-Gher in Lahore to pray before the gods there,' Kim explained to the openly listening company. 'And the Sahib of the Wonder House talked to him—yes, this is truth—as a brother. He is a very holy man, from far beyond the hills. Rest thou. In time we come to Umballa.'



'But my river—the river of my healing?'

'And then, if it please thee, we will go hunting for that river on foot. So that we miss nothing—not even a little rivulet in a field side.'

'But thou hast a search of thine own?' The lama—very pleased that he remembered so well—sat bolt upright.

'Ay,' said Kim, humouring him. The boy was entirely happy to be out chewing pan and seeing new people in the great good-tempered world.

'It was a bull—a Red Bull that shall come and help thee—and carry thee—whither? I have forgotten. A Red Bull on a green field, was it not?'

'Nay, it will carry me nowhere,' said Kim. 'It is but a tale I told thee.'

'What is this?' the cultivator's wife leaned forward, her bracelets clinking on her arm. 'Do ye both dream dreams? A Red Bull on a green field, that shall carry thee to the Heavens—or what? Was it a vision? Did one make a prophecy? We have a Red Bull in our village behind Jullunder city, and he grazes by choice in the very greenest of our fields!'

'Give a woman an old wife's tale and a weaver-bird a leaf and a thread, they will weave wonderful things,' said the Sikh. 'All holy men dream dreams, and by following holy men their disciples attain that power.'

'A Red Bull on a green field, was it?' the lama repeated. 'In a former life it may be thou hast acquired merit, and the Bull will come to reward thee.'

'Nay—nay—it was but a tale one told to me—for a jest belike. But I will seek the Bull about Umballa, and thou canst look for thy river and rest from the clatter of the train.'

'It may be that the Bull knows—that he is sent to guide us both,' said the lama, hopefully as a child. Then to the company, indicating Kim: 'This one was sent to me but yesterday. He is not, I think, of this world.'

'Beggars a plenty have I met, and holy men to boot, but never such a yogi nor such a disciple,' said the woman.

Her husband touched his forehead lightly with one finger and smiled. But the next time the lama would eat they took care to give him their best.

And at last—tired, sleepy, and dusty—they reached Umballa City Station.

'We abide here upon a law-suit,' said the cultivator's wife to Kim. 'We lodge with my man's cousin's younger brother. There is room also in the courtyard for thy yogi and for thee. Will—will he give me a blessing?'

'O holy man! A woman with a heart of gold gives us lodging for the night. It is a kindly land, this land

of the south. See how we have been helped since the dawn!"

The lama bowed his head in benediction.

'To fill my cousin's younger brother's house with wastrels,' the husband began, as he shouldered his heavy bamboo stick.

'Thy cousin's younger brother owes my father's cousin something yet on his daughter's marriage-feast,' said the woman crisply. 'Let him put their food to that account. The yogi will beg, I doubt not.'

'Ay, I beg for him,' said Kim, anxious only to get the lama under shelter for the night, that he might seek Mahbub Ali's Englishman and deliver himself of the white stallion's pedigree.

'Now,' said he, when the lama had come to an anchor in the inner courtyard of a decent Hindu house behind the cantonment bazar, 'I go away for awhile—to—to buy us victual in the bazar. Do not stray abroad till I return.'

'Thou wilt return? Thou wilt surely return?' The old man caught at his wrist. 'And thou wilt return in this very same shape? Is it too late to look to-night for the river?'

Kim Kipling 0061.jpg

'BEGGARS A PLENTY HAVE I MET, AND HOLY MEN TO BOOT, BUT NEVER SUCH A yogi  
NOR SUCH A DISCIPLE'

'Too late and too dark. Be comforted. Think how far thou art on the road—an hundred kos from Lahore already.'

'Yea—and farther from my monastery. Alas! It is a great and terrible world.'

Kim slipped out and away, as inconspicuous a figure as ever carried his own and a few score thousand other folks' fate slung round his neck. Mahbub Ali's directions left him little doubt of the house in which his Englishman lived; and a groom, bringing a dog-cart home from the Club, made him quite sure. It remained only to identify his man, and Kim slipped through the garden hedge and hid in a clump of plumed grass close to the verandah. The house blazed with lights, and servants moved about tables dressed with flowers, glass, and silver. Presently forth came an Englishman, dressed in black and white, humming a tune. It was too dark to see his face, so Kim tried an old experiment.

'Protector of the Poor!'

The man wheeled toward the voice.

'Mahbub Ali says——'

'Hah! What says Mahbub Ali?' He made no attempt to look for the speaker, and that showed Kim that the man knew.

'The pedigree of the White Stallion is fully established.'

'What proof is there?' The Englishman switched at the rose-hedge in the side of the drive.

'Mahbub Ali has given me this proof.' Kim flipped the wad of folded paper into the air, and it fell on the path beside the man, who put his foot on it as a gardener came round the corner. When the man passed he picked it up, dropped a rupee,—Kim could hear the clink,—and strode into the house, never looking round. Swiftly Kim took up the money; but for all his training, he was Irish enough by birth to reckon silver the least part of any game. What he desired was the visible effect of action. Instead of slinking away, he lay close in the grass and wormed nearer to the house.

He saw—Indian bungalows are open through and through—the Englishman return to a small dressing-room, in a corner of the verandah, that was half office, littered with papers and despatch-boxes, and sit down to study Mahbub Ali's message. His face, by the full ray of the kerosene lamp, changed and darkened, and Kim, used as every beggar must be to watching countenances, took good note.

'Will! Will, dear!' called a woman's voice. 'You ought to be in the drawing-room. They'll be here in a minute.'

The man still read intently.

'Will!' said the voice, five minutes later. 'He's come. I can hear the troopers in the drive.'

The man dashed out bareheaded as a big landau with four native troopers behind it halted at the verandah, and a tall, black-haired man, erect as an arrow swung out, preceded by a young officer who laughed pleasantly.

Flat on his belly lay Kim, almost touching the high wheels. His man and the black stranger exchanged two sentences.

'Certainly sir,' said the young officer promptly. 'Everything waits while a horse is concerned.'

'We shan't be more than twenty minutes,' said Kim's man. 'You can do the honours—keep 'em amused, and all that.'

'Tell one of the troopers to wait,' said the tall man, and they both passed into the dressing-room together as the landau rolled away. Kim saw their heads bent over Mahbub Ali's message, and heard the voices—one low and deferential, the other sharp and decisive.

'It isn't a question of weeks. It is a question of days—hours almost,' said the elder. 'I'd been expecting it for some time, but this'—he tapped Mahbub Ali's paper—'clenches it. Gorgan's dining here to-night, isn't he?'

'Yes sir, and Macklin too.'

'Very good. I'll speak to them myself. The matter will be referred to the Council, of course, but this is a case where one is justified in assuming that we take action at once. Warn the Pindi and Peshawur brigades. It will disorganize all the summer reliefs, but we can't help that. This comes of not smashing them thoroughly the first time. Eight thousand should be enough.'

'What about artillery, sir?'

'I must consult Macklin.'

'Then it means war?'

'No. Punishment. When a man is bound by the action of his predecessor——'

'But C.25 may have lied.'

'He bears out the other's information. Practically, they showed their hand six months back. But Devenish would have it there was a chance of peace. Of course they used it to make themselves stronger. Send off those telegrams at once,—the new code, not the old,—mine and Wharton's. I don't think we need keep your wife waiting any longer. We can settle the rest over the cigars. I thought it was coming. It's punishment—not war.'

As the trooper cantered off Kim crawled round to the back of the house, where, going on his Lahore experiences, he judged there would be food—and information. The kitchen was crowded with excited scullions, one of whom kicked him.

'Aie,' said Kim, feigning tears. 'I came only to wash dishes in return for a belly-full.'

'All Umballa is on the same errand. Get hence. They go in now with the soup. Think you that we who serve Creighton Sahib need strange scullions to help us through a big dinner?'

'It is a very big dinner,' said Kim, looking at the plates.

'Small wonder. The guest of honour is none other than the Jang-i-lat Sahib (the Commander-in-Chief).'

'Ho!' said Kim, with a guttural note of wonder. He had learned what he wanted, and when the scullion turned round he was gone.

'And all that trouble,' said he to himself, thinking as usual in Hindustanee, 'for a horse's pedigree. Mahbub Ali should have come to me to learn a little lying. Every time before that I have borne a message it concerned a woman. Now it is men. The tall man said that they will loose a great army to punish some one—somewhere—the news goes to Pindi and Peshawur. There are also guns. Would I have crept nearer. It is big news!'

He returned to find the cultivator's cousin's younger brother discussing the family law-suit in all its bearings with the cultivator and his wife and a few friends, while the lama dozed. After the evening meal some one passed him a water-pipe; and Kim felt very much of a man as he pulled at the smooth cocoanut shell, his legs spread abroad in the moonlight, his tongue clicking in remarks from time to time. His hosts were most polite; for the cultivator's wife had told them of his vision of the Red Bull, and of his probable descent from another world. Moreover, the lama was a great and venerable curiosity. The family priest, an old tolerant Sarsut Brahmin, dropped in later, and naturally started a theological argument to impress the family. By creed, of course, they were all on the priest's side, but the lama was the guest and the novelty. His gentle kindness, and his impressive Chinese quotations, that sounded like spells, delighted them hugely; and in this sympathetic simple air, he expanded like the Bodhisat's own lotus, speaking of his life in the great hills of Suchzen before, as he said, 'I rose up to seek enlightenment.'

Then it came out that in those worldly days he had been a master hand at casting horoscopes and

nativities; and the family priest led him on to describe his methods; each giving the planets names that the other could not understand, and pointing upward as the big stars sailed across the dark. The children of the house tugged unrebuked at his rosary; and he clean forgot the rule which forbids converse with women, as he talked of enduring snows, land-slips, blocked passes, the remote cliffs where men find sapphires and turquoise, and that wonderful upland road that leads at last into Great China itself.

'How thinkest thou of this one?' said the cultivator aside to the priest.

'A holy man—a holy man indeed. His gods are not the gods, but his feet are upon the Way,' was the answer. 'And his methods of nativities, though that is beyond thee, are wise and sure.'

'Tell me,' said Kim lazily, 'whether I find my Red Bull on a green field, as was promised me.'

'What knowledge hast thou of thy birth hour?' the priest asked, swelling with importance.

'Between first and second cockcrow of the first night in May.

'Of what year?'

'I do not know; but upon the hour that I cried first fell the great earthquake in Srinagur which is in Kashmir.' This Kim had from the woman who took care of him, and she again from Kimball O'Hara. The earthquake had been felt in India, and for long stood a leading date in the Punjab.

'Ai!' said a woman excitedly. This seemed to make Kim's supernatural origin more certain. 'Was not such an one's daughter born then——'

'And her mother bore her husband four sons in four years—all likely boys,' said the cultivator's wife, sitting outside the circle in the shadow.

'None reared in the knowledge,' said the family priest, 'forget how the planets stood in their houses upon that night.' He began to draw in the dust of the courtyard. 'At least thou hast good claim to a half of the house of the Bull. How runs thy prophecy?'

'Upon a day,' said Kim, delighted at the sensation he was creating, 'I shall be made great by means of a Red Bull on a green field, but first there will enter two men making all things ready.'

'Yes; thus ever at the beginning of a vision. A thick darkness that clears slowly; anon one enters with a broom making ready the place. Then begins the Sight. Two men—thou sayest? Ay, ay. The Sun, leaving the house of the Bull, enters that of the Twins. Hence the two men of the prophecy. Let us now consider. Fetch me a twig, little ones.'

He knitted his brows, scratched, smoothed out, and scratched again in the dust mysterious signs—to the wonder of all save the lama, who, with fine instinct, forbore to interfere.

At the end of half an hour, he tossed the twig from him with a grunt.

'Hm. Thus say the stars. Within three days come the two men to make all things ready. After them follows the Bull; but the sign over against him is the sign of War and armed men.'

'There was indeed a man of the Loodhiana Sikhs in the carriage from Lahore,' said the cultivator's wife hopefully.

'Tck! Armed men—many hundreds. What concern hast thou with war?' said the priest to Kim. 'Thine is a red and an angry sign of war to be loosed very soon.'

'None—none,' said the lama earnestly. 'We seek only peace and our river.'

Kim chuckled, remembering what he had overheard in the dressing-room. Decidedly he was a favourite of the stars.

The priest brushed his foot over the rude horoscope. 'More than this I cannot see. In three days comes the Bull to thee, boy.'

'And my river, my river.' pleaded the lama. 'I had hoped his Bull would lead us both to the river.'

'Alas for that wondrous river, my brother,' the priest replied. 'Such things are not common.'

Next morning, though they were pressed to stay, the lama insisted on departure. They gave Kim a large bundle of good food and nearly three annas in copper money for the needs of the road, and with many blessings watched the two go southward in the dawn.

'Pity it is that these and such as these could not be freed from the Wheel of Things,' said the lama.

'Nay, then would only evil people be left on the earth, and who would give us meat and shelter?' quoth Kim, stepping merrily under his burden.

'Yonder is a small stream. Let us look,' said the lama, and he led from the white road across the still fields; walking into a very hornet's-nest of pariah dogs.

Kim by Rudyard Kipling

Chapter III    Chapter IV→

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### CHAPTER III

Yea, voice of every Soul that clung  
To Life that strove from rung to rung  
When Devadatta's rule was young,  
    The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Behind them an angry farmer brandished a bamboo pole. He was a market-gardener, Arain by caste, growing vegetables and flowers for Umballa city, and well Kim knew the breed.

'Such an one,' said the lama, disregarding the dogs, 'is impolite to strangers, intemperate of speech and uncharitable. Be warned by his demeanour, my disciple.'

'Ho, shameless beggars!' shouted the farmer. 'Begone! Get hence!'

'We go,' the lama returned with quiet dignity. 'We go from these unblessed fields.'

'Ah,' said Kim, sucking in his breath. 'If the next crops fail, thou canst only blame thy own tongue.'

The man shuffled uneasily in his slippers. 'The land is full of beggars,' he began, half apologetically.

'And by what sign did'st thou know that we would beg from thee, O Mali?' said Kim tartly, using the name that a market-gardener least likes. 'All we sought was to look at that river beyond the field there.'

'River, forsooth!' the man snorted. 'What city do ye hail from not to know a canal-cut? It runs as straight as an arrow, and I pay for the water as though it were molten silver. There is a branch of a river beyond. But if ye need water I can give that—and milk.'

'Nay, we will go to the river,' said the lama, striding out.

'Milk and a meal,' the man stammered, as he looked at the strange tall figure. 'I—I would not draw evil upon myself—or my crops; but beggars are so many in these hard days.'

'Take notice,' the lama turned to Kim. 'He was led to speak harshly by the Red Mist of anger. That clearing from his eyes, he becomes courteous and of an affable heart. May his fields be blessed. Beware not to judge men too hastily, O farmer.'

'I have met holy ones who would have cursed thee from hearth-stone to byre,' said Kim to the abashed man. 'Is he not wise and holy? I am his disciple.'

He cocked his nose in the air loftily and stepped across the narrow field-borders, swelling with importance.

'There is no pride,' said the lama, after a pause, 'there is no pride among such as follow the Middle Way.'

'But thou hast said he was low caste and discourteous.'

'Low caste I did not say, for how can that be which is not? Afterward he amended his discourtesy, and I forgot the offence. Moreover, he is as we are, bound upon the Wheel of Things; but he does not tread the way of deliverance.' He halted at a little runlet among the fields, and considered the hoof-pitted bank.

'Now, how wilt thou know thy river?' said Kim, squatting in the shade of some tall sugar-cane.

'When I find it, an enlightenment will surely be given. This, I feel, is not the place. O littlest among the waters, if only thou couldst tell me where runs my river! But be thou blest to make the fields bear!'

'Look! Look!' Kim sprang to his side and dragged him back. A yellow and brown streak glided from the purple rustling stems to the bank, stretched its neck to the water, drank, and lay still—a big cobra with fixed, lidless eyes.

'I have no stick—I have no stick,' said Kim. 'I will get me one and break his back.'

'Why? He is upon the Wheel as we are—a life ascending or descending—very far from deliverance. Great evil must the soul have done that is cast into this shape.'

'I hate all snakes,' said Kim. No native training can quench the white man's horror of the Serpent.

'Let him live out his life.' The coiled thing hissed and half opened his hood. 'May thy release come soon, brother,' the lama continued placidly. 'Hast thou knowledge, by chance, of my river?'

'Never have I seen such a man as thou art,' Kim whispered, overwhelmed. 'Do the very snakes understand thy talk?'

'Who knows?' He passed within a foot of the cobra's poised head. It flattened itself among the dusty coils.

'Come thou!' he called over his shoulder.

'Not I,' said Kim. 'I go round.'

'Come. He does no hurt.'

Kim hesitated for a moment. The lama backed his order by some droned Chinese quotation which Kim took for a charm. He obeyed and stepped across the rivulet, and the snake indeed made no sign.

'Never have I seen such a man.' Kim wiped the sweat from his forehead. 'And now, whither go we?'

'That is for thee to say. I am old, and a stranger—far from my own place. But that the rel-carriage fills my head with the noises of devil-drums I would go in it to Benares now . . . yet by so going we may miss the river. Let us find another river.'

Where the hard-worked soil gives three and even four crops a year—through patches of sugar-cane, tobacco, long white radishes, and nol-kol, all that day they strolled on, turning aside to every glimpse of water; rousing village dogs and sleeping villages at noonday; the lama replying to the vollied questions with an unswerving simplicity. They sought a River—a River of miraculous healing. Had any one knowledge of such a stream? Sometimes men laughed, but more often heard the story out to the end and offered them a place in the shade, a drink of milk, and a meal. The women were always kind, and the little children, as children are the world over, alternately shy and venturesome. Evening found them at rest under the village tree of a mud-walled, mud-roofed hamlet, talking to the headman as the cattle came in from the grazing grounds and the women prepared the day's last meal. They had passed beyond the belt of market-gardens round hungry Umballa, and were among the mile-wide green of the wheat.

He was a white-bearded and affable elder, used to entertaining strangers. He dragged out a string bedstead for the lama, set warm cooked food before him, prepared him a pipe, and, the evening ceremonies being finished in the village temple, sent for the village priest.

Kim told the older children tales of the size and beauty of Lahore, of railway travel, and such like city things, while the men talked, slowly as their cattle chew the cud.



'I cannot fathom it,' said the headman at last to the priest. 'How readest thou this talk?' The lama, his tale told, was silently telling his beads.

'He is a Seeker,' the priest answered. 'The land is full of such. Remember him who came only last month—the faquir with the tortoise?'

'Ay, but that man had right and reason, for Krishna Himself appeared in a vision promising him Paradise without the burning-pyre if he journeyed to Prayag. This man seeks no god who is within my knowledge.'

'Peace, he is old: he comes from far off, and he is mad,' the smooth-shaven priest replied. 'Hear me.' He turned to the lama. 'Three kos (six miles) to the westward runs the great road to Calcutta.'

'But I would go to Benares—to Benares.'

'And to Benares also. It crosses all streams on this side of Hind. Now my word to thee, Holy One, is rest here till to-morrow. Then take the road (it was the Grand Trunk Road he meant) and test each stream that it overpasses; for, as I understand, the virtue of thy river lies neither in one pool nor place, but throughout its length. Then, if thy gods will, be assured that thou wilt come upon thy freedom.'

'That is well said.' The lama was much impressed by the plan. 'We will begin to-morrow, and a blessing come to thee for showing old feet such a near road.' A deep sing-song Chinese half-chant closed the sentence. Even the priest was impressed, and the headman feared an evil spell; but none could look at the lama's simple, eager face and doubt him long.

'Seest thou my chela?' he said, diving into his snuff-gourd with an important sniff. It was his duty to repay courtesy with courtesy.

'I see—and hear.' The headman rolled his eye where Kim was chatting to a girl in blue as she laid thorns on a fire.

'He also has a Search of his own. No river, but a Bull. Yea, a Red Bull on a green field will some day raise him to honour. He is, I think, not altogether of this world. He was sent of a sudden to aid me in this search, and his name is Friend of all the World.'

The priest smiled. 'Ho there, Friend of all the World,' he cried across the sharp-smelling smoke, 'what art thou?'

'This holy one's disciple,' said Kim.

'He says thou art a bhut (a spirit).'

'Can bhuts eat?' said Kim, with a twinkle. 'For I am hungry.'

'It is no jest,' cried the lama. 'A certain astrologer of that city whose name I have forgotten——'

'That is no more than the city of Umballa where we slept last night,' Kim whispered to the priest.

'Ay, Umballa was it? He cast a horoscope and declared that my chela should find his desire within two

days. But what said he of the meaning of the stars, Friend of all the World?'

Kim cleared his throat and looked importantly at the village graybeards.

'The meaning of my Star is War,' he replied pompously.

Somebody laughed at the little tattered figure strutting on the brickwork plinth under the great tree. Where a native would have lain down, Kim's white blood set him upon his feet.

'Ay, war!' he answered.

'That is a sure prophecy,' rumbled a deep voice. 'For there is always war along the border—as I know.'

It was an old, withered man, who had served the Government in the days of the Mutiny as a native officer in a newly raised cavalry regiment. The Government had given him a good holding in the village, and though the demands of his sons, now gray-bearded officers on their own account, had impoverished him, he was still a person of consequence. English officials—Deputy Commissioners even—turned aside from the main road to visit him, and on those occasions he dressed himself in the uniform of ancient days and stood up like a ramrod.

'But this shall be a great war—a war of eight thousand,' Kim's voice shrilled across the quick-gathering crowd.

'Redcoats or our own regiments?' the old man snapped, as though he were asking an equal. His tone made men respect Kim.

'Redcoats,' said Kim at a venture. 'Redcoats and guns.'

'But—but the astrologer said no word of this,' cried the lama, snuffing prodigiously in his excitement.

'But I know. The word has come to me, who am this holy one's disciple. There will rise a war—a war of eight thousand redcoats. From Pindi and Peshawur they will be drawn. This is sure.'

'The boy has heard bazar talk,' said the priest.

'But he was always by my side,' said the lama. 'How should he know? I did not know.'

'He will make a clever juggler when the old man is dead,' muttered the priest to the headman. 'What new trick is this?'

'A sign. Give us a sign,' thundered the old soldier suddenly. 'If there were war my sons would have told me.'

'When all is ready, thy sons, doubt not, will be told. But it is a long road from thy sons to the man in whose hands these things lie.' Kim warmed to the game, for it reminded him of experiences in the letter-carrying line, when, for the sake of a few pice, he pretended to know more than he knew. But now he was playing for better things the sheer excitement and the sense of power. He drew a deep breath and went on.

'Old man, give me a sign. Do baboos order the goings of eight thousand redcoats—with guns?'

'No.' Still the old man answered as though Kim were an equal.

'Dost thou know who he is then that gives the order?'

'I have seen him.'

'To know again?'

'I have known him since he was a lieutenant in the top-khana (the Artillery).'

'A tall man. A tall man with black hair, walking thus?' Kim took a few paces in a stiff, wooden style.

'Ay. But that any one may have seen.' The crowd were breathless-still through all this talk.

'That is true,' said Kim. 'But I will say more. Look now. First the great man walks thus. Then he thinks thus.' (Kim drew a forefinger over his forehead and downward till it came to rest by the angle of the jaw.) 'Anon he twitches his fingers thus. Anon he thrusts his hat under his left armpit.' Kim illustrated the motion and stood like a stork.

The old man groaned, inarticulate with amazement; and the crowd shivered.

'So—so—so. But what does he when he is about to give an order?'

'He rubs the skin at the back of his neck—thus. Then falls one finger on the table and he makes a small sniffing noise through his nose. Then he speaks, saying: "Loose such and such a regiment. Call out such guns."

The old man rose stiffly and saluted.

""For""—Kim translated into the vernacular the clinching sentences he had heard at the dressing-room at Umballa—"For," says he, "we should have done this long ago. It is not war—it is a chastisement. Snff!""

'Enough. I believe. I have seen him thus in the smoke of battles. Seen and heard. It is he!'

'I saw no smoke'—Kim's voice shifted to the rapt sing-song of the wayside fortune-teller. 'I saw this in darkness. First came a man to make things clear. Then came horsemen. Then came he, standing in a ring of light. The rest followed as I have said. Old man, have I spoken truth?'

'It is he. Past all doubt it is he.'

The crowd drew a long, quavering breath, staring alternately at the old man, still at attention, and ragged Kim against the purple twilight.

'Said I not—said I not he was from the other world?' cried the lama proudly. 'He is the Friend of all the World. He is the Friend of the Stars!'

'At least it does not concern us,' a man cried. 'O thou young soothsayer, if the gift abides with thee at all seasons, I have a red-spotted cow. She may be sister to thy Bull for aught I know——'

'Or I care,' said Kim. 'My Stars do not concern themselves with thy cattle.'

'Nay, but she is very sick,' a woman struck in. 'My man is a buffalo, or he would have chosen his words better. Tell me if she recover?'

Had Kim been at all an ordinary boy, he would have carried on the play; but one does not know Lahore city, and least of all the faquirs by the Taksali Gate, for thirteen years without also knowing human nature.

The priest looked at him sideways, something bitterly—a dry and blighting smile.

'Is there no priest then in the village? I thought I had seen a great one even now,' cried Kim.

'Ay—but——' the woman began.

'But thou and thy husband hoped to get the cow cured for a handful of thanks.' The shot told: they were notoriously the closest-fisted couple in the village. 'It is not well to cheat the temples. Give a young calf to thy own priest, and unless thy gods are angry past recall, she will give milk within a month.'

'A master-beggar art thou,' purred the priest approvingly. 'Not the cunning of forty years could have done better. Surely thou hast made the old man rich?'

'A little flour—a little butter and a mouthful of cardamoms,' Kim retorted, flushed with the praise, but still cautious—'does one grow rich on that? And, as thou canst see, he is mad. But it serves me while I learn the road at least.'

He knew what the faquirs of the Taksali Gate were like when they talked among themselves, and copied the very inflection of their lewd disciples.

'Is his search, then, truth or a cloak to other ends? It may be treasure.'

'He is mad—many times mad. There is nothing else.'

Here the old soldier hobbled up and asked if Kim would accept his hospitality for the night. The priest recommended him to do so, but insisted that the honour of entertaining the lama belonged to the temple—at which the lama smiled guilelessly. Kim glanced from one face to the other, and drew his own conclusions.

'Where is the money?' he whispered, beckoning the old man off into the darkness.

'In my bosom. Where else?'

'Give it me. Quietly and swiftly give it me.'

'But why? Here is no ticket to buy.'

'Am I thy chela, or am I not? Do I not safeguard thy old feet about the ways? Give me the money and at dawn I will return it.' He slipped his hand above the lama's girdle and brought away the purse.

'Be it so—be it so.' The old man nodded his head. 'This is a great and terrible world. I never knew there were so many men alive in it.'

Next morning the priest was in a very bad temper, but the lama was quite happy; and Kim had enjoyed a most interesting evening with the old man, who brought out his cavalry sabre and, balancing it on his dry knees, told tales of the Mutiny and young captains thirty years in their graves, till Kim dropped off to sleep.

'Certainly the air of this country is good,' said the lama. 'I sleep lightly, as do all old men; but last night I slept unwaking till broad day. Even now I am heavy.'

'Drink a long draught of milk,' said Kim, who had carried not a few such remedies to opium-smokers of his acquaintance. 'It is time to take the road again.'

'The long road that overpasses all the rivers of Hind,' said the lama gaily. 'Let us go. But how thinkest thou, chela, to recompense these people, and especially the priest, for their great kindness? Truly they are būt-parast, but in other lives, may be, they will receive enlightenment. A rupee to the temple? The thing within is no more than stone and red paint, but the heart of man we must acknowledge when and where it is good.'

'Holy One, hast thou ever taken the road alone?' Kim looked up sharply, like the Indian crows so busy about the fields.

'Surely, child: from Kulu to Pathân Kot—from Kulu, where my first chela died. When men were kind to us we made offerings, and all men were well-disposed throughout all the Hills.'

Kim Kipling 0081.jpg

HE SAT LONG-LEGGED ON THE LITTLE BEAST, WITH THE BIG SWORD AT HIS SIDE HAND DROPPED ON THE POMMEL STARING FIERCELY OVER THE FLAT LANDS

'It is otherwise in Hind,' said Kim drily. 'Their gods are many armed and malignant. Let them alone.' 'I would set thee on thy road for a little, Friend of all the World—thou and thy yellow man.' The old soldier ambled up the village street, all shadowy in the dawn, on a gaunt, scissor-hocked pony. 'Last night broke up the fountains of remembrance in my so-dried heart, and it was as a blessing to me. Truly there is war abroad in the air. I smell it. See! I have brought my sword.'

He sat long-legged on the little beast, with the big sword at his side,—hand dropped on the pommel,—staring fiercely over the flat lands toward the north. 'Tell me again how he showed in thy vision. Come up and sit behind me. The beast will carry two.'

'I am this holy one's disciple,' said Kim, as they cleared the village gate. The villagers seemed almost glad to be rid of them, and the priest's farewell was cold and distant. He had wasted good opium on a man who carried no money.

'That is well spoken. I am not much used to holy men, but respect is always good. There is no respect in these days—not even when a Commissioner Sahib comes to see me. But why should one whose Star

leads him to war follow a holy man?'

'But he is a holy man,' said Kim earnestly. 'In truth, and in talk and in act, holy. He is not like the others. I have never seen such an one. We be not fortune-tellers, or jugglers, or beggars.'

'Thou art not, that I can see; but I do not know him. He marches well, too.'

The first freshness of the day carried the lama forward with long, easy, camel-like strides. He was deep in meditation, mechanically clicking his rosary.

They followed the rutted and worn country road that wound across the flat between the great dark-green mango-groves, the line of the snow-capped Himalayas faint to the eastward. All India was at work in the fields, to the creaking of well-wheels, the shouting of ploughmen behind their cattle, and the clamour of the crows. Even the pony felt the good influence and almost broke into a trot as Kim laid a hand on the stirrup-leather.

'It repents me that I did not give a rupee to the shrine,' said the lama on the last bead of his eighty-one.

The old soldier growled in his beard, so that the lama for the first time was aware of him.

'Seekest thou the river also?' said he, turning.

'The day is new,' was the reply. 'What need of a river save to water at before sundown? I come to show thee a short lane to the Big Road.'

'That is a courtesy to be remembered, O man of good will; but why the sword?'

The old soldier looked as abashed as a child interrupted in his game of make-believe.

'The sword,' he said, fumbling it. 'Oh, that was a fancy of mine—an old man's fancy. Truly the police orders are that no man must bear weapons throughout Hind, but'—he cheered up and slapped the hilt—'all the constabeels hereabout know me.'

'It is not a good fancy,' said the lama. 'What profit to kill men?'

'Very little—as I know; but if evil men were not now and then slain it would not be a good world for weaponless dreamers. I do not speak without knowledge who have seen the land from Delhi south awash with blood.'

'What madness was that, then?'

'The gods, who sent it for a plague, alone know. A madness ate into all the Army, and they turned against their officers. That was the first evil, but not past remedy if they had then held their hands. But they chose to kill the Sahibs' wives and children. Then came the Sahibs from over the sea and called them to most strict account.'

'Some such rumour, I believe, reached me once long ago. They called it the Black Year, as I remember.'

'What manner of life hast thou led, not to know The Year? A rumour indeed! All earth knew and

trembled.'

'Our earth never shook but once—upon the day that the Excellent One received Enlightenment.'

'Umph! I saw Delhi shake at least; and Delhi is the navel of the world.'

'So they turned against women and children? That was a bad deed for which the punishment cannot be avoided.'

'Many strove to do so, but with very small profit. I was then in a regiment of cavalry. It broke. Of six hundred and eighty sabres stood fast to their salt—how many think you? Three. Of whom I was one.'

'The greater merit to thee.'

'Merit! We did not consider it merit in those days. My people, my friends, my brothers fell from me. They said: "The time of the English is accomplished. Let each strike out a little holding for himself." But I had talked with the men of Sobraon, of Chillianwallah, of Moodkie and Ferozeshah. I said: "Abide a little and the wind turns. There is no blessing in this work." In those days I rode seventy miles with an English mem-sahib and her babe on my saddle-bow. (Wow! That was a horse fit for a man!) I placed them in safety, and back came I to my officer the one that was not killed of our five. "Give me work," said I, "for I am an outcast among my own kin, and my cousin's blood is wet on my sabre." "Be content," said he. "There is great work forward. When this madness is over there is a recompense."

'Ay, there is a recompense when the madness is over, surely?' the lama muttered half to himself.

'They did not give medals in those days to all who by accident had heard a gun fired. No! In nineteen pitched battles was I; in six and forty skirmishes of horse; and in small affairs without number. Nine wounds I bear; a medal and four clasps and the medal of an Order, for my captains, who are now generals, remembered me when the Kaiser-i-Hind had accomplished fifty years of her reign, and all the land rejoiced. They said: "Give him the order of Berittish India." I carry it upon my neck now. I have also my jaghir (holding) from the hands of the State—a free gift to me and mine. The men of the old days—they are now Commissioners—come riding to me through the crops,—high upon horses so that all the village sees, and we talk out the old skirmishes, one dead man's name leading to another.'

'And after?' said the lama.

'Oh, afterward they go away, but not before my village has seen.'

'And at the last what wilt thou do?'

'At the last I shall die.'

'And after?'

'Let the gods order it. I have never pestered them with prayers: I do not think they will pester me. Look you, I have noticed in my long life that those who eternally break in upon those above with complaints and reports and bellowings and weepings are presently sent for in haste, as our colonel used to send for slack-jawed down-country men who talked too much. No, I have never wearied the gods. They will remember this, and give me a quiet place where I can drive my lance in the shade, and wait to welcome

my sons: I have no less than three—ressaldar-majors all—in the regiments.'

'And they likewise, bound upon the Wheel, go forth from life to life—from despair to despair,' said the lama below his breath, 'hot, uneasy, snatching.'

'Ay,' the old soldier chuckled. 'Three ressal-dar-majors in three regiments. Gamblers a little, but so am I. They must be well-mounted; and one cannot take the horses as in the old days one took women. Well, well, my holding can pay for all. How thinkest thou? It is a well-watered strip, but my men cheat me. I do not know how to ask save at the lance's point. Ugh! I grow angry and I curse them, and they feign penitence, but behind my back I know they call me a toothless old ape.'

'Hast thou never desired any other thing?'

'Yes—yes—a thousand times! A straight back and a close-clinging knee once more; a quick wrist and a keen eye; and the power that makes a man. Oh, the old days—the good days of my strength!'

'That strength is weakness.'

'It has turned so; but fifty years since I could have proved it otherwise,' the old soldier retorted, driving his stirrup-edge into the pony's lean flank.

'But I know a river of great healing.'

'I have drank Gunga water to the edge of dropsy. All she gave me was a flux, and no sort of strength.'

'It is not Gunga. The river that I know washes from all taint of sin. Ascending the far bank one is assured of Freedom. I do not know thy life, but thy face is the face of the honourable and courteous. Thou hast clung to thy Way, rendering fidelity when it was hard to give, in that Black Year of which I now remember other tales. Enter now upon the Middle Way, which is the path to Freedom. Hear the most excellent Law, and do not follow dreams.'

'Speak then, old man,' the soldier smiled, half saluting. 'We be all babblers at our age.'

The lama squatted under the shade of a mango, whose shadow played checkerwise over his face; the soldier sat stiffly on the pony; and Kim, making sure that there were no snakes, lay down in the notch of the twisted roots.

There was a drowsy buzz of small life in hot sunshine, a cooing of doves, and a sleepy drone of well-wheels across the fields. Slowly and impressively the lama began. At the end of ten minutes the old soldier slid from his pony, to hear better as he said, and sat with the reins round his wrist. The lama's voice faltered—the periods lengthened. Kim was busy watching a gray squirrel. When the scolding little bunch of fur, close pressed to the branch, disappeared, preacher and audience were fast asleep, the old officer's strong-cut head pillowed on his arm, the lama's thrown back against the tree bole, where it showed like yellow ivory. A naked child toddled up, stared, and, moved by some quick impulse of reverence, made a solemn little obeisance before the lama—only the child was so short and fat that it toppled over sideways, and Kim laughed at the sprawling, chubby legs. The child, scared and indignant, yelled aloud.

'Hai! Hai!' said the soldier, leaping to his feet. 'What is it? What orders? . . . It is . . . a child! I dreamed



it was an alarm. Little one—little one do not cry. Have I slept? That was discourteous indeed!"

'I fear. I am afraid,' roared the child.

'What is it to fear? Two old men and a boy? How wilt thou ever make a soldier, Princeling?'

The lama had waked too, but, taking no notice of the child, began to click his rosary.

'What is that?' said the child, stopping a yell midway. 'I have never seen such beads. Give them me.'

'Aha,' said the lama, smiling, and trailing a loop of it on the grass:

'This is a handful of cardamoms,  
This is a lump of ghi:  
This is millet and chillies and rice,  
A supper for thee and me!'

The child shrieked with joy, and snatched at the dark, glancing beads.

'Oho!' said the old soldier. 'Whence had thou that song, despiser of this world?'

'I learned it in Pathân Kot—sitting on a doorstep,' said the lama shyly. 'It is good to be kind to babes.'

'As I remember, before the sleep came on us, thou hadst told me that marriage and bearing were darkeners of the true light, stumbling-blocks upon the way. Do children drop from heaven in thy country? Is it the Way to sing them songs?'

'No man is all perfect,' said the lama gravely, recoiling the rosary. 'Run now to thy mother, little one.'

'Hear him!' said the soldier to Kim. 'He is ashamed for that he has made a child happy. There was a very good householder lost in thee, my brother. Hai, child!' He threw it a pice. 'Sweetmeats are always nice.' And as the little figure capered away into the sunshine: 'They grow up and become men. Holy One, I grieve that I slept in the midst of thy preaching. Forgive me.'

'We be two old men,' said the lama. 'The fault is mine. I listened to thy talk of the world and its madness, and one fault led to the next.'

'Hear him! What harm do thy gods suffer from play with a babe? And that song was very well sung. Let us go on and I will sing thee the song of Nikal Seyn before Delhi—the old song.'

And they fared out from the gloom of the mango tope, the old man's high, shrill voice ringing across the field, as wail by long-drawn wail he unfolded the story of Nikal Seyn (Nicholson)—the song that men sing in the Punjab to this day. Kim was delighted, and the lama listened with deep interest.

'Ahi! Nikal Seyn is dead—he died before Delhi! Lances of North take vengeance for Nikal Seyn.' He quavered it out to the end, marking the trills with the flat of his sword on the pony's rump.

'And now we come to the broad road,' said he, after receiving the compliments of Kim; for the lama was markedly silent. 'It is long since I have ridden this way, but thy boy's talk stirred me. See, Holy

One—the great road which is the backbone of all Hind. For the most part it is shaded, as here, with four lines of trees; the middle road—all hard—takes the quick traffic. In the days before rail-carriages the Sahibs travelled up and down here in hundreds. Now there are only country-carts and such like. Left and right is the rougher road for the heavy carts grain and cotton and timber, bhoosa, lime and hides. A man goes in safety here—for at every few kos is a police-station. The police are thieves and extortioners (I myself would patrol it with cavalry—young recruits under a strong leader), but at least they do not suffer any rivals. All castes and kinds of men move here. Look! Brahmins and chumris, bankers and tinkers, barbers and bunnias, pilgrims and potters—all the world going and coming. It is to me as a river from which I am withdrawn like a log after a flood.'

And truly the Grand Trunk Road is a wonderful spectacle. It runs straight, bearing without crowding India's traffic for fifteen hundred miles—such a river of life as exists nowhere else in the world. They looked down the green-arched, shade-flecked length of it, the white breadth speckled with slow-pacing folk; and the two-roomed police-station opposite.

'Who bears arms against the law?' a constable called out laughingly, as he caught sight of the soldier's sword. 'Are not the police enough to destroy evil-doers?'

'It was because of the police I bought it,' was the answer. 'Does all go well in Hind?'

'Ressaldar Sahib, all goes well.'

'I am like an old tortoise, look you, who puts his head out from the bank and draws it in again. Ay, this is the road of Hindustan. All men come by this way.'

'Son of a swine, is the soft part of the road meant for thee to scratch thy back upon? Father of all the daughters of shame and husband of ten thousand virtueless ones, thy mother was devoted to a devil, being led thereto by her mother; thy aunts have never had a nose for seven generations! Thy sister!—What owl's folly told thee to draw thy carts across the road? A broken wheel? Then take a broken head and put the two together at leisure!'

The voice and a venomous whip-cracking came out of a pillar of dust fifty yards away, where a cart had broken down. A tall, thin, high Kattiwar mare, with eyes and nostrils aflame, rocketed out of the jam, snorting and wincing as her rider bent her across the road in chase of a shouting man. He was tall and gray-bearded, sitting the almost mad mare as a piece of her, and scientifically lashing his victim between plunges.

The old man's face lit with pride. 'My child!' said he briefly, and strove to rein the pony's neck to a fitting arch.

'Am I to be beaten before the police?' cried the carter. 'Justice! I will have justice——'

'Am I to be blocked by a shouting ape who upsets ten thousand sacks under a young horse's nose? That is the way to ruin a mare.'

'He speaks truth. He speaks truth. But she follows her man close,' said the old man. The carter ran under the wheels of his cart and thence threatened all sorts of vengeance.

'They are strong men, thy sons,' said the policeman serenely, picking his teeth.

The horseman delivered one last vicious cut with his whip and came on at a canter.

'My father!' He reined back ten yards and dismounted.

The old man was off his pony in an instant, and they embraced as do father and son in the East.

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## The Trojan Women (Murray)

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The Trojan Women (1905)

by Euripides, translated by Gilbert Murray

The Trojan Women (Ancient Greek: Τρωάδες, Trōiades), also known as Troades, is a tragedy by the Greek playwright Euripides. Produced during the Peloponnesian War, it is often considered a commentary on the capture of the Aegean island of Melos and the subsequent slaughter and subjugation of its populace by the Athenians earlier in 415 BC (see History of Milos), the same year the play was produced. — Excerpted from The Trojan Women on Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia.

See Trojan Women (Euripides) for other translations of this play.

### Introductory Note

Judged by common standards, the Troädes is far from a perfect play; it is scarcely even a good play. It is an intense study of one great situation, with little plot, little construction, little or no relief or variety. The only movement of the drama is a gradual extinguishing of all the familiar lights of human life, with, perhaps, at the end, a suggestion that in the utterness of night, when all fears of a possible worse thing are passed, there is in some sense peace and even glory. But the situation itself has at least this dramatic value, that it is different from what it seems.

The consummation of a great conquest, a thing celebrated in paeans and thanksgivings, the very height of the day-dreams of unregenerate man—it seems to be a great joy, and it is in truth a great misery. It is conquest seen when the thrill of battle is over, and nothing remains but to wait and think. We feel in the background the presence of the conquerors, sinister and disappointed phantoms; of the conquered men, after long torment, now resting in death. But the living drama for Euripides lay in the conquered women. It is from them that he has named his play and built up his scheme of parts: four figures clearly lit and heroic, the others in varying grades of characterisation, nameless and barely articulate, mere half-heard voices of an eternal sorrow.

Indeed, the most usual condemnation of the play is not that it is dull, but that it is too harrowing; that scene after scene passes beyond the due limits of tragic art. There are points to be pleaded against this criticism. The very beauty of the most fearful scenes, in spite of their fearfulness, is one; the quick comfort of the lyrics is another, falling like a spell of peace when the strain is too hard to bear (cf. p. 89). But the main defence is that, like many of the greatest works of art, the Troädes is something more

than art. It is also a prophecy, a bearing of witness. And the prophet, bound to deliver his message, walks outside the regular ways of the artist.

For some time before the *Troades* was produced, Athens, now entirely in the hands of the War Party, had been engaged in an enterprise which, though on military grounds defensible, was bitterly resented by the more humane minority, and has been selected by Thucydides as the great crucial crime of the war. She had succeeded in compelling the neutral Dorian island of Mèlos to take up arms against her, and after a long siege had conquered the quiet and immemorably ancient town, massacred the men and sold the women and children into slavery. Mèlos fell in the autumn of 416 B.C. The *Troades* was produced in the following spring. And while the gods of the prologue were prophesying destruction at sea for the sackers of Troy, the fleet of the sackers of Mèlos, flushed with conquest and marked by a slight but unforgettable taint of sacrilege, was actually preparing to set sail for its fatal enterprise against Sicily.

Not, of course, that we have in the *Troades* a case of political allusion. Far from it. Euripides does not mean Mèlos when he says Troy, nor mean Alcibiades' fleet when he speaks of Agamemnon's. But he writes under the influence of a year which to him, as to Thucydides, had been filled full of indignant pity and of dire foreboding. This tragedy is perhaps, in European literature, the first great expression of the spirit of pity for mankind exalted into a moving principle; a principle which has made the most precious, and possibly the most destructive, elements of innumerable rebellions, revolutions, and martyrdoms, and of at least two great religions.

Pity is a rebel passion. Its hand is against the strong, against the organised force of society, against conventional sanctions and accepted Gods. It is the Kingdom of Heaven within us fighting against the brute powers of the world; and it is apt to have those qualities of unreason, of contempt for the counting of costs and the balancing of sacrifices, of recklessness, and even, in the last resort, of ruthlessness, which so often mark the paths of heavenly things and the doings of the children of light. It brings not peace, but a sword.

So it was with Euripides. The *Troades* itself has indeed almost no fierceness and singularly little thought of revenge. It is only the crying of one of the great wrongs of the world wrought into music, as it were, and made beautiful by "the most tragic of the poets." But its author lived ever after in a deepening atmosphere of strife and even of hatred, down to the day when, "because almost all in Athens rejoiced at his suffering," he took his way to the remote valleys of Macedon to write the *Bacchae* and to die.

G. M.

Characters in the Play

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY THE GOD POSEIDON. THE GODDESS PALLAS ATHENA.

HECUBA, Queen of Troy, wife of Priam, mother of Hector and Paris.

CASSANDRA, daughter of Hecuba, a prophetess.

ANDROMACHE, wife of Hector, Prince of Troy.

HELEN, wife of Menelaus, King of Sparta; carried off by Paris, Prince of Troy.

TALTHYBIUS, Herald of the Greeks.

MENELAUS, King of Sparta, and, together with his brother Agamemnon, General of the Greeks.  
SOLDIERS ATTENDANT ON TALTHYBIUS AND MENELAUS. CHORUS OF CAPTIVE  
TROJAN WOMEN, YOUNG AND OLD, MAIDEN AND MARRIED.

"The Troädes was first acted in the year 415 B.C. "The first prize was won by Xenocles, whoever he may have been, with the four plays Oedipus, Lycaon, Bacchae and Athamas, a Satyr-play. The second by Euripides with the Alexander, Palamêdês, Troädes and Sisyphus, a Satyr-play."—AELIAN, *Varia Historia*, ii. 8.

### The Trojan Women

The scene represents a battlefield, a few days after the battle. At the back are the walls of Troy, partially ruined. In front of them, to right and left, are some huts, containing those of the Captive Women who have been specially set apart for the chief Greek leaders. At one side some dead bodies of armed men are visible. In front a tall woman with white hair is lying on the ground asleep.

It is the dusk of early dawn, before sunrise. The figure of the god POSEIDON is dimly seen before the walls.

POSEIDON.

Up from Aegean caverns, pool by pool

Of blue salt sea, where feet most beautiful

Of Nereid maidens weave beneath the foam

Their long sea-dances, I, their lord, am come,

Poseidon of the Sea. 'Twas I whose power,

With great Apollo, builded tower by tower

These walls of Troy; and still my care doth stand

True to the ancient People of my hand;

Which now as smoke is perished, in the shock

Of Argive spears. Down from Parnassus' rock

The Greek Epeios came, of Phocian seed,

And wrought by Pallas' mysteries a Steed

Marvellous, big with arms; and through my wall

It passed, a death-fraught image magical.

The groves are empty and the sanctuaries  
Run red with blood. Unburied Priam lies  
By his own hearth, on God's high altar-stair,  
And Phrygian gold goes forth and raiment rare  
To the Argive ships; and weary soldiers roam  
Waiting the wind that blows at last for home,  
For wives and children, left long years away,  
Beyond the seed's tenth fullness and decay,  
To work this land's undoing.

And for me,  
Since Argive Hera conquereth, and she  
Who wrought with Hera to the Phrygians' woe,  
Pallas, behold, I bow mine head and go  
Forth from great Ilion and mine altars old.  
When a still city lieth in the hold  
Of Desolation, all God's spirit there  
Is sick and turns from worship.—Hearken where  
The ancient River wailleth with a voice  
Of many women, portioned by the choice  
Of war amid new lords, as the lots leap  
For Thessaly, or Argos, or the steep  
Of Theseus' Rock. And others yet there are,  
High women, chosen from the waste of war  
For the great kings, behind these portals hid;

And with them that Laconian Tyndarid,  
Helen, like them a prisoner and a prize.  
And this unhappy one—would any eyes  
Gaze now on Hecuba? Here at the Gates  
She lies 'mid many tears for many fates  
Of wrong. One child beside Achilles' grave  
In secret slain, Polyxena the brave,  
Lies bleeding. Priam and his sons are gone;  
And, lo, Cassandra, she the Chosen One,  
Whom Lord Apollo spared to walk her way  
A swift and virgin spirit, on this day  
Lust hath her, and she goeth garlanded  
A bride of wrath to Agamemnon's bed.

[He turns to go; and another divine Presence becomes visible in the dusk. It is the goddess PALLAS  
ATHENA.]

O happy long ago, farewell, farewell,  
Ye shining towers and mine old citadel;  
Broken by Pallas, Child of God, or still  
Thy roots had held thee true.

PALLAS.

Is it the will  
Of God's high Brother, to whose hand is given  
Great power of old, and worship of all Heaven,  
To suffer speech from one whose enmities  
This day are cast aside?

POSEIDON.

His will it is:

Kindred and long companionship withal,

Most high Athena, are things magical.

PALLAS.

Blest be thy gentle mood!—Methinks I see

A road of comfort here, for thee and me.

POSEIDON.

Thou hast some counsel of the Gods, or word

Spoken of Zeus? Or is it tidings heard

From some far Spirit?

PALLAS.

For this Ilion's sake,

Whereon we tread, I seek thee, and would make

My hand as thine.

POSEIDON.

Hath that old hate and deep

Failed, where she lieth in her ashen sleep?

Thou pitiest her?

PALLAS.

Speak first; wilt thou be one

In heart with me and hand till all be done?

POSEIDON.

Yea; but lay bare thy heart. For this land's sake



Thou comest, not for Hellas?

PALLAS.

I would make

Mine ancient enemies laugh for joy, and bring

On these Greek ships a bitter homecoming.

POSEIDON.

Swift is thy spirit's path, and strange withal,

And hot thy love and hate, where'er they fall.

PALLAS.

A deadly wrong they did me, yea within

Mine holy place: thou knowest?

POSEIDON.

I know the sin

Of Ajax, when he cast Cassandra down.

PALLAS.

And no man rose and smote him; not a frown

Nor word from all the Greeks!

POSEIDON.

And 'twas thine hand

That gave them Troy!

PALLAS.

Therefore with thee I stand

To smite them.

POSEIDON.

All thou cravest, even now

Is ready in mine heart. What seekest thou?

PALLAS.

An homecoming that striveth ever more

And cometh to no home.

POSEIDON.

Here on the shore

Wouldst hold them or amid mine own salt foam?

PALLAS.

When the last ship hath bared her sail for home!

Zeus shall send rain, long rain and flaw of driven

Hail, and a whirling darkness blown from heaven;

To me his levin-light he promiseth

O'er ships and men, for scourging and hot death:

Do thou make wild the roads of the sea, and steep

With war of waves and yawning of the deep,

Till dead men choke Euboea's curling bay.

So Greece shall dread even in an after day

My house, nor scorn the Watchers of strange lands!

POSEIDON.

I give thy boon unbartered. These mine hands

Shall stir the waste Aegean; reefs that cross

The Delian pathways, jag-torn Myconos,

Scyros and Lemnos, yea, and storm-driven

Caphêreus with the bones of drownèd men

Shall glut him.—Go thy ways, and bid the Sire

Yield to thine hand the arrows of his fire.

Then wait thine hour, when the last ship shall wind

Her cable coil for home!

[Exit PALLAS.]

How are ye blind,

Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast

Temples to desolation, and lay waste

Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie

The ancient dead; yourselves so soon to die!

[Exit POSEIDON.]

\* \* \* \*

The day slowly dawns: HECUBA wakes.

HECUBA.

Up from the earth, O weary head!

This is not Troy, about, above—

Not Troy, nor we the lords thereof.

Thou breaking neck, be strengthened!

Endure and chafe not. The winds rave

And falter. Down the world's wide road,

Float, float where streams the breath of God;

Nor turn thy prow to breast the wave.

Ah woe! For what woe lacketh here?

My children lost, my land, my lord.

O thou great wealth of glory, stored

Of old in Ilion, year by year

We watched...and wert thou nothingness?

What is there that I fear to say?

And yet, what help?... Ah, well-a-day,

This ache of lying, comfortless

And haunted! Ah, my side, my brow

And temples! All with changeful pain

My body rocketh, and would fain

Move to the tune of tears that flow:

For tears are music too, and keep

A song unheard in hearts that weep.

[She rises and gazes towards the Greek ships far off on the shore.]

O ships, O crowding faces

Of ships, O hurrying beat

Of oars as of crawling feet,

How found ye our holy places?

Threading the narrows through,

Out from the gulfs of the Greek,

Out to the clear dark blue,

With hate ye came and with joy,

And the noise of your music flew,

Clarion and pipe did shriek,

As the coilèd cords ye threw,

Held in the heart of Troy!

What sought ye then that ye came?

A woman, a thing abhorred:  
A King's wife that her lord  
Hateth: and Castor's shame  
Is hot for her sake, and the reeds  
Of old Eurôtas stir  
With the noise of the name of her.  
She slew mine ancient King,  
The Sower of fifty Seeds,  
And cast forth mine and me,  
As shipwrecked men, that cling  
To a reef in an empty sea.  
Who am I that I sit  
Here at a Greek king's door,  
Yea, in the dust of it?  
A slave that men drive before,  
A woman that hath no home,  
Weeping alone for her dead;  
A low and bruised head,  
And the glory struck therefrom.

[She starts up from her solitary brooding, and calls to the other Trojan Women in the huts.]

O Mothers of the Brazen Spear,  
And maidens, maidens, brides of shame,  
Troy is a smoke, a dying flame;  
Together we will weep for her:

I call ye as a wide-wing'd bird

Calleth the children of her fold,

To cry, ah, not the cry men heard

In Ilion, not the songs of old,

That echoed when my hand was true

On Priam's sceptre, and my feet

Touched on the stone one signal beat,

And out the Dardan music rolled;

And Troy's great Gods gave ear thereto.

[The door of one of the huts on the right opens, and the Women steal out severally, startled and afraid.]

FIRST WOMAN.

[Strophe I.]

How say'st thou? Whither moves thy cry,

Thy bitter cry? Behind our door

We heard thy heavy heart outpour

Its sorrow: and there shivered by

Fear and a quick sob shaken

From prisoned hearts that shall be free no more!

HECUBA.

Child, 'tis the ships that stir upon the shore.

SECOND WOMAN.

The ships, the ships awaken!

THIRD WOMAN.

Dear God, what would they? Overseas

Bear me afar to strange cities?

HECUBA.

Nay, child, I know not. Dreams are these,  
Fears of the hope-forsaken.

FIRST WOMAN.

Awake, O daughters of affliction, wake  
And learn your lots! Even now the Argives break  
Their camp for sailing!

HECUBA.

Ah, not Cassandra! Wake not her  
Whom God hath maddened, lest the foe  
Mock at her dreaming. Leave me clear  
From that one edge of woe.

O Troy, my Troy, thou diest here  
Most lonely; and most lonely we  
The living wander forth from thee,  
And the dead leave thee wailing!

[One of the huts on the left is now open, and the rest of the CHORUS come out severally. Their number eventually amounts to fifteen.]

FOURTH WOMAN.

[Antistrophe I.]

Out of the tent of the Greek king  
I steal, my Queen, with trembling breath:  
What means thy call? Not death; not death!  
They would not slay so low a thing!

FIFTH WOMAN.

O, 'tis the ship-folk crying

To deck the galleys: and we part, we part!

HECUBA.

Nay, daughter: take the morning to thine heart.

FIFTH WOMAN.

My heart with dread is dying!

SIXTH WOMAN.

An herald from the Greek hath come!

FIFTH WOMAN.

How have they cast me, and to whom

A bondmaid?

HECUBA.

Peace, child: wait thy doom.

Our lots are near the trying.

FOURTH WOMAN.

Argos, belike, or Phthia shall it be,

Or some lone island of the tossing sea,

Far, far from Troy?

HECUBA.

And I the agèd, where go I,

A winter-frozen bee, a slave

Death-shapen, as the stones that lie

Hewn on a dead man's grave:

The children of mine enemy



To foster, or keep watch before  
The threshold of a master's door,  
I that was Queen in Troy!  
A WOMAN TO ANOTHER.

[Strophe 2.]

And thou, what tears can tell thy doom?

THE OTHER.

The shuttle still shall flit and change  
Beneath my fingers, but the loom,  
Sister, be strange.

ANOTHER (wildly).

Look, my dead child! My child, my love,  
The last look.

ANOTHER.

Oh, there cometh worse.

A Greek's bed in the dark.

ANOTHER.

God curse

That night and all the powers thereof!

ANOTHER.

Or pitchers to and fro to bear

To some Pirênê on the hill,

Where the proud water craveth still

Its broken-hearted minister.

ANOTHER.

God guide me yet to Theseus' land,  
The gentle land, the famed afar.

ANOTHER.

But not the hungry foam—Ah, never!—  
Of fierce Eurotas, Helen's river,  
To bow to Menelaus' hand,  
That wasted Troy with war!

A WOMAN.

[Antistrophe 2.]

They told us of a land high-born,  
Where glimmers round Olympus' roots  
A lordly river, red with corn  
And burdened fruits.

ANOTHER.

Aye, that were next in my desire  
To Athens, where good spirits dwell.

ANOTHER.

Or Aetna's breast, the deeps of fire  
That front the Tyrian's Citadel:  
First mother, she, of Sicily  
And mighty mountains: fame hath told  
Their crowns of goodness manifold.

ANOTHER.

And, close beyond the narrowing sea,

A sister land, where float enchanted  
Ionian summits, wave on wave,  
And Crathis of the burning tresses  
Makes red the happy vale, and blesses  
With gold of fountains spirit-haunted  
Homes of true men and brave!

LEADER.

But lo, who cometh: and his lips  
Grave with the weight of dooms unknown:  
A Herald from the Grecian ships.  
Swift comes he, hot-foot to be done  
And finished. Ah, what bringeth he  
Of news or judgment? Slaves are we,  
Spoils that the Greek hath won!

[TALTHYBIUS, followed by some Soldiers, enters from the left.]

TALTHYBIUS.

Thou know'st me, Hecuba. Often have I crossed  
Thy plain with tidings from the Hellene host.  
'Tis I, Talthybius.... Nay, of ancient use  
Thou know'st me. And I come to bear thee news.

HECUBA.

Ah me, 'tis here, 'tis here,  
Women of Troy, our long embosomed fear!

TALTHYBIUS.

The lots are cast, if that it was ye feared.

HECUBA.

What lord, what land.... Ah me,

Phthia or Thebes, or sea-worn Thessaly?

TALTHYBIUS.

Each hath her own. Ye go not in one herd.

HECUBA.

Say then what lot hath any? What of joy

Falls, or can fall on any child of Troy?

TALTHYBIUS.

I know: but make thy questions severally.

HECUBA.

My stricken one must be

Still first. Say how Cassandra's portion lies.

TALTHYBIUS.

Chosen from all for Agamemnon's prize!

HECUBA.

How, for his Spartan bride

A tirewoman? For Helen's sister's pride?

TALTHYBIUS.

Nay, nay: a bride herself, for the King's bed.

HECUBA.

The sainted of Apollo? And her own

Prize that God promised

Out of the golden clouds, her virgin crown?...

TALTHYBIUS.

He loved her for that same strange holiness.

HECUBA.

Daughter, away, away,

Cast all away,

The haunted Key, the lonely stole's array

That kept thy body like a sacred place!

TALTHYBIUS.

Is't not rare fortune that the King hath smiled

On such a maid?

HECUBA.

What of that other child

Ye reft from me but now?

TALTHYBIUS (speaking with some constraint).

Polyxena? Or what child meanest thou?

HECUBA.

The same. What man now hath her, or what doom?

TALTHYBIUS.

She rests apart, to watch Achilles' tomb.

HECUBA.

To watch a tomb? My daughter? What is this?

Speak, Friend? What fashion of the laws of Greece?

TALTHYBIUS.

Count thy maid happy! She hath naught of ill

To fear.

HECUBA.

What meanest thou? She liveth still?

TALTHYBIUS.

I mean, she hath one toil that holds her free

From all toil else.

HECUBA.

What of Andromache,

Wife of mine iron-hearted Hector, where

Journeyeth she?

TALTHYBIUS.

Pyrrhus, Achilles' son, hath taken her.

HECUBA.

And I, whose slave am I,

The shaken head, the arm that creepeth by,

Staff-crutchèd, like to fall?

TALTHYBIUS.

Odysseus, Ithaca's king, hath thee for thrall.

HECUBA.

Beat, beat the crownless head:

Rend the cheek till the tears run red!

A lying man and a pitiless

Shall be lord of me, a heart full-flown

With scorn of righteousness:

O heart of a beast where law is none,

Where all things change so that lust be fed,  
The oath and the deed, the right and the wrong,  
Even the hate of the forked tongue:  
Even the hate turns and is cold,  
False as the love that was false of old!  
O Women of Troy, weep for me!  
Yea, I am gone: I am gone my ways.  
Mine is the crown of misery,  
The bitterest day of all our days.

LEADER.

Thy fate thou knowest, Queen: but I know not  
What lord of South or North has won my lot.

TALTHYBIUS.

Go, seek Cassandra, men! Make your best speed,  
That I may leave her with the King, and lead  
These others to their divers lords.... Ha, there!  
What means that sudden light? Is it the flare  
Of torches?

[Light is seen shining through the crevices of the second hut on the right. He moves towards it.]

Would they fire their prison rooms,  
Or how, these dames of Troy?—'Fore God, the dooms  
Are known, and now they burn themselves and die  
Rather than sail with us! How savagely  
In days like these a free neck chafes beneath  
Its burden!... Open! Open quick! Such death

Were bliss to them, it may be: but 'twill bring

Much wrath, and leave me shamed before the King!

HECUBA.

There is no fire, no peril: 'tis my child,

Cassandra, by the breath of God made wild.

[The door opens from within and CASSANDRA enters, white-robed and wreathed like a Priestess, a great torch in her hand. She is singing softly to herself and does not see the Herald or the scene before her.]

CASSANDRA.

Lift, lift it high:

[Strophe.]

Give it to mine hand!

Lo, I bear a flame

Unto God! I praise his name.

I light with a burning brand

This sanctuary.

Blessèd is he that shall wed,

And blessèd, blessèd am I

In Argos: a bride to lie

With a king in a king's bed.

Hail, O Hymen red,

O Torch that makest one!

Weepest thou, Mother mine own?

Surely thy cheek is pale

With tears, tears that wail



For a land and a father dead.

But I go garlanded:

I am the Bride of Desire:

Therefore my torch is borne—

Lo, the lifting of morn,

Lo, the leaping of fire!—

For thee, O Hymen bright,

For thee, O Moon of the Deep,

So Law hath charged, for the light

Of a maid's last sleep.

Awake, O my feet, awake:

[Antistrophe.]

Our father's hope is won!

Dance as the dancing skies

Over him, where he lies

Happy beneath the sun!

Lo, the Ring that I make.

[She makes a circle round her with a torch, and visions appear to her.]

Apollo!... Ah, is it thou?

O shrine in the laurels cold,

I bear thee still, as of old,

Mine incense! Be near to me now.

[She waves the torch as though bearing incense.]

O Hymen, Hymen fleet:

Quick torch that makest one!

How? Am I still alone?

Laugh as I laugh, and twine

In the dance, O Mother mine:

Dear feet, be near my feet!

Come, greet ye Hymen, greet

Hymen with songs of pride:

Sing to him loud and long,

Cry, cry, when the song

Failleth, for joy of the bride!

O Damsels girt in the gold

Of Ilion, cry, cry ye,

For him that is doomed of old

To be lord of me!

LEADER.

O hold the damsel, lest her trancèd feet

Lift her afar, Queen, toward the Hellene fleet!

HECUBA.

O Fire, Fire, where men make marriages

Surely thou hast thy lot; but what are these

Thou bringest flashing? Torches savage-wild

And far from mine old dreams.—Alas, my child,

How little dreamed I then of wars or red

Spears of the Greek to lay thy bridal bed!

Give me thy brand; it hath no holy blaze

Thus in thy frenzy flung. Nor all thy days  
Nor all thy griefs have changed them yet, nor learned  
Wisdom.—Ye women, bear the pine half burned  
To the chamber back; and let your drownèd eyes  
Answer the music of these bridal cries!  
[She takes the torch and gives it to one of the women.]

CASSANDRA.

O Mother, fill mine hair with happy flowers,  
And speed me forth. Yea, if my spirit cowers,  
Drive me with wrath! So liveth Loxias,  
A bloodier bride than ever Helen was  
Go I to Agamemnon, Lord most high  
Of Hellas!... I shall kill him, mother; I  
Shall kill him, and lay waste his house with fire  
As he laid ours. My brethren and my sire  
Shall win again.  
(Checking herself) But part I must let be,  
And speak not. Not the axe that craveth me,  
And more than me; not the dark wanderings  
Of mother-murder that my bridal brings,  
And all the House of Atreus down, down, down.  
Nay, I will show thee. Even now this town  
Is happier than the Greeks. I know the power  
Of God is on me: but this little hour,

Wilt thou but listen, I will hold him back!  
One love, one woman's beauty, o'er the track  
Of hunted Helen, made their myriads fall.  
And this their King so wise, who ruleth all,  
What wrought he? Cast out Love that Hate might feed:  
Gave to his brother his own child, his seed  
Of gladness, that a woman fled, and fain  
To fly for ever, should be turned again!  
So the days waned, and armies on the shore  
Of Simois stood and strove and died. Wherefore?  
No man had moved their landmarks; none had shook  
Their wallèd towns.—And they whom Ares took,  
Had never seen their children: no wife came  
With gentle arms to shroud the limbs of them  
For burial, in a strange and angry earth  
Laid dead. And there at home, the same long dearth:  
Women that lonely died, and aged men  
Waiting for sons that ne'er should turn again,  
Nor know their graves, nor pour drink-offerings,  
To still the unslakèd dust. These be the things  
The conquering Greek hath won!  
But we—what pride,  
What praise of men were sweeter?—fighting died  
To save our people. And when war was red

Around us, friends upbore the gentle dead  
Home, and dear women's heads about them wound  
White shrouds, and here they sleep in the old ground  
Belovèd. And the rest long days fought on,  
Dwelling with wives and children, not alone  
And joyless, like these Greeks.

And Hector's woe,  
What is it? He is gone, and all men know  
His glory, and how true a heart he bore.  
It is the gift the Greek hath brought! Of yore  
Men saw him not, nor knew him. Yea, and even  
Paris hath loved withal a child of heaven:  
Else had his love but been as others are.  
Would ye be wise, ye Cities, fly from war!  
Yet if war come, there is a crown in death  
For her that striveth well and perisheth  
Unstained: to die in evil were the stain!  
Therefore, O Mother, pity not thy slain,  
Nor Troy, nor me, the bride. Thy direst foe  
And mine by this my wooing is brought low.  
TALTHYBIUS (at last breaking through the spell that has held him).  
I swear, had not Apollo made thee mad,  
Not lightly hadst thou flung this shower of bad  
Bodings, to speed my General o'er the seas!

'Fore God, the wisdoms and the greatnesses

Of seeming, are they hollow all, as things

Of naught? This son of Atreus, of all kings

Most mighty, hath so bowed him to the love

Of this mad maid, and chooseth her above

All women! By the Gods, rude though I be,

I would not touch her hand!

Look thou; I see

Thy lips are blind, and whatso words they speak,

Praises of Troy or shamings of the Greek,

I cast to the four winds! Walk at my side

In peace!... And heaven content him of his bride!

[He moves as though to go, but turns to HECUBA, and speaks more gently.]

And thou shalt follow to Odysseus' host

When the word comes. 'Tis a wise queen[24] thou go'st

To serve, and gentle: so the Ithacans say.

CASSANDRA (seeing for the first time the Herald and all the scene).

How fierce a slave!... O Heralds, Heralds!

Yea,

Voices of Death; and mists are over them

Of dead men's anguish, like a diadem,

These weak abhorred things that serve the hate

Of kings and peoples!...

To Odysseus' gate

My mother goeth, say'st thou? Is God's word

As naught, to me in silence ministered,  
That in this place she dies? (To herself) No more; no more!  
Why should I speak the shame of them, before  
They come?... Little he knows, that hard-beset  
Spirit, what deeps of woe await him yet;  
Till all these tears of ours and harrowings  
Of Troy, by his, shall be as golden things.  
Ten years behind ten years athwart his way  
Waiting: and home, lost and unfriended.  
Nay:  
Why should Odysseus' labours vex my breath?  
On; hasten; guide me to the house of Death,  
To lie beside my bridegroom!  
Thou Greek King,  
Who deem'st thy fortune now so high a thing,  
Thou dust of the earth, a lowlier bed I see,  
In darkness, not in light, awaiting thee:  
And with thee, with thee ... there, where yawneth plain  
A rift of the hills, raging with winter rain,  
Dead...and out-cast...and naked. It is I  
Beside my bridegroom: and the wild beasts cry,  
And ravin on God's chosen!  
[She clasps her hands to her brow and feels the wreaths.]  
O, ye wreaths!

Ye garlands of my God, whose love yet breathes

About me, shapes of joyance mystical,

Begone! I have forgot the festival,

Forgot the joy. Begone! I tear ye, so,

From off me!... Out on the swift winds they go.

With flesh still clean I give them back to thee,

Still white, O God, O light that leadest me!

[Turning upon the Herald.]

Where lies the galley? Whither shall I tread?

See that your watch be set, your sail be spread

The wind comes quick! Three Powers—mark me, thou!—

There be in Hell, and one walks with thee now!

Mother, farewell, and weep not! O my sweet

City, my earth-clad brethren, and thou great

Sire that begat us, but a space, ye Dead,

And I am with you, yea, with crowned head

I come, and shining from the fires that feed

On these that slay us now, and all their seed!

[She goes out, followed by Talthybius and the Soldiers Hecuba, after waiting for an instant motionless, falls to the ground.]

LEADER OF CHORUS.

The Queen, ye Watchers! See, she falls, she falls,

Rigid without a word! O sorry thralls,

Too late! And will ye leave her downstricken,

A woman, and so old? Raise her again!



[Some women go to HECUBA, but she refuses their aid and speaks without rising.]

HECUBA.

Let lie...the love we seek not is no love.

This ruined body! Is the fall thereof

Too deep for all that now is over me

Of anguish, and hath been, and yet shall be?

Ye Gods. Alas! Why call on things so weak

For aid? Yet there is something that doth seek,

Crying, for God, when one of us hath woe.

O, I will think of things gone long ago

And weave them to a song, like one more tear

In the heart of misery.... All kings we were;

And I must wed a king. And sons I brought

My lord King, many sons ... nay, that were naught;

But high strong princes, of all Troy the best.

Hellas nor Troäs nor the garnered East

Held such a mother! And all these things beneath

The Argive spear I saw cast down in death,

And shore these tresses at the dead men's feet.

Yea, and the gardener of my garden great,

It was not any noise of him nor tale

I wept for; these eyes saw him, when the pale

Was broke, and there at the altar Priam fell

Murdered, and round him all his citadel

Sacked. And my daughters, virgins of the fold,

Meet to be brides of mighty kings, behold,  
'Twas for the Greek I bred them! All are gone;  
And no hope left, that I shall look upon  
Their faces any more, nor they on mine.  
And now my feet tread on the utmost line:  
An old, old slave-woman, I pass below  
Mine enemies' gates; and whatso task they know  
For this age basest, shall be mine; the door,  
Bowling, to shut and open.... I that bore  
Hector!... and meal to grind, and this racked head  
Bend to the stones after a royal bed;  
Tom rags about me, aye, and under them  
Tom flesh; 'twill make a woman sick for shame!  
Woe's me; and all that one man's arms might hold  
One woman, what long seas have o'er me rolled  
And roll for ever!... O my child, whose white  
Soul laughed amid the laughter of God's light,  
Cassandra, what hands and how strange a day  
Have loosed thy zone! And thou, Polyxena,  
Where art thou? And my sons? Not any seed  
Of man nor woman now shall help my need.  
Why raise me any more? What hope have I  
To hold me? Take this slave that once trod high  
In Ilion; cast her on her bed of clay

Rock-pillowed, to lie down, and pass away  
Wasted with tears. And whatso man they call  
Happy, believe not ere the last day fall!

\* \* \* \*

CHORUS.

[Strophe.]

O Muse, be near me now, and make  
A strange song for Ilion's sake,  
Till a tone of tears be about mine ears  
And out of my lips a music break  
For Troy, Troy, and the end of the years:  
When the wheels of the Greek above me pressed,  
And the mighty horse-hoofs beat my breast;  
And all around were the Argive spears  
A towering Steed of golden rein—  
O gold without, dark steel within!—  
Ramped in our gates; and all the plain  
Lay silent where the Greeks had been.  
And a cry broke from all the folk  
Gathered above on Ilion's rock:  
"Up, up, O fear is over now!  
To Pallas, who hath saved us living,  
To Pallas bear this victory-vow!"  
Then rose the old man from his room,  
The merry damsel left her loom,

And each bound death about his brow  
With minstrelsy and high thanksgiving!

[Antistrophe.]

O, swift were all in Troy that day,  
And girt them to the portal-way,  
Marvelling at that mountain Thing  
Smooth-carven, where the Argives lay,  
And wrath, and Ilion's vanquishing:  
Meet gift for her that spareth not,  
Heaven's yokeless Rider. Up they brought  
Through the steep gates her offering:  
Like some dark ship that climbs the shore  
On straining cables, up, where stood  
Her marble throne, her hallowed floor,  
Who lusted for her people's blood.

A very weariness of joy  
Fell with the evening over Troy:  
And lutes of Afric mingled there  
With Phrygian songs: and many a maiden,  
With white feet glancing light as air,  
Made happy music through the gloom:  
And fires on many an inward room  
All night broad-flashing, flung their glare  
On laughing eyes and slumber-laden.

A MAIDEN.

I was among the dancers there  
To Artemis, and glorying sang  
Her of the Hills, the Maid most fair,  
Daughter of Zeus: and, lo, there rang  
A shout out of the dark, and fell  
Deathlike from street to street, and made  
A silence in the citadel:  
And a child cried, as if afraid,  
And hid him in his mother's veil.  
Then stalked the Slayer from his den,  
The hand of Pallas served her well!  
O blood, blood of Troy was deep  
About the streets and altars then:  
And in the wedded rooms of sleep,  
Lo, the desolate dark alone,  
And headless things, men stumbled on.

And forth, lo, the women go,  
The crown of War, the crown of Woe,  
To bear the children of the foe  
And weep, weep, for Ilion!

\* \* \* \*

[As the song ceases a chariot is seen approaching from the town, laden with spoils. On it sits a mourning Woman with a child in her arms.]

LEADER.

Lo, yonder on the heapèd crest

Of a Greek wain, Andromachê,  
As one that o'er an unknown sea  
Tosseth; and on her wave-borne breast  
Her loved one clingeth, Hector's child,  
Astyanax.... O most forlorn  
Of women, whither go'st thou, borne  
'Mid Hector's bronzen arms, and piled  
Spoils of the dead, and pageantry  
Of them that hunted Ilion down?  
Aye, richly thy new lord shall crown  
The mountain shrines of Thessaly!

ANDROMACHE

[Strophe I.]

Forth to the Greek I go,  
Driven as a beast is driven.

HEC. Woe, woe!

AND. Nay, mine is woe:

Woe to none other given,  
And the song and the crown therefor!

HEC. O Zeus!

AND. He hates thee sore!

HEC. Children!

AND. No more, no more  
To aid thee: their strife is striven!

HECUBA.

[Antistrophe I.]

Troy, Troy is gone!

AND. Yea, and her treasure parted.

HEC. Gone, gone, mine own

Children, the noble-hearted!

AND. Sing sorrow....

HEC. For me, for me!

AND. Sing for the Great City,

That falleth, falleth to be

A shadow, a fire departed.

ANDROMACHE.

[Strophe II.]

Come to me, O my lover!

HEC. The dark shroudeth him over,

My flesh, woman, not thine, not thine!

AND. Make of thine arms my cover!

HECUBA.

[Antistrophe II.]

O thou whose wound was deepest,

Thou that my children keepest,

Priam, Priam, O age-worn King,

Gather me where thou sleepest.

ANDROMACHE (her hands upon her heart).

[Strophe III.]

O here is the deep of desire,

HEC. (How? And is this not woe?)

AND. For a city burned with fire;

HEC. (It beateth, blow on blow.)

AND. God's wrath for Paris, thy son, that he died not long ago:

Who sold for his evil love

Troy and the towers thereof:

Therefore the dead men lie

Naked, beneath the eye

Of Pallas, and vultures croak

And flap for joy:

So Love hath laid his yoke

On the neck of Troy!

HECUBA.

[Antistrophe III.]

O mine own land, my home,

AND. (I weep for thee, left forlorn,)

HEC. See'st thou what end is come?

AND. (And the house where my babes were born.)

HEC. A desolate Mother we leave, O children, a City of scorn:

Even as the sound of a song

Left by the way, but long

Remembered, a tune of tears

Falling where no man hears,



In the old house, as rain,

For things loved of yore:

But the dead hath lost his pain

And weeps no more.

LEADER.

How sweet are tears to them in bitter stress,

And sorrow, and all the songs of heaviness.

ANDROMACHE.

Mother of him of old, whose mighty spear Smote Greeks like chaff, see'st thou what things are here?

HECUBA.

I see God's hand, that buildeth a great crown

For littleness, and hath cast the mighty down.

ANDROMACHE.

I and my babe are driven among the droves

Of plundered cattle. O, when fortune moves

So swift, the high heart like a slave beats low.

HECUBA.

'Tis fearful to be helpless. Men but now

Have taken Cassandra, and I strove in vain.

ANDROMACHE.

Ah, woe is me; hath Ajax come again?

But other evil yet is at thy gate.

HECUBA.

Nay, Daughter, beyond number, beyond weight

My evils are! Doom raceth against doom.

ANDROMACHE.

Polyxena across Achilles' tomb

Lies slain, a gift flung to the dreamless dead.

HECUBA.

My sorrow!... 'Tis but what Talthybius said:

So plain a riddle, and I read it not.

ANDROMACHE.

I saw her lie, and stayed this chariot;

And raiment wrapt on her dead limbs, and beat

My breast for her.

HECUBA (to herself).

O the foul sin of it!

The wickedness! My child. My child! Again

I cry to thee. How cruelly art thou slain!

ANDROMACHE.

She hath died her death, and howso dark it be,

Her death is sweeter than my misery.

HECUBA.

Death cannot be what Life is, Child; the cup

Of Death is empty, and Life hath always hope.

ANDROMACHE.

O Mother, having ears, hear thou this word

Fear-conquering, till thy heart as mine be stirred

With joy. To die is only not to be;

And better to be dead than grievously  
Living. They have no pain, they ponder not  
Their own wrong. But the living that is brought  
From joy to heaviness, his soul doth roam,  
As in a desert, lost, from its old home.  
Thy daughter lieth now as one unborn,  
Dead, and naught knowing of the lust and scorn  
That slew her. And I...long since I drew my bow  
Straight at the heart of good fame; and I know  
My shaft hit; and for that am I the more  
Fallen from peace. All that men praise us for,  
I loved for Hector's sake, and sought to win.  
I knew that alway, be there hurt therein  
Or utter innocence, to roam abroad  
Hath ill report for women; so I trod  
Down the desire thereof, and walked my way  
In mine own garden. And light words and gay  
Parley of women never passed my door.  
The thoughts of mine own heart...I craved no more.  
Spoke with me, and I was happy. Constantly  
I brought fair silence and a tranquil eye  
For Hector's greeting, and watched well the way  
Of living, where to guide and where obey.  
And, lo! some rumour of this peace, being gone

Forth to the Greek, hath cursed me. Achilles' son,  
So soon as I was taken, for his thrall  
Chose me. I shall do service in the hall  
Of them that slew.... How? Shall I thrust aside  
Hector's beloved face, and open wide  
My heart to this new lord? Oh, I should stand  
A traitor to the dead! And if my hand  
And flesh shrink from him ... lo, wrath and despite  
O'er all the house, and I a slave!  
One night,  
One night...aye, men have said it...maketh tame  
A woman in a man's arms. O shame, shame!  
What woman's lips can so forswear her dead,  
And give strange kisses in another's bed?  
Why, not a dumb beast, not a colt will run  
In the yoke untroubled, when her mate is gone—  
A thing not in God's image, dull, unmoved  
Of reason. O my Hector! best beloved,  
That, being mine, wast all in all to me,  
My prince, my wise one, O my majesty  
Of valiance! No man's touch had ever come  
Near me, when thou from out my father's home  
Didst lead me and make me thine. And thou art dead,  
And I war-flung to slavery and the bread  
Of shame in Hellas, over bitter seas!

What knoweth she of evils like to these,  
That dead Polyxena, thou weepest for?  
There liveth not in my life any more  
The hope that others have. Nor will I tell  
The lie to mine own heart, that aught is well  
Or shall be well.... Yet, O, to dream were sweet!

LEADER.

Thy feet have trod the pathway of my feet,  
And thy clear sorrow teacheth me mine own.

HECUBA.

Lo, yonder ships: I ne'er set foot on one,  
But tales and pictures tell, when over them  
Breaketh a storm not all too strong to stem,  
Each man strives hard, the tiller gripped, the mast  
Manned, the hull baled, to face it: till at last  
Too strong breaks the o'erwhelming sea: lo, then  
They cease, and yield them up as broken men  
To fate and the wild waters. Even so  
I in my many sorrows bear me low,  
Nor curse, nor strive that other things may be.  
The great wave rolled from God hath conquered me.  
But, O, let Hector and the fates that fell  
On Hector, sleep. Weep for him ne'er so well,  
Thy weeping shall not wake him. Honour thou

The new lord that is set above thee now,  
And make of thine own gentle piety  
A prize to lure his heart. So shalt thou be  
A strength to them that love us, and—God knows,  
It may be—rear this babe among his foes,  
My Hector's child, to manhood and great aid  
For Ilion. So her stones may yet be laid  
One on another, if God will, and wrought  
Again to a city! Ah, how thought to thought  
Still beckons!... But what minion of the Greek  
Is this that cometh, with new words to speak?

[Enter TALTHYBIUS with a band of Soldiers. He comes forward slowly and with evident disquiet.]

TALTHYBIUS.

Spouse of the noblest heart that beat in Troy,  
Andromache, hate me not! 'Tis not in joy  
I tell thee. But the people and the Kings  
Have with one voice.

ANDROMACHE.

What is it? Evil things  
Are on thy lips!

TALTHYBIUS.

'Tis ordered, this child. Oh,  
How can I tell her of it?

ANDROMACHE.

Doth he not go

With me, to the same master?

TALTHYBIUS.

There is none

In Greece, shall e'er be master of thy son.

ANDROMACHE.

How? Will they leave him here to build again

The wreck?...

TALTHYBIUS.

I know not how to tell thee plain!

ANDROMACHE.

Thou hast a gentle heart ... if it be ill,

And not good, news thou hidest!

TALTHYBIUS.

'Tis their will

Thy son shall die. The whole vile thing is said

Now!

ANDROMACHE.

Oh, I could have borne mine enemy's bed!

TALTHYBIUS.

And speaking in the council of the host

Odysseus hath prevailed—

ANDROMACHE.

O lost! lost! lost!...

Forgive me! It is not easy.

TALTHYBIUS.

That the son

Of one so perilous be not fostered on

To manhood—

ANDROMACHE.

God; may his own counsel fall

On his own sons!

TALTHYBIUS.

But from this crested wall

Of Troy be dashed, and die.... Nay, let the thing

Be done. Thou shalt be wiser so. Nor cling

So fiercely to him. Suffer as a brave

Woman in bitter pain; nor think to have

Strength which thou hast not. Look about thee here!

Canst thou see help, or refuge anywhere?

Thy land is fallen and thy lord, and thou

A prisoner and alone, one woman; how

Canst battle against us? For thine own good

I would not have thee strive, nor make ill blood

And shame about thee.... Ah, nor move thy lips

In silence there, to cast upon the ships

Thy curse! One word of evil to the host,

This babe shall have no burial, but be tossed

Naked.... Ah, peace! And bear as best thou may,

War's fortune. So thou shalt not go thy way



Leaving this child unburied; nor the Greek

Be stern against thee, if thy heart be meek!

ANDROMACHE (to the child).

Go, die, my best-beloved, my cherished one,

In fierce men's hands, leaving me here alone.

Thy father was too valiant; that is why

They slay thee! Other children, like to die,

Might have been spared for that. But on thy head

His good is turned to evil.

O thou bed

And bridal; O the joining of the hand,

That led me long ago to Hector's land

To bear, O not a lamb for Grecian swords

To slaughter, but a Prince o'er all the hordes

Enthroned of wide-flung Asia.... Weepest thou?

Nay, why, my little one? Thou canst not know.

And Father will not come; he will not come;

Not once, the great spear flashing, and the tomb

Riven to set thee free! Not one of all

His brethren, nor the might of Ilion's wall.

How shall it be? One horrible spring...deep, deep

Down. And thy neck.... Ah God, so cometh sleep!...

And none to pity thee!... Thou little thing

That curlest in my arms, what sweet scents cling

All round thy neck! Belovèd; can it be  
All nothing, that this bosom cradled thee  
And fostered; all the weary nights, wherethrough  
I watched upon thy sickness, till I grew  
Wasted with watching? Kiss me. This one time;  
Not ever again. Put up thine arms, and climb  
About my neck: now, kiss me, lips to lips.  
O, ye have found an anguish that outstrips  
All tortures of the East, ye gentle Greeks!  
Why will ye slay this innocent, that seeks  
No wrong?... O Helen, Helen, thou ill tree  
That Tyndareus planted, who shall deem of thee  
As child of Zeus? O, thou hast drawn thy breath  
From many fathers, Madness, Hate, red Death,  
And every rotting poison of the sky!  
Zeus knows thee not, thou vampire, draining dry.  
Greece and the world! God hate thee and destroy,  
That with those beautiful eyes hast blasted Troy,  
And made the far-famed plains a waste withal.  
Quick! take him: drag him: cast him from the wall,  
If cast ye will! Tear him, ye beasts, be swift!  
God hath undone me, and I cannot lift  
One hand, one hand, to save my child from death....  
O, hide my head for shame: fling me beneath

Your galleys' benches!...

[She swoons: then half-rising.]

Quick: I must begone

To the bridal.... I have lost my child, my own!

[The Soldiers close round her.] ' LEADER.

O Troy ill-starred; for one strange woman, one

Abhorred kiss, how are thine hosts undone!

TALTHYBIUS (bending over ANDROMACHE and gradually taking the Child from her).

Come, Child: let be that clasp of love

Outwearied! Walk thy ways with me,

Up to the crested tower, above

Thy father's wall.... Where they decree

Thy soul shall perish.—Hold him: hold!—

Would God some other man might ply

These charges, one of duller mould,

And nearer to the iron than I!

HECUBA.

O Child, they rob us of our own,

Child of my Mighty One outworn:

Ours, ours thou art!—Can aught be done

Of deeds, can aught of pain be borne,

To aid thee?—Lo, this beaten head,

This bleeding bosom! These I spread

As gifts to thee. I can thus much.

Woe, woe for Troy, and woe for thee!

What fall yet lacketh, ere we touch

The last dead deep of misery?

[The Child, who has started back from TALTHYBIUS, is taken up by one of the Soldiers and borne back towards the city, while ANDROMACHE is set again on the Chariot and driven off towards the ships. TALTHYBIUS goes with the Child.]

\* \* \* \*

CHORUS.

[Strophe I.]

In Salamis, filled with the foaming[34]

Of billows and murmur of bees,

Old Telamon stayed from his roaming,

Long ago, on a throne of the seas;

Looking out on the hills olive-laden,

Enchanted, where first from the earth

The grey-gleaming fruit of the Maiden

Athena had birth;

A soft grey crown for a city

Belovèd a City of Light:

Yet he rested not there, nor had pity,

But went forth in his might,

Where Heracles wandered, the lonely

Bow-bearer, and lent him his hands

For the wrecking of one land only,

Of Ilion, Ilion only,

Most hated of lands!

[Antistrophe I.]

Of the bravest of Hellas he made him  
A ship-folk, in wrath for the Steeds,  
And sailed the wide waters, and stayed him  
At last amid Simoïs' reeds;  
And the oars beat slow in the river,  
And the long ropes held in the strand,  
And he felt for his bow and his quiver,  
The wrath of his hand.  
And the old king died; and the towers  
That Phoebus had builded did fall,  
And his wrath, as a flame that devours,  
Ran red over all;  
And the fields and the woodlands lay blasted,  
Long ago. Yea, twice hath the Sire  
Uplifted his hand and downcast it  
On the wall of the Dardan, downcast it  
As a sword and as fire.

[Strophe 2.]

In vain, all in vain,  
O thou 'mid the wine-jars golden  
That movest in delicate joy,  
Ganymêdês, child of Troy,  
The lips of the Highest drain  
The cup in thine hand upholden:

And thy mother, thy mother that bore thee,  
Is wasted with fire and torn;  
And the voice of her shores is heard,  
Wild, as the voice of a bird,  
For lovers and children before thee  
Crying, and mothers outworn.  
And the pools of thy bathing are perished,  
And the wind-strewn ways of thy feet:  
Yet thy face as aforetime is cherished  
Of Zeus, and the breath of it sweet;  
Yea, the beauty of Calm is upon it  
In houses at rest and afar.  
But thy land, He hath wrecked and o'erthrown it  
In the wailing of war.

[Antistrophe 2.]

O Love, ancient Love,  
Of old to the Dardan given;  
Love of the Lords of the Sky;  
How didst thou lift us high  
In Ilion, yea, and above  
All cities, as wed with heaven!  
For Zeus—O leave it unspoken:  
But alas for the love of the Morn;  
Morn of the milk-white wing,  
The gentle, the earth-loving,

That shineth on battlements broken

In Troy, and a people forlorn!

And, lo, in her bowers Tithonus,  
Our brother, yet sleeps as of old:

O, she too hath loved us and known us,

And the Steeds of her star, flashing gold,

Stooped hither and bore him above us;

Then blessed we the Gods in our joy.

But all that made them to love us

Hath perished from Troy.

\* \* \* \*

[As the song ceases, the King MENELAUS enters, richly armed and followed by a bodyguard of Soldiers. He is a prey to violent and conflicting emotions. MENELAUS.]

How bright the face of heaven, and how sweet

The air this day, that layeth at my feet

The woman that I.... Nay: 'twas not for her

I came. 'Twas for the man, the cozener

And thief, that ate with me and stole away

My bride. But Paris lieth, this long day,

By God's grace, under the horse-hoofs of the Greek,

And round him all his land. And now I seek.

Curse her! I scarce can speak the name she bears,

That was my wife. Here with the prisoners

They keep her, in these huts, among the hordes

Of numbered slaves.—The host whose labouring swords

Won her, have given her up to me, to fill

My pleasure; perchance kill her, or not kill,  
But lead her home.—Methinks I have foregone  
The slaying of Helen here in Ilion.

Over the long seas I will bear her back,  
And there, there, cast her out to whatso wrack  
Of angry death they may devise, who know  
Their dearest dead for her in Ilion.—Ho!

Ye soldiers! Up into the chambers where  
She croucheth! Grip the long blood-reeking hair,  
And drag her to mine eyes...[Controlling himself.]  
And when there come

Fair breezes, my long ships shall bear her home.

[The Soldiers go to force open the door of the second hut on the left.]

HECUBA.

Thou deep Base of the World, and thou high Throne  
Above the World, whoe'er thou art, unknown  
And hard of surmise, Chain of Things that be,  
Or Reason of our Reason; God, to thee  
I lift my praise, seeing the silent road  
That bringeth justice ere the end be trod  
To all that breathes and dies.

MENELAUS (turning).

Ha! who is there

That prayeth heaven, and in so strange a prayer?



HECUBA.

I bless thee, Menelaus, I bless thee, If thou wilt slay her! Only fear to see Her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall! She snareth strong men's eyes; she snareth tall Cities; and fire from out her eateth up Houses. Such magic hath she, as a cup Of death!... Do I not know her? Yea, and thou, And these that lie around, do they not know?

[The Soldiers return from the hut and stand aside to let HELEN pass between them. She comes through them, gentle and unafraid; there is no disorder in her raiment.]

HELEN.

King Menelaus, thy first deed might make

A woman fear. Into my chamber brake

Thine armed men, and lead me wrathfully.

Methinks, almost, I know thou hatest me.

Yet I would ask thee, what decree is gone

Forth for my life or death?

MENELAUS (struggling with his emotion).

There was not one

That scrupled for thee. All, all with one will

Gave thee to me, whom thou hast wronged, to kill!

HELEN.

And is it granted that I speak, or no,

In answer to them ere I die, to show

I die most wronged and innocent?

MENELAUS.

I seek

To kill thee, woman; not to hear thee speak!

HECUBA.

O hear her! She must never die unheard,

King Menelaus! And give me the word  
To speak in answer! All the wrong she wrought  
Away from thee, in Troy, thou knowest not.  
The whole tale set together is a death  
Too sure; she shall not 'scape thee!

MENELAUS.

'Tis but breath  
And time. For thy sake, Hecuba, if she need  
To speak, I grant the prayer. I have no heed  
Nor mercy—let her know it well—for her!

HELEN.

It may be that, how false or true soe'er  
Thou deem me, I shall win no word from thee.  
So sore thou holdest me thine enemy.  
Yet I will take what words I think thy heart  
Holdeth of anger: and in even part  
Set my wrong and thy wrong, and all that fell.

[Pointing to HECUBA.]

She cometh first, who bare the seed and well  
Of springing sorrow, when to life she brought  
Paris: and that old King, who quenched not  
Quick in the spark, ere yet he woke to slay,  
The fire-brand's image.—But enough: a day  
Came, and this Paris judged beneath the trees

Three Crowns of Life, three diverse Goddesses.  
The gift of Pallas was of War, to lead  
His East in conquering battles, and make bleed  
The hearths of Hellas. Hera held a Throne—  
If majesties he craved—to reign alone  
From Phrygia to the last realm of the West.  
And Cypris, if he deemed her loveliest,  
Beyond all heaven, made dreams about my face  
And for her grace gave me. And, lo! her grace  
Was judged the fairest, and she stood above  
Those twain.—Thus was I loved, and thus my love  
Hath holpen Hellas. No fierce Eastern crown  
Is o'er your lands, no spear hath cast them down.  
O, it was well for Hellas! But for me  
Most ill; caught up and sold across the sea  
For this my beauty; yea, dishonoured  
For that which else had been about my head  
A crown of honour.... Ah, I see thy thought;  
The first plain deed, 'tis that I answer not,  
How in the dark out of thy house I fled.  
There came the Seed of Fire, this woman's seed;  
Came—O, a Goddess great walked with him then—  
This Alexander, Breaker-down-of-Men,  
This Paris, Strength-is-with-him; whom thou, whom—  
O false and light of heart—thou in thy room

Didst leave, and spreadest sail for Cretan seas,  
Far, far from me!... And yet, how strange it is!  
I ask not thee; I ask my own sad thought,  
What was there in my heart, that I forgot  
My home and land and all I loved, to fly  
With a strange man? Surely it was not I,  
But Cypris, there! Lay thou thy rod on her,  
And be more high than Zeus and bitterer,  
Who o'er all other spirits hath his throne,  
But knows her chain must bind him. My wrong done  
Hath its own pardon.

One word yet thou hast,  
Methinks, of righteous seeming. When at last  
The earth for Paris oped and all was o'er,  
And her strange magic bound my feet no more,  
Why kept I still his house, why fled not I  
To the Argive ships?... Ah, how I strove to fly!  
The old Gate-Warden could have told thee all,  
My husband, and the watchers from the wall;  
It was not once they took me, with the rope  
Tied, and this body swung in the air, to grope  
Its way toward thee, from that dim battlement.  
Ah, husband still, how shall thy hand be bent  
To slay me? Nay, if Right be come at last,

What shalt thou bring but comfort for pains past,  
And harbour for a woman storm-driven:  
A woman borne away by violent men:  
And this one birthright of my beauty, this  
That might have been my glory, lo, it is  
A stamp that God hath burned, of slavery!  
Alas! and if thou cravest still to be  
As one set above gods, inviolate,  
'Tis but a fruitless longing holds thee yet.

LEADER.

O Queen, think of thy children and thy land,  
And break her spell! The sweet soft speech, the hand  
And heart so fell: it maketh me afraid.

HECUBA.

Meseems her goddesses first cry mine aid  
Against these lying lips!... Not Hera, nay,  
Nor virgin Pallas deem I such low clay,  
To barter their own folk, Argos and brave  
Athens, to be trod down, the Phrygian's slave,  
All for vain glory and a shepherd's prize  
On Ida! Wherefore should great Hera's eyes  
So hunger to be fair? She doth not use  
To seek for other loves, being wed with Zeus.  
And maiden Pallas ... did some strange god's face  
Beguile her, that she craved for loveliness,

Who chose from God one virgin gift above  
All gifts, and fleeth from the lips of love?  
Ah, deck not out thine own heart's evil springs  
By making spirits of heaven as brutish things  
And cruel. The wise may hear thee, and guess all!  
And Cypris must take ship-fantastical!  
Sail with my son and enter at the gate  
To seek thee! Had she willed it, she had sate  
At peace in heaven, and wafted thee, and all  
Amyclae with thee, under Ilion's wall.  
My son was passing beautiful, beyond  
His peers; and thine own heart, that saw and conned  
His face, became a spirit enchanting thee.  
For all wild things that in mortality  
Have being, are Aphroditê; and the name  
She bears in heaven is born and writ of them.  
Thou sawest him in gold and orient vest  
Shining, and lo, a fire about thy breast  
Leapt! Thou hadst fed upon such little things,  
Pacing thy ways in Argos. But now wings  
Were come! Once free from Sparta, and there rolled  
The Ilian glory, like broad streams of gold,  
To steep thine arms and splash the towers! How small,  
How cold that day was Menelaus' hall!

Enough of that. It was by force my son  
Took thee, thou sayst, and striving. Yet not one  
In Sparta knew! No cry, no sudden prayer  
Rang from thy rooms that night. Castor was there  
To hear thee, and his brother: both true men,  
Not yet among the stars! And after, when  
Thou camest here to Troy, and in thy track  
Argos and all its anguish and the rack  
Of war—Ah God!—perchance men told thee 'Now  
The Greek prevails in battle': then wouldst thou  
Praise Menelaus, that my son might smart,  
Striving with that old image in a heart  
Uncertain still. Then Troy had victories:  
And this Greek was as naught! Alway thine eyes  
Watched Fortune's eyes, to follow hot where she  
Led first. Thou wouldst not follow Honesty.  
Thy secret ropes, thy body swung to fall  
Far, like a desperate prisoner, from the wall!  
Who found thee so? When wast thou taken? Nay,  
Hadst thou no surer rope, no sudden way  
Of the sword, that any woman honest-souled  
Had sought long since, loving her lord of old?  
Often and often did I charge thee; 'Go,  
My daughter; go thy ways. My sons will know  
New loves. I will give aid, and steal thee past

The Argive watch. O give us peace at last,  
Us and our foes!' But out thy spirit cried  
As at a bitter word. Thou hadst thy pride  
In Alexander's house, and O, 'twas sweet  
To hold proud Easterns bowing at thy feet.  
They were great things to thee!... And comest thou now  
Forth, and hast decked thy bosom and thy brow,  
And breathest with thy lord the same blue air,  
Thou evil heart? Low, low, with ravaged hair,  
Rent raiment, and flesh shuddering, and within—  
O shame at last, not glory for thy sin;  
So face him if thou canst! Lo, I have done.  
Be true, O King; let Hellas bear her crown  
Of Justice. Slay this woman, and upraise  
The law for evermore: she that betrays  
Her husband's bed, let her be judged and die.

LEADER.

Be strong, O King; give judgment worthily  
For thee and thy great house. Shake off thy long  
Reproach; not weak, but iron against the wrong!

MENELAUS.

Thy thought doth walk with mine in one intent.  
'Tis sure; her heart was willing, when she went  
Forth to a stranger's bed. And all her fair



Tale of enchantment, 'tis a thing of air!

[Turning furiously upon HELEN.]

Out, woman! There be those that seek thee yet  
With stones! Go, meet them. So shall thy long debt  
Be paid at last. And ere this night is o'er  
Thy dead face shall dishonour me no more!

HELEN (kneeling before him and embracing him).

Behold, mine arms are wreathed about thy knees;  
Lay not upon my head the phantasies  
Of Heaven. Remember all, and slay me not!

HECUBA.

Remember them she murdered, them that fought  
Beside thee, and their children! Hear that prayer!

MENELAUS.

Peace, aged woman, peace! 'Tis not for her;  
She is as naught to me.

(To the Soldiers) ...March on before,

Ye ministers, and tend her to the shore...

And have some chambered galley set for her,  
Where she may sail the seas.

HECUBA.

If thou be there,

I charge thee, let not her set foot therein!

MENELAUS.

How? Shall the ship go heavier for her sin?

HECUBA.

A lover once, will alway love again.

MENELAUS.

If that he loved be evil, he will fain

Hate it!... Howbeit, thy pleasure shall be done.

Some other ship shall bear her, not mine own.

Thou counsellest very well. And when we come

To Argos, the...O then some pitiless doom

Well-earned, black as her heart! One that shall bind

Once for all time the law on womankind

Of faithfulness!... 'Twill be no easy thing,

God knoweth. But the thought thereof shall fling

A chill on the dreams of women, though they be

Wilder of wing and loathèd more than she!

[Exit, following HELEN, who is escorted by the Soldiers.

\* \* \* \*

CHORUS.

SOME WOMEN.

[Strophe I.]

And hast thou turned from the Altar of frankincense,

And given to the Greek thy temple of Ilion?

The flame of the cakes of corn, is it gone from hence,

The myrrh on the air and the wreathèd towers gone?

And Ida, dark Ida, where the wild ivy grows,

The glens that run as rivers from the summer-broken snows,  
And the Rock, is it forgotten, where the first sunbeam glows,  
The lit house most holy of the Dawn?

EURIPIDES

OTHERS.

[Antistrophe I.]

The sacrifice is gone and the sound of joy,  
The dancing under the stars and the night-long prayer:  
The Golden Images and the Moons of Troy,  
The twelve Moons and the mighty names they bear:  
My heart, my heart crieth, O Lord Zeus on high,  
Were they all to thee as nothing, thou thronèd in the sky,  
Thronèd in the fire-cloud, where a City, near to die,  
Passeth in the wind and the flare?

A WOMAN.

[Strophe 2.]

Dear one, O husband mine,  
Thou in the dim dominions  
Driftest with waterless lips,  
Unburied; and me the ships  
Shall bear o'er the bitter brine,  
Storm-birds upon angry pinions,  
Where the towers of the Giants shine  
O'er Argos cloudily,  
And the riders ride by the sea.

Others.

And children still in the Gate

Crowd and cry,

A multitude desolate,

Voices that float and wait

As the tears run dry:

'Mother, alone on the shore

They drive me, far from thee:

Lo, the dip of the oar,

The black hull on the sea!

Is it the Isle Immortal,

Salamis, waits for me?

Is it the Rock that broods

Over the sundered floods

Of Corinth, the ancient portal

Of Pelops' sovranty?'

A WOMAN.

[Antistrophe 2.]

Out in the waste of foam,

Where rideth dark Menelaus,

Come to us there, O white

And jagged, with wild sea-light

And crashing of oar-blades, come,

O thunder of God, and slay us:

While our tears are wet for home,  
While out in the storm go we,  
Slaves of our enemy!

OTHERS.

And, God, may Helen be there,  
With mirror of gold,  
Decking her face so fair,  
Girl-like; and hear, and stare,  
And turn death-cold:  
Never, ah, never more  
The hearth of her home to see,  
Nor sand of the Spartan shore,  
Nor tombs where her fathers be,  
Nor Athena's bronzen Dwelling,  
Nor the towers of Pitânê  
For her face was a dark desire  
Upon Greece, and shame like fire,  
And her dead are welling, welling,  
From red Simoïs to the sea!

\* \* \* \*

[TALTHYBIUS, followed by one or two Soldiers and bearing the child ASTYANAX dead, is seen approaching.]

LEADER.

Ah, change on change! Yet each one racks  
This land with evil manifold;  
Unhappy wives of Troy, behold,

They bear the dead Astyanax,  
Our prince, whom bitter Greeks this hour  
Have hurled to death from Ilion's tower.

TALTHYBIUS.

One galley, Hecuba, there lingereth yet,  
Lapping the wave, to gather the last freight  
Of Pyrrhus' spoils for Thessaly. The chief  
Himself long since hath parted, much in grief  
For Pêleus' sake, his grandsire, whom, men say,  
Acastus, Pelias' son, in war array  
Hath driven to exile. Loath enough before  
Was he to linger, and now goes the more  
In haste, bearing Andromache, his prize.  
'Tis she hath charmed these tears into mine eyes,  
Weeping her fatherland, as o'er the wave  
She gazed, and speaking words to Hector's grave.  
Howbeit, she prayed us that due rites be done  
For burial of this babe, thine Hector's son,  
That now from Ilion's tower is fallen and dead.  
And, lo! this great bronze-fronted shield, the dread  
Of many a Greek, that Hector held in fray,  
O never in God's name—so did she pray—  
Be this borne forth to hang in Pêleus' hall  
Or that dark bridal chamber, that the wall  
May hurt her eyes; but here, in Troy o'erthrown,

Instead of cedar wood and vaulted stone,  
Be this her child's last house.... And in thine hands  
She bade me lay him, to be swathed in bands  
Of death and garments, such as rest to thee  
In these thy fallen fortunes; seeing that she  
Hath gone her ways, and, for her master's haste,  
May no more fold the babe unto his rest.  
Howbeit, so soon as he is garlanded  
And robed, we will heap earth above his head  
And lift our sails.... See all be swiftly done,  
As thou art bidden. I have saved thee one  
Labour. For as I passed Scamander's stream  
Hard by, I let the waters run on him,  
And cleansed his wounds.—See, I will go forth now  
And break the hard earth for his grave: so thou  
And I will haste together, to set free  
Our oars at last to beat the homeward sea!

[He goes out with his Soldiers, leaving the body of the Child in HECUBA'S arms. HECUBA.]

Set the great orb of Hector's shield to lie  
Here on the ground. 'Tis bitter that mine eye  
Should see it.... O ye Argives, was your spear  
Keen, and your hearts so low and cold, to fear  
This babe? 'Twas a strange murder for brave men!  
For fear this babe some day might raise again

His fallen land! Had ye so little pride?  
While Hector fought, and thousands at his side,  
Ye smote us, and we perished; and now, now,  
When all are dead and Ilion lieth low,  
Ye dread this innocent! I deem it not  
Wisdom, that rage of fear that hath no thought.  
Ah, what a death hath found thee, little one!  
Hadst thou but fallen fighting, hadst thou known  
Strong youth and love and all the majesty  
Of godlike kings, then had we spoken of thee  
As of one blessed...could in any wise  
These days know blessedness. But now thine eyes  
Have seen, thy lips have tasted, but thy soul  
No knowledge had nor usage of the whole  
Rich life that lapt thee round. Poor little child!  
Was it our ancient wall, the circuit piled  
By loving Gods, so savagely hath rent  
Thy curls, these little flowers innocent  
That were thy mother's garden, where she laid  
Her kisses; here, just where the bone-edge frayed  
Grins white above—Ah heaven, I will not see!  
Ye tender arms, the same dear mould have ye  
As his; how from the shoulder loose ye drop  
And weak! And dear proud lips, so full of hope  
And closed for ever! What false words ye said



At daybreak, when he crept into my bed,  
Called me kind names, and promised: 'Grandmother,  
When thou art dead, I will cut close my hair  
And lead out all the captains to ride by  
Thy tomb.' Why didst thou cheat me so? 'Tis I,  
Old, homeless, childless, that for thee must shed  
Cold tears, so young, so miserably dead.  
Dear God, the pattering welcomes of thy feet,  
The nursing in my lap; and O, the sweet  
Falling asleep together! All is gone.  
How should a poet carve the funeral stone  
To tell thy story true? 'There lieth here  
A babe whom the Greeks feared, and in their fear  
Slew him.' Aye, Greece will bless the tale it tells!  
Child, they have left thee beggared of all else  
In Hector's house; but one thing shalt thou keep,  
This war-shield bronzen-barred, wherein to sleep.  
Alas, thou guardian true of Hector's fair  
Left arm, how art thou masterless! And there  
I see his handgrip printed on thy hold;  
And deep stains of the precious sweat, that rolled  
In battle from the brows and beard of him,  
Drop after drop, are writ about thy rim.  
Go, bring them—such poor garments hazardous

As these days leave. God hath not granted us  
Wherewith to make much pride. But all I can,  
I give thee, Child of Troy.—O vain is man,  
Who glorieth in his joy and hath no fears:  
While to and fro the chances of the years  
Dance like an idiot in the wind! And none  
By any strength hath his own fortune won.

[During these lines several Women are seen approaching with garlands and raiment in their hands.  
LEADER.]

Lo these, who bear thee raiment harvested  
From Ilion's slain, to fold upon the dead.

[During the following scene HECUBA gradually takes the garments and wraps them about the Child.  
HECUBA.]

O not in pride for speeding of the car  
Beyond thy peers, not for the shaft of war  
True aimed, as Phrygians use; not any prize  
Of joy for thee, nor splendour in men's eyes,  
Thy father's mother lays these offerings  
About thee, from the many fragrant things  
That were all thine of old. But now no more.  
One woman, loathed of God, hath broke the door  
And robbed thy treasure-house, and thy warm breath  
Made cold, and trod thy people down to death!  
CHORUS. SOME WOMEN.  
Deep in the heart of me  
I feel thine hand,

Mother: and is it he

Dead here, our prince to be,

And lord of the land?

HECUBA.

Glory of Phrygian raiment, which my thought

Kept for thy bridal day with some far-sought

Queen of the East, folds thee for evermore.

And thou, grey Mother, Mother-Shield that bore

THE TROJAN WOMEN

A thousand days of glory, thy last crown

Is here. Dear Hector's shield! Thou shalt lie down

Undying with the dead, and lordlier there

Than all the gold Odysseus' breast can bear,

The evil and the strong!

CHORUS. Some Women.

Child of the Shield-bearer,

Alas, Hector's child!

Great Earth, the All-mother,

Taketh thee unto her

With wailing wild!

Others.

Mother of misery,

Give Death his song!

(HEC. Woe!) Aye and bitterly

(HEC. Woe!) We too weep for thee,

And the infinite wrong!

[During these lines HECUBA, kneeling by the body, has been performing a funeral rite, symbolically staunching the dead Child's wounds. HECUBA.]

I make thee whole;

I bind thy wounds, O little vanished soul.

This wound and this I heal with linen white:

O emptiness of aid!... Yet let the rite

Be spoken. This and.... Nay, not I, but he,

Thy father far away shall comfort thee!

[She bows her head to the ground and remains motionless and unseeing.]

CHORUS.

Beat, beat thine head:

Beat with the wailing chime

Of hands lifted in time:

Beat and bleed for the dead.

Woe is me for the dead!

HECUBA.

O Women! Ye, mine own.

[She rises bewildered, as though she had seen a vision.]

LEADER.

Hecuba, speak!

Oh, ere thy bosom break.

HECUBA.

Lo, I have seen the open hand of God;

And in it nothing, nothing, save the rod  
Of mine affliction, and the eternal hate,  
Beyond all lands, chosen and lifted great  
For Troy! Vain, vain were prayer and incense-swell  
And bulls' blood on the altars!... All is well.  
Had He not turned us in His hand, and thrust  
Our high things low and shook our hills as dust,  
We had not been this splendour, and our wrong  
An everlasting music for the song  
Of earth and heaven!

Go, women: lay our dead  
In his low sepulchre. He hath his meed  
Of robing. And, methinks, but little care  
Toucheth the tomb, if they that moulder there  
Have rich encerement. 'Tis we, 'tis we,  
That dream, we living and our vanity!

[The Women bear out the dead Child upon the shield, singing, when presently flames of fire and dim forms are seen among the ruins of the City.]

CHORUS. Some Women.

Woe for the mother that bare thee, child,  
Thread so frail of a hope so high,  
That Time hath broken: and all men smiled  
About thy cradle, and, passing by,  
Spoke of thy father's majesty.  
Low, low, thou liest!

Others.

Ha! Who be these on the crested rock?

Fiery hands in the dusk, and a shock

Of torches flung! What lingereth still,

O wounded City, of unknown ill,

Ere yet thou diest?

TALTHYBIUS (coming out through the ruined Wall).

Ye Captains that have charge to wreck this keep

Of Priam's City, let your torches sleep

No more! Up, fling the fire into her heart!

Then have we done with Ilion, and may part

In joy to Hellas from this evil land.

And ye—so hath one word two faces—stand,

Daughters of Troy, till on your ruined wall

The echo of my master's trumpet call

In signal breaks: then, forward to the sea,

Where the long ships lie waiting.

And for thee,

O ancient woman most unfortunate,

Follow: Odysseus' men be here, and wait

To guide thee.... 'Tis to him thou go'st for thrall.

HECUBA.

Ah, me! and is it come, the end of all,

The very crest and summit of my days?

I go forth from my land, and all its ways  
Are filled with fire! Bear me, O aged feet,  
A little nearer: I must gaze, and greet  
My poor town ere she fall.

Farewell, farewell!

O thou whose breath was mighty on the swell  
Of orient winds, my Troy! Even thy name  
Shall soon be taken from thee. Lo, the flame  
Hath thee, and we, thy children, pass away  
To slavery.... God! O God of mercy! Nay:  
Why call I on the Gods? They know, they know,  
My prayers, and would not hear them long ago.  
Quick, to the flames! O, in thine agony,  
My Troy, mine own, take me to die with thee!

[She springs toward the flames, but is seized and held by the Soldiers.]

TALTHYBIUS.

Back! Thou art drunken with thy miseries,  
Poor woman!—Hold her fast, men, till it please  
Odysseus that she come. She was his lot  
Chosen from all and portioned. Lose her not!

[He goes to watch over the burning of the City. The dusk deepens.]

CHORUS. Divers Women.

Woe, woe, woe!

Thou of the Ages, O wherefore fleëst thou,  
Lord of the Phrygian, Father that made us?

'Tis we, thy children; shall no man aid us?

'Tis we, thy children! Seest thou, seest thou?

Others.

He seeth, only his heart is pitiless;

And the land dies: yea, she,

She of the Mighty Cities perisheth citiless!

Troy shall no more be!

Others.

Woe, woe, woe!

Ilion shineth afar!

Fire in the deeps thereof,

Fire in the heights above,

And crested walls of War!

Others.

As smoke on the wing of heaven

Climbeth and scattereth,

Torn of the spear and driven,

The land crieth for death:

O stormy battlements that red fire hath riven,

And the sword's angry breath!

[A new thought comes to HECUBA; she kneels and beats the earth with her hands.]

HECUBA.

[Strophe.]

O Earth, Earth of my children; hearken! and O mine own,



Ye have hearts and forget not, ye in the darkness lying!

LEADER.

Now hast thou found thy prayer, crying to them that are gone.

HECUBA.

Surely my knees are weary, but I kneel above your head;

Hearken, O ye so silent! My hands beat your bed!

LEADER.

I, I am near thee;

I kneel to thy dead to hear thee,

Kneel to mine own in the darkness; O husband, hear my crying!

HECUBA.

Even as the beasts they drive, even as the loads they bear,

LEADER.

(Pain; O pain!)

HECUBA.

We go to the house of bondage. Hear, ye dead, O hear!

LEADER.

(Go, and come not again!)

HECUBA.

Priam, mine own Priam,

Lying so lowly,

Thou in thy nothingness,

Shelterless, comfortless,

See'st thou the thing I am?

Know'st thou my bitter stress?

LEADER.

Nay, thou art naught to him!

Out of the strife there came,

Out of the noise and shame,

Making his eyelids dim,

Death, the Most Holy!

[The fire and smoke rise constantly higher.]

HECUBA.

[Antistrophe.]

O high houses of Gods, beloved streets of my birth,

Ye have found the way of the sword, the fiery and blood-red river!

LEADER.

Fall, and men shall forget you! Ye shall lie in the gentle earth.

HECUBA.

The dust as smoke riseth; it spreadeth wide its wing; It maketh me as a shadow, and my City a vanished thing!

LEADER.

Out on the smoke she goeth,

And her name no man knoweth;

And the cloud is northward, southward; Troy is gone for ever!

[A great crash is heard, and the Wall is lost in smoke and darkness.]

HECUBA.

Ha! Marked ye? Heard ye? The crash of the towers that fall!

LEADER.

All is gone!

HECUBA.

Wrath in the earth and quaking and a flood that sweepeth all,

LEADER.

And passeth on!

[The Greek trumpet sounds.]

HECUBA.

Farewell!—O spirit grey,

Whatso is coming,

Fail not from under me.

Weak limbs, why tremble ye?

Forth where the new long day

Dawneth to slavery!

CHORUS.

Farewell from parting lips,

Farewell!—Come, I and thou,

Whatso may wait us now,

Forth to the long Greek ships

And the sea's foaming.

[The trumpet sounds again, and the Women go out in the darkness.]

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## Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 63

Worgan, John

by Frederick George Edwards

Worldage, John→

Sister Projects.sister projects: Wikipedia article, Wikidata item.

WORGAN, JOHN (1724–1790), organist and composer, of Welsh descent, and the son of a surveyor, was born in London in 1724. He became a pupil of his brother, James Worgan (1715–1753), organist of Vauxhall Gardens, and he subsequently studied under Thomas Roseingrave [see under Roseingrave, Daniel] and Geminiani. John Worgan speedily took a foremost place as a skilful organist. In succession to his brother James he was organist at St. Mary Undershaft with St. Mary Axe, about 1749, at Vauxhall Gardens, 1751 to 1774, and at St. Botolph, Aldgate, in 1753. He subsequently became organist of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, in 1760; and, in succession to his brother, he held the post of 'composer' to Vauxhall Gardens from 1753 to 1761, and again from 1770 to 1774. He took the degree of bachelor in music at Cambridge in 1748, and the doctorate in 1775. He died at 22 (now 65) Gower Street on 24 Aug. 1790, and was buried in St. Andrew Undershaft on 31 Aug., when Charles Wesley (1757–1834) [q. v.], one of his favourite pupils, presided at the organ.

Four interesting tributes are extant to the remarkable powers of Worgan as an organist, whose performances always attracted great crowds of both professors and amateurs Handel said: 'Mr. Worgan shall sit by me; he plays my music very well at Vauxhall.' Richard Cecil [q. v.] wrote: 'Admiration and feeling are very distinct from each other. Some music and oratory enchant and astonish, out they speak not to the heart. . . . Dr. Worgan has so touched the organ at St. John s that I have been turning backward and forward over the prayer-book for the first lesson in Isaiah and wondered that I could not find Isaiah there!' Martin Madan (1726–1790) [q. v.], in a satirical song upon Joah Bates [q. v.], issued anonymously, and set to music by Samuel Wesley (1766–1837) [q. v.], entitled 'The Organ laid open, &c.,' placed him as a player upon an equality with Handel:

Let Handel or Worgan go thresh at the organ.

Burney refers to him as 'a very masterly and learned fuguist on the organ.'

As a composer Worgan was not great. His compositions, now forgotten, include two oratorios: 'Hannah' (King's Theatre, Haymarket, 3 April 1764) and 'Manasseh' (Lock Hospital Chapel, 30 April 1766); 'We will rejoice in Thy salvation,' a thanksgiving anthem for victories (29 Nov. 1759); many songs for Vauxhall Gardens, of which thirteen books (at least) were published; psalmtunes, glees, organ music, and sonatas and other pieces for the harpsichord. Some of his manuscripts are in British Museum Addit. MSS. 31670, 31693, 34609, and 35038.

Worgan is persistently credited with having composed the Easter hymn. As a matter of fact the tune appeared (anonymously) in 'Lyra Davidica' (1708) sixteen years before Worgan was born.

[Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review, v. 113 (a very full memoir); Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, iv. 486; biographical preface to Rev. Henry Parr's Church of England Psalmody; Barney's Hist. of Music, iv. 665; Brit. Mus. Cat.; Musical Times, August 1888, p. 490, for a reference to Worgan's grandson, George Worgan.]

F. G. E.

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# Folk-Lore

Volume 33, Review, The Witch-Cult in Western Europe

**The Witch-Cult in Western Europe.** A Study in Anthropology. Margaret Alice Murray. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1921. Pp. 303. Price 16s.

"Rogo vos, oportet credatis, sunt mulieres plussciae, sunt nocturnae, et quod sursum est deorsum faciunt." [1] Miss Murray is as earnest as Trimalchio; it is likely in consequence that I shall find myself written down in her black books in the good company of Reginald Scot as an unscientific sceptic. But Miss Murray has laid herself open to an obvious retort. If quotations taken from their context may give rise to misleading interpretations, still more misleading is the treatment of a series of documents torn from the background of their own age and divorced from the serious study of their immediate historical antecedents. For obvious reasons, before propounding a theory of the origin of the superstitions connected with witchcraft couched in terms of a nebulous and hypothetical primitive religion, it is the duty of the investigator to make some attempt to master the historical development of medieval thought and superstition and the late classical ideas upon which they were largely based.

Upon general grounds the supposition that an organised cult of primeval antiquity survived into the seventeenth century a.d. without attracting the notice of any previous historian is one which is not easy to take upon trust. We are told that such a religion existed and that it was a fertility-cult, but its outlines are quite indeterminate. The two classical references given have no evidential value, and for detail we are, in fact, referred to what the eye of faith can deduce in the reports on witchcraft in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The hypothetical dwarf race, to memories of which the origin of fairies has by some been attributed (a view which I do not personally share) seems to have something to do with the matter, together with some still more elusive race or races which are thought to have carried the worship of Ianus and Diana into Italy. Incidentally, the supposed existence of a pre-historic two-faced god in Italy (p. 12) is based upon a misapprehension. In fact, there is nothing but dubious etymology to connect Ianus and Diana. The former was not anthropomorphically conceived in the earliest stage of Roman religion, and his representation by art in human form cannot precede the later monarchy; while the Diana of medieval lore is, of course, derived not from the aboriginal Italian divinity but from the Graeco-Roman Diana-Artemis-Hecate.

The evidence for the continuity of this religion is not more convincing than that for its existence. Miss Murray quotes a number of passages, but they do not, in fact, prove more than the following indisputable but, for her argument, irrelevant facts. 1. The practice of magic was regarded as anti-social, and as such condemned by the State. This was equally true of classical antiquity. [2] 2. The worship of heathen gods was discountenanced by Church and State. Miss Murray is not entitled to claim a special sense for the word "demons." Christians believed that all heathen gods were devils, but the pagans did not admit or suppose that in continuing the religious rites of their fathers they were worshipping the Devil or devils. [3] 3. The Church endeavoured to discountenance as pagan certain popular seasonal festivals at which masquerade was worn. This is common knowledge, and is true of the Eastern Church no less than of the Western.

With regard to the trial of Alice Kyteler, who is stated to have been accused both of operative and of ritual witchcraft, the charges were neither more nor less ritual than those brought against Apuleius[4] or Piso.[5] I can find no evidence in the records of the alleged cult organisation associated with sixteenth century witchcraft.

The difficulty raised by Miss Murray on p. 16, as to how the inquisitors could arrive at a systematic theory of what witches were supposed to do except from the facts elicited at trials, is less real than it appears. Long before the handbooks for inquisitors were put into circulation at the end of the fifteenth century,[6] there existed a quite definite conception of the nature of witches and their activities which was generally accepted throughout Europe. The civilisation of the Middle Ages was an international European civilisation, the common views of which found expression mainly in a common language, Latin. The various ingredients of its superstitions, among which those ultimately derived from classical literature and tradition predominated, were fused in the crucible of medieval thought and given definite shape and system by the voluminous if misdirected learning of scholasticism. Thanks to the work of such writers as John of Salisbury, Gervase of Tilbury and their fellows, medieval demonology was systematised, and an established doctrine became current throughout Western Europe.

It is true that certain features of sixteenth century witchcraft, to which Miss Murray draws attention, do not belong to this tradition. Their source is probably to be found in the reaction of the events of religious history upon superstition. For obvious reasons popular fear and hatred are easily aroused against the practice of Black Magic, and from the thirteenth century onwards the charge of witchcraft, so prejudicial to the accused and so insusceptible of disproof, was freely used as a political weapon against individuals and by the Church against heretical sects. The view that witches were organised in the same sort of way as heretical sects thus probably arose from the association of Black Magic with the ritual of such bodies as the Waldenses and Templars.

When Miss Murray says of the Black Mass that it may have been the earlier form and influenced the Christian, her hobby horse has surely taken the bit between its teeth. *Hoc est corpus meum* is not derived from *hocus pocus*, nor the Lord's Prayer from the use in magic of its words reversed. The coven similarly proves to be the parody of a Christian institution,[7] a fact which undermines Miss Murray's strongest position. In medieval Christianity "the holy covent" was used in a technical sense to denote Christ and the Twelve Apostles. Probably not much earlier than the fourteenth century (1290 is the earliest reference given in the Dictionary) companies of "religious" persons, whether constituting a separate community or sections of a larger one, were formed upon the model of this holy prototype, and consisted of twelve members and a superior. Thus Strype speaks of "all . . . houses of religion . . . whereof the number in any one house is or of late hath been less than a covent, that is to say under thirteen persons."

But even if, as I believe, Miss Murray's main thesis is completely mistaken, and the characteristic features of sixteenth century witchcraft derive from (a) the system of demonology created by the scholastics, and (b) from the association of witchcraft with persecuted heretical sects, there still remains an interesting question. How far did the sixteenth century witches actually form an organised sect or secret society? This is not an easy question to answer with certainty. I am myself inclined to be sceptical as to the extent and efficiency of the organisation. The evidence though voluminous is untrustworthy. The interrogators had fixed prepossessions of a definite kind. The character, age and sex of many of the witnesses and accused inspires little confidence. The conduct and circumstances of the trials too frequently illustrate the low standards of procedure which often disgraced the courts of the period. It is further difficult to believe that had anything like an organised secret society existed it would not have played an important part in the political struggles of the period. At least the menace of

its possible manipulation would have been known and denounced openly, which it was not, even by King James.[8] The alleged business part of the Sabbath rites, the adjudication by the Devil upon reports of wickednesses committed, shows a close affinity with popular ideas. It is the sort of thing that devils do, as the familiar folktale of True and Untrue illustrates.

To discuss the detail of the various chapters is not possible in the space at my disposal, but I am bound to point out that a good deal of the so-called evidence consists, in fact, of an interpretation of the documents, the plausibility of which depends upon the previous acceptance of the main thesis of the book. Further, Miss Murray rationalises arbitrarily; sometimes the evidence is taken at its face value, at others it is "interpreted." She too often assumes that when a witness was reported to have met the Devil in an animal form, what was really meant was a man dressed up in an animal disguise, which those of us, who visit pantomimes, know to be something quite distinguishable. Similarly, both accusers and accused would be likely to repudiate the view that a man masquerading as the Devil is equivalent to the Devil in human shape. If Miss Murray were to turn to the practitioners of astrology and white magic belonging to the period, she would find that the occurrence of analogous supernatural encounters are believed and stated in perfect good faith.[9] The discussion of animal transformations clearly demands a study of a wider range of facts, nor can the familiars of witches be considered apart from the familiars of other practitioners of the Magic Arts both earlier and contemporary. The argument that the magical rites of witches, which, like the magic of all times and places (e.g. that denounced in the Roman twelve tables), are concerned with injuring the fertility of man, beast and field, are therefore inverted survivals from rites originally intended to promote fertility is very unconvincing. The argument that the peculiar voice of the Devil points to the use of a mask will appear flimsy to those familiar with the stridor characteristic of Roman witches who did not wear masks.[10] The relation of the riding of horses by witches to popular superstition as to the cause of night-sweating in the stable has not been considered, nor the possible connection of the lighted candles of the witches' revels with "fairy lights" and corpse candles.[11] The alleged frigidity of witches rests upon a medieval theory which may be found in Nider's *Formicarium*. [12] Broomsticks, again, and their magical use carry us back beyond the Middle Ages to Lucian [13] and the flying ointment to Apuleius. [14] It is pleasant to have an analysis of the latter and to learn its physiological properties; but more entertaining still would it be to learn the prescription for that which Fotis gave to Lucius by mistake for it.

W. R. Halliday.

Petronius, Sat. 63.

A convenient summary of Roman legislation will be found in Abt, *Die Apologie des Apuleius von Madaura und die antike Zauberei* (Giessen, 1909), pp. 9 foll. [1]

In the middle of the nineteenth century Rawlinson is prepared to accept the view that the oracles of Delphi were delivered through the agency of an "evil spirit" (see his note on Herod. i. 47). With this view, which, of course, was generally held by early Christians, compare the language of sixteenth century travellers in India, e.g. "All the pictures around the said chapel are those of devils and on each side of it there is a Sathanas seated in a seat," Ludovico di Varthema, *Travels* (Hakluyt Society, 1868), p. 136.

For cock sacrifice, cf. Apuleius, *Apologia*, 47. It is, of course, a frequent feature of classical magic. Tacitus, *Annals*, ii. 69; iii. 13.

The *Malleus Malificarum* of Sprenger was first published in 1492. This, the *Formicarium* of Nider and a number of less famous tracts, are collected in a volume entitled *Malleorum quorundam maleficarum tam veterum quam recentiorum auctorum* published at Frankfort in 1582.

The evidence may be consulted in Murray's *New English Dictionary*, ii. pp. 935, 1100 svv. *convent* and *coven*.

I cannot agree with Miss Murray's account of the Bothwell episode. I find no evidence of his having been the Devil except her desire to believe it. That he consulted witches he confessed; that quite probably he was implicated in the attempt upon the king's life by magical means may be true, though he denied it. But his final collapse in the long struggle with Maitland was due not to the breaking of a witch organisation of which he was head, but to the hostile action of the Kirk upon the publication of his correspondence with Huntly and the Catholic earls. It would be, in fact, a strong reason for denying any effectiveness to the witch organisation, if Bothwell were its head, since he would infallibly have turned its machinery to account. But the alleged plot upon the king's life employed solely magical means, nor is there any evidence of any secular use of a secret organisation.

E.g. Aubrey, *Miscellanies*, pp. 169 foll. A closer study of the period might lead Miss Murray to modify the unreal importance which she attaches to some points of detail, e.g. the wearing of his hat indoors by the Devil has no esoteric significance. The widow of Lilly's master "next day at dinner made me sit down at dinner with my hat on my head and said, that she intended to make me her husband." Lilly's *History of His Life and Times* (London, 1774), p. 28.

This characteristic of classical witches is well discussed by Flower Smith, *Hasting's Enc. Rel. Eth.* s.v. *Magic* (Greek and Roman).

*Sunt et aliae ludificationes malignorum spirituum, quas faciunt interdum in nemoribus et locis amoenis, et frondosis arboribus ubi apparent in similitudine puellarum aut matronarum, ornatu muliebri et candido, interdum etiam in stabulis cum luminaribus cereis, ex quibus apparent distillationes in comis et collis equorum et comae ipsorum diligenter tricatae; et audies eos qui talia se vidisse fatentur, dicentes veram ceram esse quae de luminaribus huiusmodi stillaverat.* Guil. Alvernus, Bishop of Paris, *De Universo* (thirteenth century), quoted by Thomas Wright, *Proceedings against Dame Alice Kyteler* (Camden Soc. 1843), p. xxxiv. For corpse candles, see Aubrey, *Miscellanies*, 176. Cf. the superstition of sailors in the seventeenth century with regard to the phosphorescent lights visible at the masthead in stormy weather. Covell's *Diaries in Bent, Early Voyages and Travels in the Levant* (Hakluyt Society, 1893), p. 127.

*Malleorum, etc.*, i. p. 712.

Lucian, *Philopseudes*, 35. Cf. the magic arrow upon which Abasis rode through the air (Porphyry, *Vit. Pythag.*, 29).

Apuleius, *Metamorphoses*, iii. 21 foll.

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## Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 33

Liulf

by Mary Bateson      Lively, Edward→

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Ligulf in the Oxford Dictionary of National Biography.

LIULF or LIGULF (d. 1080), Anglo-Saxon nobleman, was the friend of Walcher, bishop of Durham. Nothing is known of his parentage, but he claimed large possessions in many parts of England by hereditary right (Flor. Wig. s.a. 1080). He married Ealdgyth, a daughter of Ealdred, earl of Northumbria. The lady was first cousin to Gospatric, earl of Northumberland (1067–1072) [q. v.], and sister of Æthelflæd, the mother of Waltheof, his successor, 1072–85 (Sym. Dunelm. ed. Hinde, p. 92).



Florence of Worcester says that Liulf retired to Durham with his men because of the depredations of the Normans, and because of his devotion to St. Cuthbert, who was wont, so he used to tell Archbishop Aldred [q. v.], to appear to him. As the friend of Bishop Walcher he excited the envy of Leobwine, the bishop's chaplain, who, indignant at the share Liulf had in all the bishop's councils and exasperated by a rebuke, at length plotted Liulf's death. Leobwine was joined in the plot by Gilbert, a Lotharingian and kinsman of the bishop, who had committed Northumbria to his charge. Leobwine and Gilbert marched to the vill where Liulf lived and killed him, with most of his household, in 1080. In revenge for this murder, Walcher, who was believed to be privy to it, was himself slain at Gateshead. Liulf had two sons, Uhtred and Morkere; Morkere was placed by his cousin Waltheof in the monastery of Jarrow during Liulf's lifetime (ib. Ges. Reg. s.a. 1080; Monasticon, i. 236).

[Simeon of Durham's Ges. Reg., ed. Hinde (Surtees Soc.), p. 98; Florence of Worcester, ed. Thorpe, p. 14.]

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## The Private Life, Lord Beaupré, The Visits

(New York: Harper & Brothers) (1893) by Henry James

"The Private Life"    "Lord Beaupré"→

### THE PRIVATE LIFE

### THE PRIVATE LIFE

We talked of London, face to face with a great bristling, primeval glacier. The hour and the scene were one of those impressions which make up a little, in Switzerland, for the modern indignity of travel—the promiscuities and vulgarities, the station and the hotel, the gregarious patience, the struggle for a scrappy attention, the reduction to a numbered state. The high valley was pink with the mountain rose, the cool air as fresh as if the world were young. There was a faint flush of afternoon on undiminished snows, and the fraternizing tinkle of the unseen cattle came to us with a cropped and sunwarmed odor. The balconied inn stood on the very neck of the sweetest pass in the Oberland, and for a week we had had company and weather. This was felt to be great luck, for one would have made up for the other had either been bad. The weather certainly would have made up for the company; but it was not subjected to this tax, for we had by a happy chance the fleur des pois: Lord and Lady Mellifont, Clare Vawdrey, the greatest (in the opinion of many) of our literary glories, and Blanche Adney, the greatest (in the opinion of all) of our theatrical. I mention these first, because they were just the people whom in London, at that time, people tried to "get." People endeavored to "book" them six weeks ahead, yet on this occasion we had come in for them, we had all come in for each other, without the least wire-pulling. A turn of the game had pitched us together, the last of August, and we recognized our luck by remaining so, under protection of the barometer. When the golden days were over—that would come soon enough—we should wind down opposite sides of the pass and disappear over the crest of surrounding heights. We were of the same general communion, we participated in the same miscellaneous publicity. We met, in London, with irregular frequency; we were more or less governed by the laws and the language, the traditions and the shibboleths of the same dense social state. I think all of us, even the ladies, "did" something, though we pretended we didn't when it was mentioned. Such things are not mentioned indeed in London, but it was our innocent pleasure to be different here. There

had to be some way to show the difference, inasmuch as we were under the impression that this was our annual holiday. We felt at any rate that the conditions were more human than in London, or that at least we ourselves were. We were frank about this, we talked about it: it was what we were talking about as we looked at the flushing glacier, just as some one called attention to the prolonged absence of Lord Mellifont and Mrs. Adney. We were seated on the terrace of the inn, where there were benches and little tables, and those of us who were most bent on proving that we had returned to nature were, in the queer Germanic fashion, having coffee before meat.

The remark about the absence of our two companions was not taken up, not even by Lady Mellifont, not even by little Adney, the fond composer, for it had been dropped only in the briefest intermission of Clare Vawdrey's talk. (This celebrity was "Clarence" only on the title-page.) It was just that revelation of our being after all human that was his theme. He asked the company whether, candidly, every one hadn't been tempted to say to every one else, "I had no idea you were really so nice." I had had, for my part, an idea that he was, and even a good deal nicer, but that was too complicated to go into then, besides it is exactly my story. There was a general understanding among us that when Vawdrey talked we should be silent, and not, oddly enough, because he at all expected it. He didn't, for of all abundant talkers he was the most unconscious, the least greedy and professional. It was rather the religion of the host, of the hostess, that prevailed among us; it was their own idea, but they always looked for a listening circle when the great novelist dined with them. On the occasion I allude to there was probably no one present with whom, in London, he had not dined, and we felt the force of this habit. He had dined even with me; and on the evening of that dinner, as on this Alpine afternoon, I had been at no pains to hold my tongue, absorbed as I inveterately was in a study of the question which always rose before me, to such a height, in his fair, square, strong stature.

This question was all the more tormenting that he never suspected himself (I am sure) of imposing it, any more than he had ever observed that every day of his life every one listened to him at dinner. He used to be called "subjective" in the weekly papers, but in society no distinguished man could have been less so. He never talked about himself; and this was a topic on which, though it would have been tremendously worthy of him, he apparently never even reflected. He had his hours and his habits, his tailor and his hatter, his hygiene and his particular wine, but all these things together never made up an attitude. Yet they constituted the only attitude he ever adopted, and it was easy for him to refer to our being "nicer" abroad than at home. He was exempt from variations, and not a shade either less or more nice in one place than in another. He differed from other people, but never from himself (save in the extraordinary sense which I will presently explain), and struck me as having neither moods nor sensibilities nor preferences. He might have been always in the same company, so far as he recognized any influence from age or condition or sex: he addressed himself to women exactly as he addressed himself to men, and gossiped with all men alike, talking no better to clever folk than to dull. I used to feel a despair at his way of liking one subject—so far as I could tell—precisely as much as another: there were some I hated so myself. I never found him anything but loud and cheerful and copious, and I never heard him utter a paradox or express a shade or play with an idea. That fancy about our being "human" was, in his conversation, quite an exceptional flight. His opinions were sound and second-rate, and of his perceptions it was too mystifying to think. I envied him his magnificent health.

Vawdrey had marched, with his even pace and his perfectly good conscience, into the flat country of anecdote, where stories are visible from afar like windmills and signposts; but I observed after a little that Lady Mellifont's attention wandered. I happened to be sitting next her. I noticed that her eyes rambled a little anxiously over the lower slopes of the mountains. At last, after looking at her watch, she said to me: "Do you know where they went?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Adney and Lord Mellifont?"

"Lord Mellifont and Mrs. Adney." Her ladyship's speech seemed—unconsciously indeed—to correct me, but it didn't occur to me that this was because she was jealous. I imputed to her no such vulgar sentiment; in the first place because I liked her, and in the second because it would always occur to one quickly that it was right, in any connection, to put Lord Mellifont first. He was first—extraordinarily first. I don't say greatest or wisest or most renowned, but essentially at the top of the list and the head of the table. That is a position by itself, and his wife was naturally accustomed to see him in it. My phrase had sounded as if Mrs. Adney had taken him; but it was not possible for him to be taken—he only took. No one, in the nature of things, could know this better than Lady Mellifont. I had originally been rather afraid of her, thinking her, with her stiff silences and the extreme blackness of almost everything that made up her person, somewhat hard, even a little saturnine. Her paleness seemed slightly gray, and her glossy black hair metallic, like the brooches and bands and combs with which it was inveterately adorned. She was in perpetual mourning, and wore numberless ornaments of jet and onyx, a thousand clicking chains and bugles and beads. I had heard Mrs. Adney call her the queen of night, and the term was descriptive if you understood that the night was cloudy. She had a secret, and if you didn't find it out as you knew her better, you at least perceived that she was gentle and unaffected and limited, and also rather submissively sad. She was like a woman with a painless malady. I told her that I had merely seen her husband and his companion stroll down the glen together about an hour before, and suggested that Mr. Adney would perhaps know something of their intentions.

Vincent Adney, who, though he was fifty years old, looked like a good little boy on whom it had been impressed that children should not talk before company, acquitted himself with remarkable simplicity and taste of the position of husband of a great exponent of comedy. When all was said about her making it easy for him, one couldn't help admiring the charmed affection with which he took everything for granted. It is difficult for a husband who is not on the stage, or at least in the theatre, to be graceful about a wife who is; but Adney was more than graceful—he was exquisite, he was inspired. He set his beloved to music; and you remember how genuine his music could be—the only English compositions I ever saw a foreigner take an interest in. His wife was in them, somewhere, always; they were like a free, rich translation of the impression she produced. She seemed, as one listened, to pass laughing, with loosened hair across the scene. He had been only a little fiddler at her theatre, always in his place during the acts; but she had made him something rare and misunderstood. Their superiority had become a kind of partnership, and their happiness was a part of the happiness of their friends. Adney's one discomfort was that he couldn't write a play for his wife, and the only way he meddled with her affairs was by asking impossible people if they couldn't.

Lady Mellifont, after looking across at him a moment, remarked to me that she would rather not put any question to him. She added the next minute: "I had rather people shouldn't see I'm nervous."

"Are you nervous?"

"I always become so if my husband is away from me for any time."

"Do you imagine something has happened to him?"

"Yes, always. Of course I'm used to it."

"Do you mean his tumbling over precipices—that sort of thing?"

"I don't know exactly what it is; it's the general sense that he'll never come back."

She said so much and kept back so much that the only way to treat the condition she referred to seemed the jocular. "Surely he'll never forsake you!" I laughed.

She looked at the ground a moment. "Oh, at bottom I'm easy."

"Nothing can ever happen to a man so accomplished, so infallible, so armed at all points," I went on, encouragingly.

"Oh, you don't know how he's armed!" she exclaimed, with such an odd quaver that I could account for it only by her being nervous. This idea was confirmed by her moving just afterwards, changing her seat rather pointlessly, not as if to cut our conversation short, but because she was in a fidget. I couldn't know what was the matter with her, but I was presently relieved to see Mrs. Adney come towards us. She had in her hand a big bunch of wild flowers, but she was not closely attended by Lord Mellifont. I quickly saw, however, that she had no disaster to announce; yet, as I knew there was a question Lady Mellifont would like to hear answered, but did not wish to ask, I expressed to her immediately the hope that his lordship had not remained in a crevasse.

"Oh, no; he left me but three minutes ago. He has gone into the house." Blanche Adney rested her eyes on mine an instant—a mode of intercourse to which no man, for himself, could ever object. The interest, on this occasion, was quickened by the particular thing the eyes happened to say. What they usually said was only, "Oh, yes, I'm charming, I know, but don't make a fuss about it. I only want a new part—I do, I do!" At present they added, dimly, surreptitiously, and of course sweetly—for that was the way they did everything: "It's all right; but something did happen. Perhaps I'll tell you later." She turned to Lady Mellifont, and the transition to simple gayety suggested her mastery of her profession. "I've brought him safe; we had a charming walk."

"I'm so very glad," returned Lady Mellifont, with her faint smile, continuing vaguely, as she got up, "he must have gone to dress for dinner. Isn't it rather near?" She moved away, to the hotel, in her leave-taking, simplifying fashion, and the rest of us, at the mention of dinner, looked at each other's watches, as if to shift the responsibility of such grossness. The head-waiter, essentially, like all head-waiters, a man of the world, allowed us hours and places of our own, so that in the evening, apart under the lamp, we formed a compact, an indulged little circle. But it was only the Mellifonts who "dressed" and as to whom it was recognized that they naturally would dress: she in exactly the same manner as on any other evening of her ceremonious existence (she was not a woman whose habits could take account of anything so mutable as fitness); and he, on the other hand, with remarkable adjustment and suitability. He was almost as much a man of the world as the head-waiter, and spoke almost as many languages; but he abstained from courting a comparison of dress-coats and white waistcoats, analyzing the occasion in a much finer way into black velvet and blue velvet and brown velvet, for instance, into delicate harmonies of necktie and subtle informalities of shirt. He had a costume for every function and a moral for every costume; and his functions and costumes and morals were ever a part of the amusement of life—a part at any rate of its beauty and romance—for an immense circle of spectators. For his particular friends indeed these things were more than an amusement; they were a topic, a social support, and of course, in addition, a subject of perpetual suspense. If his wife had not been present before dinner they were what the rest of us probably would have been putting our heads together about.

Clare Vawdrey had a fund of anecdote on the whole question: he had known Lord Mellifont almost from the beginning. It was a peculiarity of this nobleman that there could be no conversation about him

that didn't instantly take the form of anecdote, and a still further distinction that there could apparently be no anecdote that was not on the whole to his honor. If he had come into a room at any moment, people might have said frankly, "Of course we were telling stories about you!" As consciences go, in London, the general conscience would have been good. Moreover, it would have been impossible to imagine his taking such a tribute otherwise than amiably, for he was always as unperturbed as an actor with the right cue. He had never in his life needed the prompter—his very embarrassments had been rehearsed. For myself, when he was talked about I always had an odd impression that we were speaking of the dead—it was with that peculiar accumulation of relish. His reputation was a kind of gilded obelisk, as if he had been buried beneath it; the body of legend and reminiscence, of which he was to be the subject, had crystallized in advance.

This ambiguity sprang, I suppose, from the fact that the mere sound of his name and air of his person, the general expectation he created, were, somehow, too exalted to be verified. The experience of his urbanity always came later; the prefigurement, the legend paled before the reality. I remember that on the evening I refer to the reality was particularly operative. The handsomest man of his period could never have looked better, and he sat among us like a bland conductor controlling by an harmonious play of arm an orchestra still a little rough. He directed the conversation by gestures as irresistible as they were vague; one felt as if without him it wouldn't have had anything to call a tone. This was essentially what he contributed to any occasion—what he contributed above all to English public life. He pervaded it, he colored it, he embellished it, and without him it would scarcely have had a vocabulary; certainly it would not have had a style, for a style was what it had in having Lord Mellifont. He was a style. I was freshly struck with it as, in the *salle à manger* of the little Swiss inn, we resigned ourselves to inevitable veal. Confronted with his form (I must parenthesize that it was not confronted much), Clare Vawdrey's talk suggested the reporter contrasted with the bard. It was interesting to watch the shock of characters from which, of an evening, so much would be expected. There was, however, no concussion—it was all muffled and minimized in Lord Mellifont's tact. It was rudimentary with him to find the solution of such a problem in playing the host, assuming responsibilities which carried with them their sacrifice. He had, indeed, never been a guest in his life; he was the host, the patron, the moderator at every board. If there was a defect in his manner (and I suggest it under my breath), it was that he had a little more art than any conjunction—even the most complicated—could possibly require. At any rate, one made one's reflections in noticing how the accomplished peer handled the situation, and how the sturdy man of letters was unconscious that the situation (and least of all he himself as part of it) was handled. Lord Mellifont poured forth treasures of tact, and Clare Vawdrey never dreamed he was doing it.

Vawdrey had no suspicion of any such precaution, even when Blanche Adney asked him if he saw yet their third act—an inquiry into which she introduced a subtlety of her own. She had a theory that he was to write her a play, and that the heroine, if he would only do his duty, would be the part for which she had immemorially longed. She was forty years old (this could be no secret to those who had admired her from the first), and she could now reach out her hand and touch her uttermost goal. This gave a kind of tragic passion—perfect actress of comedy as she was—to her desire not to miss the great thing. The years had passed, and still she had missed it; none of the things she had done was the thing she had dreamed of, so that at present there was no more time to lose. This was the canker in the rose, the ache beneath the smile. It made her touching—made her sadness even sweeter than her laughter. She had done the old English and the new French, and had charmed her generation; but she was haunted by the vision of a bigger chance, of something truer to the conditions that lay near her. She was tired of Sheridan and she hated Bowdler; she called for a canvas of a finer grain. The worst of it, to my sense, was that she would never extract her modern comedy from the great mature novelist, who was as incapable of producing it as he was of threading a needle. She coddled him, she talked to him, she

made love to him, as she frankly proclaimed; but she dwelt in illusions—she would have to live and die with Bowdler.

It is difficult to be cursory over this charming woman, who was beautiful without beauty and complete with a dozen deficiencies. The perspective of the stage made her over, and in society she was like the model off the pedestal. She was the picture walking about, which to the artless social mind was a perpetual surprise—a miracle. People thought she told them the secrets of the pictorial nature, in return for which they gave her relaxation and tea. She told them nothing and she drank the tea; but they had, all the same, the best of the bargain. Vawdrey was really at work on a play; but if he had begun it because he liked her, I think he let it drag for the same reason. He secretly felt the atrocious difficulty—knew that from his hand the finished piece would have received no active life. At the same time, nothing could be more agreeable than to have such a question open with Blanche Adney, and from time to time he put something very good into the play. If he deceived Mrs. Adney, it was only because in her despair she was determined to be deceived. To her question about their third act he replied that before dinner he had written a magnificent passage.

"Before dinner?" I said. "Why, cher maître, before dinner you were holding us all spellbound on the terrace."

My words were a joke, because I thought his had been; but for the first time that I could remember I perceived a certain confusion in his face. He looked at me hard, throwing back his head quickly, the least bit like a horse who has been pulled up short. "Oh, it was before that," he replied, naturally enough.

"Before that you were playing billiards with me," Lord Mellifont intimated.

"Then it must have been yesterday," said Vawdrey.

But he was in a tight place. "You told me this morning you did nothing yesterday," the actress objected.

"I don't think I really know when I do things." Vawdrey looked vaguely, without helping himself, at a dish that was offered him.

"It's enough if we know," smiled Lord Mellifont.

"I don't believe you've written a line," said Blanche Adney.

"I think I could repeat you the scene." Vawdrey helped himself to haricots verts.

"Oh, do! oh, do!" two or three of us cried.

"After dinner, in the salon; it will be an immense régal," Lord Mellifont declared.

"I'm not sure, but I'll try," Vawdrey went on.

"Oh, you lovely man!" exclaimed the actress, who was practising Americanisms, being resigned even to an American comedy.

"But there must be this condition," said Vawdrey: "you must make your husband play."

"Play while you're reading? Never!"

"I've too much vanity," said Adney.

Lord Mellifont distinguished him. "You must give us the overture before the curtain rises. That's a peculiarly delightful moment."

"I sha'n't read—I shall just speak," said Vawdrey.

"Better still; let me go and get your manuscript," the actress suggested.

Vawdrey replied that the manuscript didn't matter; but an hour later, in the salon, we wished he might have had it. We sat expectant, still under the spell of Adney's violin. His wife, in the foreground on an ottoman, was all impatience and profile, and Lord Mellifont, in the chair—it was always the chair, Lord Mellifont's—made our grateful little group feel like a social science congress or a distribution of prizes. Suddenly, instead of beginning, our tame lion began to roar out of tune—he had clean forgotten every word. He was very sorry, but the lines absolutely wouldn't come to him; he was utterly ashamed, but his memory was a blank. He didn't look in the least ashamed—Vawdrey had never looked ashamed in his life; he was only imperturbably and merrily natural. He protested that he had never expected to make such a fool of himself, but we felt that this wouldn't prevent the incident from taking its place among his jolliest reminiscences. It was only we who were humiliated, as if he had played us a premeditated trick. This was an occasion, if ever, for Lord Mellifont's tact, which descended on us all like balm. He told us, in his charming, artistic way, his way of bridging over arid intervals (he had a *débit*—there was nothing to approach it in England—like the actors of the *Comédie Française*), of his own collapse on a momentous occasion, the delivery of an address to a mighty multitude, when, finding he had forgotten his memoranda, he fumbled on the terrible platform, the cynosure of every eye, fumbled vainly in irreproachable pockets for indispensable notes. But the point of his story was finer than that of Vawdrey's pleasantry; for he sketched with a few light gestures the brilliancy of a performance which had risen superior to embarrassment—had resolved itself, we were left to divine, into an effort recognized at the moment as not absolutely a blot on what the public was so good as to call his reputation.

"Play up—play up!" cried Blanche Adney, tapping her husband, and remembering how, on the stage, a *contretemps* is always drowned in music. Adney threw himself upon his fiddle, and I said to Clare Vawdrey that his mistake could easily be corrected by his sending for the manuscript. If he would tell me where it was I would immediately fetch it from his room. To this he replied, "My dear fellow, I'm afraid there is no manuscript."

"Then you've not written anything?"

"I'll write it to-morrow."

"Ah, you trifle with us!" I said, in much mystification.

Vawdrey hesitated an instant. "If there is anything, you'll find it on my table."

At this moment one of the others spoke to him, and Lady Mellifont remarked audibly, as if to correct gently our want of consideration, that Mr. Adney was playing something very beautiful. I had noticed

before that she appeared extremely fond of music; she always listened to it in a hushed transport. Vawdrey's attention was drawn away, but it didn't seem to me that the words he had just dropped constituted a definite permission to go to his room. Moreover, I wanted to speak to Blanche Adney; I had something to ask her. I had to await my chance, however, as we remained silent awhile for her husband, after which the conversation became general. It was our habit to go to bed early, but there was still a little of the evening left. Before it quite waned I found an opportunity to tell the actress that Vawdrey had given me leave to put my hand on his manuscript. She adjured me, by all I held sacred, to bring it immediately, to give it to her; and her insistence was proof against my suggestion that it would now be too late for him to begin to read; besides which, the charm was broken—the others wouldn't care. It was not too late for her to begin; therefore I was to possess myself, without more delay, of the precious pages. I told her she should be obeyed in a moment, but I wanted her first to satisfy my just curiosity. What had happened before dinner, while she was on the hills with Lord Mellifont?

"How do you know anything happened?"

"I saw it in your face when you came back."

"And they call me an actress!" cried Mrs. Adney.

"What do they call me?" I inquired.

"You're a searcher of hearts—that frivolous thing, an observer."

"I wish you'd let an observer write you a play!" I broke out.

"People don't care for what you write; you'd break any run of luck."

"Well, I see plays all around me," I declared; "the air is full of them to-night."

"The air? Thank you for nothing! I only wish my table-drawers were."

"Did he make love to you on the glacier?" I went on.

She stared; then broke into the graduated ecstasy of her laugh. "Lord Mellifont, poor dear? What a funny place! It would indeed be the place for our love!"

"Did he fall into a crevasse?" I continued.

Blanche Adney looked at me again as she had done for an instant when she came up, before dinner, with her hands full of flowers. "I don't know into what he fell. I'll tell you to-morrow."

"He did come down, then?"

"Perhaps he went up," she laughed. "It's really strange!"

"All the more reason you should tell me to-night."

"I must think it over; I must puzzle it out."



"Oh, if you want conundrums, I'll throw in another," I said. "What's the matter with the master?"

"The master of what?"

"Of every form of dissimulation. Vawdrey hasn't written a line."

"Go and get his papers, and we'll see."

"I don't like to expose him," I said.

"Why not, if I expose Lord Mellifont?"

"Oh, I'd do anything for that," I conceded. "But why should Vawdrey have made a false statement? It's very curious."

"It's very curious," Blanche Adney repeated, with a musing air and her eyes on Lord Mellifont. Then, rousing herself, she added: "Go and look in his room."

"In Lord Mellifont's?"

She turned to me quickly. "That would be a way!"

"A way to what?"

"To find out—to find out!" She spoke gayly and excitedly, but suddenly checked herself. "We're talking nonsense," she said.

"We're mixing things up, but I'm struck with your idea. Get Lady Mellifont to let you."

"Oh, she has looked!" Mrs. Adney murmured, with the oddest dramatic expression. Then, after a movement of her beautiful uplifted hand, as if to brush away a fantastic vision, she exclaimed, imperiously: "Bring me the scene—bring me the scene!"

"I go for it," I answered; "but don't tell me I can't write a play."

She left me, but my errand was arrested by the approach of a lady who had produced a birthday-book—we had been threatened with it for several evenings—and who did me the honor to solicit my autograph. She had been asking the others, and she couldn't decently leave me out. I could usually remember my name, but it always took me some time to recall my date, and even when I had done so I was never very sure. I hesitated between two days, and I remarked to my petitioner that I would sign on both if it would give her any satisfaction. She said that surely I had been born only once; and I replied of course that on the day I made her acquaintance I had been born again. I mention the feeble joke only to show that, with the obligatory inspection of the other autographs, we gave some minutes to this transaction. The lady departed with her book, and then I became aware that the company had dispersed. I was alone in the little salon that had been appropriated to our use. My first impression was one of disappointment: if Vawdrey had gone to bed I didn't wish to disturb him. While I hesitated, however, I recognized that Vawdrey had not gone to bed. A window was open, and the sound of voices outside came in to me; Blanche was on the terrace with her dramatist, and they were talking about the stars. I went to the window for a glimpse—the Alpine night was splendid. My friends had stepped out

together; the actress had picked up a cloak; she looked as I had seen her look in the wing of the theatre. They were silent awhile, and I heard the roar of a neighboring torrent. I turned back into the room, and its quiet lamplight gave me an idea. Our companions had dispersed—it was late for a pastoral country and we three should have the place to ourselves. Clare Vawdrey had written his scene—it was magnificent; and his reading it to us there, at such an hour, would be an episode intensely memorable. I would bring down his manuscript and meet the two with it as they came in.

I quitted the salon for this purpose; I had been in Vawdrey's room and knew it was on the second floor, the last in a long corridor. A minute later my hand was on the knob of his door, which I naturally pushed open without knocking. It was equally natural that in the absence of its occupant the room should be dark; the more so as, the end of the corridor being at that hour unlighted, the obscurity was not immediately diminished by the opening of the door. I was only aware at first that I had made no mistake and that, the window-curtains not being drawn, I was confronted with a couple of vague, starlighted apertures. Their aid, however, was not sufficient to enable me to find what I had come for, and my hand, in my pocket, was already on the little box of matches that I always carried for cigarettes. Suddenly I withdrew it with a start, uttering an ejaculation, an apology. I had entered the wrong room; a glance prolonged for three seconds showed me a figure seated at a table near one of the windows—a figure I had at first taken for a travelling-rug thrown over a chair. I retreated, with a sense of intrusion; but as I did so I became aware, more rapidly than it takes me to express it, in the first place that this was Vawdrey's room, and in the second that, most singularly, Vawdrey himself sat before me. Checking myself on the threshold I had a momentary feeling of bewilderment, but before I knew it I had exclaimed: "Hullo! is that you, Vawdrey?"

He neither turned nor answered me, but my question received an immediate and practical reply in the opening of a door on the other side of the passage. A servant, with a candle, had come out of the opposite room, and in this flitting illumination I definitely recognized the man whom, an instant before, I had to the best of my belief left below in conversation with Mrs. Adney. His back was half turned to me, and he bent over the table in the attitude of writing, but I was conscious that I was in no sort of error about his identity. "I beg your pardon; I thought you were downstairs," I said; and as the personage gave no sign of hearing me I added, "If you're busy I won't disturb you." I backed out, closing the door—I had been in the place, I suppose, less than a minute. I had a sense of mystification, which however deepened infinitely the next instant. I stood there with my hand still on the knob of the door, overtaken by the oddest impression of my life. Vawdrey was at his table, writing, and it was a very natural place for him to be; but why was he writing in the dark, and why hadn't he answered me? I waited a few seconds for the sound of some movement, to see if he wouldn't rouse himself from his abstraction—a fit conceivable in a great writer—and call out: "Oh, my dear fellow, is it you?" But I heard only the stillness, I felt only the starlighted dusk of the room, with the unexpected presence it enclosed. I turned away, slowly retracing my steps, and came confusedly down-stairs. The lamp was still burning in the salon, but the room was empty. I passed round to the door of the hotel and stepped out. Empty too was the terrace. Blanche Adney and the gentleman with her had apparently come in. I hung about five minutes; then I went to bed.

I slept badly, for I was agitated. On looking back at these queer occurrences (you will see presently that they were queer), I perhaps suppose myself more agitated than I was; for great anomalies are never so great at first as after we have reflected upon them. It takes us some time to exhaust explanations. I was vaguely nervous—I had been sharply startled; but there was nothing I could not clear up by asking Blanche Adney, the first thing in the morning, who had been with her on the terrace. Oddly enough, however, when the morning dawned—it dawned admirably—I felt less desire to satisfy myself on this point than to escape, to brush away the shadow of my stupefaction. I saw the day would be splendid,

and the fancy took me to spend it, as I had spent happy days of youth, in a lonely mountain ramble. I dressed early, partook of conventional coffee, put a big roll into one pocket and a small flask into the other, and, with a stout stick in my hand, went forth into the high places. My story is not closely concerned with the charming hours I passed there—hours of the kind that make intense memories. If I roamed away half of them on the shoulders of the hills, I lay on the sloping grass for the other half and, with my cap pulled over my eyes (save a peep for immensities of view), listened, in the bright stillness, to the mountain bee and felt most things sink and dwindle. Clare Vawdrey grew small, Blanche Adney grew dim, Lord Mellifont grew old, and before the day was over I forgot that I had ever been puzzled. When in the late afternoon I made my way down to the inn there was nothing I wanted so much to find out as whether dinner would not soon be ready. To-night I dressed, in a manner, and by the time I was presentable they were all at table.

In their company again my little problem came back to me, so that I was curious to see if Vawdrey wouldn't look at me the least bit queerly. But he didn't look at me at all; which gave me a chance both to be patient and to wonder why I should hesitate to ask him my question across the table. I did hesitate, and with the consciousness of doing so came back a little of the agitation I had left behind me, or below me, during the day. I wasn't ashamed of my scruple, however: it was only a fine discretion. What I vaguely felt was that a public inquiry wouldn't have been fair. Lord Mellifont was there, of course, to mitigate with his perfect manner all consequences; but I think it was present to me that with these particular elements his lordship would not be at home. The moment we got up, therefore, I approached Mrs. Adney, asking her whether, as the evening was lovely, she wouldn't take a turn with me outside.

"You've walked a hundred miles; had you not better be quiet?" she replied.

"I'd walk a hundred miles more to get you to tell me something."

She looked at me an instant, with a little of the queerness I had sought, but had not found, in Clare Vawdrey's eyes. "Do you mean what became of Lord Mellifont?"

"Of Lord Mellifont?" With my new speculation I had lost that thread.

"Where's your memory, foolish man? We talked of it last evening."

"Ah, yes!" I cried, recalling; "we shall have lots to discuss." I drew her out to the terrace, and before we had gone three steps I said to her: "Who was with you here last night?"

"Last night?" she repeated, as wide of the mark as I had been.

"At ten o'clock—just after our company broke up. You came out here with a gentleman; you talked about the stars."

She stared a moment; then she gave her laugh. "Are you jealous of dear Vawdrey?"

"Then it was he?"

"Certainly it was."

"And how long did he stay?"

"You have it badly. He stayed about a quarter of an hour—perhaps rather more. We walked some distance; he talked about his play. There you have it all; that is the only witchcraft I have used."

"And what did Vawdrey do afterwards?"

"I haven't the least idea. I left him and went to bed."

"At what time did you go to bed?"

"At what time did you? I happen to remember that I parted from Mr. Vawdrey at ten twenty-five," said Mrs. Adney. "I came back into the salon to pick up a book, and I noticed the clock."

"In other words, you and Vawdrey distinctly lingered here from about five minutes past ten till the hour you mention?"

"I don't know how distinct we were, but we were very jolly. *Ou voulez-vous en venir?*" Blanche Adney asked.

"Simply to this, dear lady: that at the time your companion was occupied in the manner you describe, he was also engaged in literary composition in his own room."

She stopped short at this, and her eyes had an expression in the darkness. She wanted to know if I challenged her veracity; and I replied that, on the contrary, I backed it up—it made the case so interesting. She returned that this would only be if she should back up mine; which, however, I had no difficulty in persuading her to do, after I had related to her circumstantially the incident of my quest of the manuscript—the manuscript which, at the time, for a reason I could now understand, appeared to have passed so completely out of her own head.

"His talk made me forget it—I forgot I sent you for it. He made up for his fiasco in the salon: he declaimed me the scene," said my companion. She had dropped on a bench to listen to me, and, as we sat there, had briefly cross-examined me. Then she broke out into fresh laughter. "Oh, the eccentricities of genius!"

"They seem greater even than I supposed."

"Oh, the mysteries of greatness!"

"You ought to know all about them, but they take me by surprise."

"Are you absolutely certain it was Mr. Vawdrey?" my companion asked.

"If it wasn't he, who in the world was it? That a strange gentleman, looking exactly like him, should be sitting in his room at that hour of the night and writing at his table in the dark," I insisted, "would be practically as wonderful as my own contention."

"Yes, why in the dark?" mused Mrs. Adney.

"Cats can see in the dark," I said.

She smiled at me dimly. "Did it look like a cat?"

"No, dear lady; but I'll tell you what it did look like—it looked like the author of Vawdrey's admirable works. It looked infinitely more like him than our friend does himself," I declared.

"Do you mean it was somebody he gets to do them?"

"Yes, while he dines out and disappoints you."

"Disappoints me?" murmured Mrs. Adney, artlessly.

"Disappoints me—disappoints every one who looks in him for the genius that created the pages they adore. Where is it in his talk?"

"Ah, last night he was splendid," said the actress.

"He's always splendid, as your morning bath is splendid, or a sirloin of beef, or the railway service to Brighton. But he's never rare."

"I see what you mean."

"That's what makes you such a comfort to talk to. I've often wondered—now I know. There are two of them."

"What a delightful idea!"

"One goes out, the other stays at home. One is the genius, the other's the bourgeois, and it's only the bourgeois whom we personally know. He talks, he circulates, he's awfully popular; he flirts with you —"

"Whereas it's the genius you are privileged to see!" Mrs. Adney broke in. "I'm much obliged to you for the distinction."

I laid my hand on her arm. "See him yourself. Try it, test it, go to his room."

"Go to his room? It wouldn't be proper!" she exclaimed, in the tone of her best comedy.

"Anything is proper in such an inquiry. If you see him, it settles it."

"How charming—to settle it!" She thought a moment, then she sprang up. "Do you mean now?"

"Whenever you like."

"But suppose I should find the wrong one?" said Blanche Adney, with an exquisite effect.

"The wrong one? Which one do you call the right?"

"The wrong one for a lady to go and see. Suppose I shouldn't find—the genius?"

"Oh, I'll look after the other," I replied. Then, as I happened to glance about me, I added, "Take care, here comes Lord Mellifont."

"I wish you'd look after him," my interlocutress murmured.

"What's the matter with him?"

"That's just what I was going to tell you."

"Tell me now; he's not coming."

Blanche Adney looked a moment. Lord Mellifont, who appeared to have emerged from the hotel to smoke a meditative cigar, had paused, at a distance from us, and stood admiring the wonders of the prospect, discernible even in the dusk. We strolled slowly in another direction, and she presently said, "My idea is almost as droll as yours."

"I don't call mine droll; it's beautiful."

"There's nothing so beautiful as the droll," Mrs. Adney declared.

"You take a professional view. But I'm all ears." My curiosity was indeed alive again.

"Well then, my dear friend, if Clare Vawdrey is double (and I'm bound to say I think that the more of him the better), his lordship there has the opposite complaint: he isn't even whole."

We stopped once more, simultaneously. "I don't understand."

"No more do I. But I have a fancy that if there are two of Mr. Vawdrey, there isn't so much as one, all told, of Lord Mellifont."

I considered a moment, then I laughed out. "I think I see what you mean!"

"That's what makes you a comfort. Did you ever see him alone?"

I tried to remember. "Oh yes; he has been to see me."

"Ah, then he wasn't alone."

"And I've been to see him, in his study."

"Did he know you were there?"

"Naturally—I was announced."

Blanche Adney glanced at me like a lovely conspirator. "You mustn't be announced!" With this she walked on.

I rejoined her, breathless. "Do you mean one must come upon him when he doesn't know it?"

"You must take him unawares. You must go to his room—that's what you must do."

If I was elated by the way our mystery opened out, I was also, pardonably, a little confused. "When I know he's not there?"

"When you know he is."

"And what shall I see?"

"You won't see anything!" Mrs. Adney cried as we turned round.

We had reached the end of the terrace, and our movement brought us face to face with Lord Mellifont, who, resuming his walk, had now, without indiscretion, overtaken us. The sight of him at that moment was illuminating, and it kindled a great backward train, connecting itself with one's general impression of the personage. As he stood there smiling at us and waving a practised hand into the transparent night (he introduced the view as if it had been a candidate and "supported" the very Alps), as he rose before us in the delicate fragrance of his cigar and all his other delicacies and fragrances, with more perfections, somehow, heaped upon his handsome head than one had ever seen accumulated before, he struck me as so essentially, so conspicuously and uniformly the public character that I read in a flash the answer to Blanche Adney's riddle. He was all public and had no corresponding private life, just as Clare Vawdrey was all private and had no corresponding public one. I had heard only half my companion's story, yet as we joined Lord Mellifont (he had followed us—he liked Mrs. Adney; but it was always to be conceived of him that he accepted society rather than sought it), as we participated for half an hour in the distributed wealth of his conversation, I felt with unabashed duplicity that we had, as it were, found him out. I was even more deeply diverted by that whisk of the curtain to which the actress had just treated me than I had been by my own discovery; and if I was not ashamed of my share of her secret any more than of having divided my own with her (though my own was, of the two mysteries, the more glorious for the personage involved), this was because there was no cruelty in my advantage, but on the contrary an extreme tenderness and a positive compassion. Oh, he was safe with me, and I felt moreover rich and enlightened, as if I had suddenly put the universe into my pocket. I had learned what an affair of the spot and the moment a great appearance may be. It would doubtless be too much to say that I had always suspected the possibility, in the background of his lordship's being, of some such beautiful instance; but it is at least a fact that, patronizing as it sounds, I had been conscious of a certain reserve of indulgence for him. I had secretly pitied him for the perfection of his performance, had wondered what blank face such a mask had to cover, what was left to him for the immitigable hours in which a man sits down with himself, or, more serious still, with that intenser self, his lawful wife. How was he at home, and what did he do when he was alone? There was something in Lady Mellifont that gave a point to these researches—something that suggested that even to her he was still the public character, and that she was haunted by similar questionings. She had never cleared them up; that was her eternal trouble. We therefore knew more than she did, Blanche Adney and I; but we wouldn't tell her for the world, nor would she probably thank us for doing so. She preferred the relative grandeur of uncertainty. She was not at home with him, so she couldn't say; and with her he was not alone, so he couldn't show her. He represented to his wife and he was a hero to his servants, and what one wanted to arrive at was what really became of him when no eye could see. He rested, presumably; but what form of rest could repair such a plenitude of presence? Lady Mellifont was too proud to pry, and as she had never looked through a keyhole she remained dignified and unassuaged.

It may have been a fancy of mine that Blanche Adney drew out our companion, or it may be that the

practical irony of our relation to him at such a moment made me see him more vividly; at any rate, he never had struck me as so dissimilar from what he would have been if we had not offered him a reflection of his image. We were only a concourse of two, but he had never been more public. His perfect manner had never been more perfect, his remarkable tact had never been more remarkable. I had a tacit sense that it would all be in the morning papers, with a leader, and also a secretly exhilarating one that I knew something that wouldn't be, that never could be, though any enterprising journal would give one a fortune for it. I must add, however, that in spite of my enjoyment—it was almost sensual, like that of a consummate dish—I was eager to be alone again with Mrs. Adney, who owed me an anecdote. It proved impossible, that evening, for some of the others came out to see what we found so absorbing: and then Lord Mellifont bespoke a little music from the fiddler, who produced his violin and played to us divinely, on our platform of echoes, face to face with the ghosts of the mountains. Before the concert was over I missed our actress, and glancing into the window of the salon, saw that she was established with Vawdrey, who was reading to her from a manuscript. The great scene had apparently been achieved, and was doubtless the more interesting to Blanche from the new lights she had gathered about its author. I judged it discreet not to disturb them, and I went to bed without seeing her again. I looked out for her betimes the next morning, and as the promise of the day was fair, proposed to her that we should take to the hills, reminding her of the high obligation she had incurred. She recognized the obligation and gratified me with her company; but before we had strolled ten yards up the pass she broke out with intensity: "My dear friend, you've no idea how it works in me! I can think of nothing else."

"Than your theory about Lord Mellifont?"

"Oh, bother Lord Mellifont! I allude to yours about Mr. Vawdrey, who is much the more interesting person of the two. I'm fascinated by that vision of his—what-do-you-call-it?"

"His alternative identity?"

"His other self; that's easier to say."

"You accept it, then, you adopt it?"

"Adopt it? I rejoice in it! It became tremendously vivid to me last evening."

"While he read to you there?"

"Yes, as I listened to him, watched him. It simplified everything, explained everything."

"That's indeed the blessing of it. Is the scene very fine?"

"Magnificent! and he reads beautifully."

"Almost as well as the other one writes!" I laughed.

This made my companion stop a moment, laying her hand on my arm. "You utter my very impression. I felt that he was reading me the work of another man."

"What a service to the other man!"



"Such a totally different person," said Mrs. Adney. We talked of this difference as we went on, and of what a wealth it constituted, what a resource for life, such a duplication of character.

"It ought to make him live twice as long as other people," I observed.

"Ought to make which of them?"

"Well, both; for after all they're members of a firm, and one of them couldn't carry on the business without the other. Moreover, mere survival would be dreadful for either."

Blanche Adney was silent a little; then she exclaimed: "I don't know—I wish he would survive!"

"May I, on my side, inquire which?"

"If you can't guess, I won't tell you."

"I know the heart of woman. You always prefer the other."

She halted again, looking round her. "Off here, away from my husband, I can tell you. I'm in love with him!"

"Unhappy woman, he has no passions," I answered.

"That's exactly why I adore him. Doesn't a woman with my history know that the passions of others are insupportable? An actress, poor thing, can't care for any love that's not all on her side; she can't afford to be repaid. My marriage proves that; marriage is ruinous. Do you know what was in my mind last night, all the while Mr. Vawdrey was reading me those beautiful speeches? An insane desire to see the author." And dramatically, as if to hide her shame, Blanche Adney passed on.

"We'll manage that," I returned. "I want another glimpse of him myself. But meanwhile please remember that I've been waiting more than forty-eight hours for the evidence that supports your sketch, intensely suggestive and plausible, of Lord Mellifont's private life."

"Oh, Lord Mellifont doesn't interest me."

"He did yesterday," I said.

"Yes, but that was before I fell in love. You blotted him out with your story."

"You'll make me sorry I told it. Come," I pleaded, "if you don't let me know how your idea came into your head I shall imagine you simply made it up."

"Let me recollect, then, while we wander in this grassy valley."

We stood at the entrance of a charming crooked gorge, a portion of whose level floor formed the bed of a stream that was smooth with swiftness. We turned into it, and the soft walk beside the clear torrent drew us on and on; till suddenly, as we continued and I waited for my companion to remember, a bend of the valley showed us Lady Mellifont coming towards us. She was alone, under the canopy of her parasol, drawing her sable train over the turf; and in this form, on the devious ways, she was a

sufficiently rare apparition. She usually took a footman, who marched behind her on the highroads and whose livery was strange to the mountaineers. She blushed on seeing us, as if she ought somehow to justify herself; she laughed vaguely, and said she had come out for a little early stroll. We stood together a moment, exchanging platitudes, and then she remarked that she had thought she might find her husband.

"Is he in this quarter?" I inquired.

"I supposed he would be. He came out an hour ago to sketch.

"Have you been looking for him?" Mrs. Adney asked.

"A little; not very much," said Lady Mellifont.

Each of the women rested her eyes with some intensity, as it seemed to me, on the eyes of the other.

"We'll look for him for you, if you like," said Mrs. Adney.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I thought I'd join him."

"He won't make his sketch if you don't," my companion hinted.

"Perhaps he will if you do," said Lady Mellifont.

"Oh, I dare say he'll turn up," I interposed.

"He certainly will, if he knows we're here!" Blanche Adney retorted.

"Will you wait while we search?" I asked of Lady Mellifont.

She repeated that it was of no consequence; upon which Mrs. Adney went on: "We'll go into the matter for our own pleasure."

"I wish you a pleasant expedition," said her ladyship, and was turning away, when I sought to know if we should inform her husband that she had followed him. She hesitated a moment; then she jerked out, oddly, "I think you had better not." With this she took leave of us, floating a little stiffly down the gorge.

My companion and I watched her retreat, then we exchanged a stare, while a light ghost of a laugh rippled from the actress's lips. "She might be walking in the shrubberies at Mellifont!"

"She suspects it, you know," I replied.

"And she doesn't want him to know it. There won't be any sketch."

"Unless we overtake him," I subjoined. "In that case we shall find him producing one, in the most graceful attitude, and the queer thing is that it will be brilliant."

"Let us leave him alone; he'll have to come home without it."

"He'd rather never come home. Oh, he'll find a public!"

"Perhaps he'll do it for the cows," Blanche Adney suggested; and as I was on the point of rebuking her profanity she went on, "That's simply what I happened to discover."

"What are you speaking of?"

"The incident of day before yesterday."

"Ah, let's have it, at last!"

"That's all it was—that I was like Lady Mellifont; I couldn't find him."

"Did you lose him?"

"He lost me—that appears to be the way of it. He thought I was gone."

"But you did find him, since you came home with him."

"It was he who found me. That again is what must happen. He's there from the moment he knows somebody else is."

"I understand his intermissions," I said, after a short reflection; "but I don't quite seize the law that governs them."

"Oh, it's a fine shade, but I caught it at that moment. I had started to come home. I was tired, and I had insisted on his not coming back with me. We had found some rare flowers—those I brought home—and it was he who had discovered almost all of them. It amused him very much, and I knew he wanted to get more; but I was weary and I quitted him. He let me go—where else would have been his tact?—and I was too stupid then to have guessed that from the moment I was not there no flower would be gathered. I started homeward, but at the end of three minutes I found I had brought away his penknife—he had lent it to me to trim a branch—and I knew he would need it. I turned back a few steps to call him, but before I spoke I looked about for him. You can't understand what happened then without having the place before you."

"You must take me there," I said.

"We may see the wonder here. The place was simply one that offered no chance for concealment—a great gradual hill-side, without obstructions or trees. There were some rocks below me, behind which I myself had disappeared, but from which, on coming back, I immediately emerged again."

"Then he must have seen you."

"He was too utterly gone, for some reason best known to himself. It was probably some moment of fatigue—he's getting on, you know, so that, with the sense of returning solitude, the reaction had been proportionately great, the extinction proportionately complete. At any rate, the stage was as bare as your hand."

"Could he have been somewhere else?"

"He couldn't have been, in the time, anywhere but where I had left him. Yet the place was utterly empty—as empty as this stretch of valley before us. He had vanished—he had ceased to be. But as soon as my voice rang out (I uttered his name), he rose before me like the rising sun."

"And where did the sun rise?"

"Just where it ought to—just where he would have been, and where I should have seen him, had he been like other people."

I had listened with the deepest interest, but it was my duty to think of objections. "How long a time elapsed between the moment you perceived his absence and the moment you called?"

"Oh, only an instant. I don't pretend it was long."

"Long enough for you to be sure?" I said.

"Sure he wasn't there?"

"Yes; and that you were not mistaken, not the victim of some hocus-pocus of your eyesight?"

"I may have been mistaken, but I don't believe it. At any rate, that's just why I want you to look in his room."

I thought a moment. "How can I, when even his wife doesn't dare to?"

"She wants to; propose it to her. It wouldn't take much to make her. She does suspect."

I thought another moment. "Did he seem to know?"

"That I had missed him? So it struck me, but he thought he had been quick enough."

"Did you speak of his disappearance?"

"Heaven forbid! It seemed to me too strange."

"Quite right. And how did he look?"

Trying to think it out again and reconstitute her miracle, Blanche Adney gazed abstractedly up the valley. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Just as he looks now!" and I saw Lord Mellifont stand before us with his sketch-block. I perceived, as we met him, that he looked neither suspicious nor blank; he looked simply, as he did always, everywhere, the principal feature of the scene. Naturally he had no sketch to show us, but nothing could better have rounded off our actual conception of him than the way he fell into position as we approached. He had been selecting his point of view; he took possession of it with a flourish of the pencil. He leaned against a rock; his beautiful little box of water-colors reposed on a natural table beside him, a ledge of the bank, which showed how inveterately nature ministered to his convenience. He painted while he talked, and he talked while he painted; and if the painting was as miscellaneous as the talk, the talk would equally have graced an album. We waited while the exhibition

went on, and it seemed indeed as if the conscious profiles of the peaks were interested in his success. They grew as black as silhouettes in paper, sharp against a livid sky, from which, however, there would be nothing to fear till Lord Mellifont's sketch should be finished. Blanche Adney communed with me dumbly, and I could read the language of her eyes: "Oh, if we could only do it as well as that! He fills the stage in a way that beats us." We could no more have left him than we could have quitted the theatre till the play was over; but in due time we turned round with him and strolled back to the inn, before the door of which his lordship, glancing again at his picture, tore the fresh leaf from the block and presented it, with a few happy words, to Mrs. Adney. Then he went into the house; and a moment later, looking up from where we stood, we saw him, above, at the window of his sitting-room (he had the best apartments), watching the signs of the weather.

"He'll have to rest after this," Blanche said, dropping her eyes on her water-color.

"Indeed he will!" I raised mine to the window. Lord Mellifont had vanished. "He's already reabsorbed."

"Reabsorbed?" I could see the actress was now thinking of something else.

"Into the immensity of things. He has lapsed again; there's an entr'acte."

"It ought to be long." Mrs. Adney looked up and down the terrace, and at that moment the head-waiter appeared in the doorway. Suddenly she turned to this functionary with the question: "Have you seen Mr. Vawdrey lately?"

The man immediately approached. "He left the house five minutes ago for a walk, I think. He went down the pass; he had a book."

I was watching the ominous clouds. "He had better have had an umbrella."

The waiter smiled. "I recommended him to take one."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Adney; and the Oberkellner withdrew. Then she went on, to me, abruptly, "Will you do me a favor?"

"Yes, if you'll do me one. Let me see if your picture is signed."

She glanced at the sketch before giving it to me. "For a wonder it isn't."

"It ought to be, for full value. May I keep it awhile?"

"Yes, if you'll do what I ask. Take an umbrella and go after Mr. Vawdrey."

"To bring him to Mrs. Adney?"

"To keep him out—as long as you can."

"I'll keep him as long as the rain holds off."

"Oh, never mind the rain!" my companion exclaimed.

"Would you have us drenched?"

"Without remorse." Then, with a strange light in her eyes, she added, "I'm going to try."

"To try?"

"To see the real one. Oh, if I can get at him!" she broke out with passion.

"Try, try!" I replied. "I'll keep our friend all day."

"If I can get at the one who does it"—and she paused, with shining eyes—"if I can have it out with him I shall get my part!"

"I'll keep Vawdrey forever!" I called after her as she passed quickly into the house.

Her audacity was communicative, and I stood there in a glow of excitement, I looked at Lord Mellifont's water-color and I looked at the gathering storm; I turned my eyes again to his lordship's windows, and then I bent them on my watch. Vawdrey had so little the start of me that I should have time to overtake him—time even if I should take five minutes to go up to Lord Mellifont's sitting-room (where we had all been hospitably received), and say to him, as a messenger, that Mrs. Adney begged he would bestow upon his sketch the high consecration of his signature. As I again considered this work of art I perceived there was something it certainly did lack: what else then but so noble an autograph? It was my duty to supply the deficiency without delay, and in accordance with this conviction I instantly re-entered the hotel. I went up to Lord Mellifont's apartments; I reached the door of his salon. Here, however, I was met by a difficulty of which my extravagance had not taken account. If I were to knock I should spoil everything; yet was I prepared to dispense with this ceremony? I asked myself the question, and it embarrassed me; I turned my little picture round and round, but it didn't give me the answer I wanted. I wanted it to say; "Open the door gently, gently, without a sound, yet very quickly; then you will see what you will see." I had gone so far as to lay my hand upon the knob when I became aware (having my wits so about me), that exactly in the manner I was think of—gently, gently, without a sound—another door had moved, on the opposite side of the hall. At the same instant I found myself smiling rather constrainedly upon Lady Mellifont, who, on seeing me, had checked herself on the threshold of her room. For a moment, as she stood there, we exchanged two or three ideas that were the more singular for being unspoken. We had caught each other hovering, and we understood each other; but as I stepped over to her (so that we were separated from the sitting-room by the width of the hall), her lips formed the almost soundless entreaty, "Don't!" I could see in her conscious eyes everything that the word expressed—the confession of her own curiosity and the dread of the consequences of mine. "Don't!" she repeated, as I stood before her. From the moment my experiment could strike her as an act of violence I was ready to renounce it; yet I thought I detected in her frightened face a still deeper betrayal—a possibility of disappointment if I should give way. It was as if she had said: "I'll let you do it, if you'll take the responsibility. Yes, with some one else, I'd surprise him. But it would never do for him to think it was I."

"We soon found Lord Mellifont," I observed, in allusion to our encounter with her an hour before, "and he was so good as to give this lovely sketch to Mrs. Adney, who has asked me to come up and beg him to put in the omitted signature."

Lady Mellifont took the drawing from me, and I could guess the struggle that went on in her while she looked at it. She was silent for some time; then I felt that all her delicacies and dignities, all her old

timidities and pieties were fighting against her opportunity. She turned away from me and with the drawing went back to her room. She was absent for a couple of minutes, and when she reappeared I could see that she had vanquished her temptation; that even, with a kind of resurgent horror, she had shrunk from it. She had deposited the sketch in the room. "If you will kindly leave the picture with me, I will see that Mrs. Adney's request is attended to," she said, with great courtesy and sweetness, but in a manner that put an end to our colloquy.

I assented, with a somewhat artificial enthusiasm perhaps, and then, to ease off our separation, remarked that we were going to have a change of weather.

"In that case we shall go—we shall go immediately," said Lady Mellifont. I was amused at the eagerness with which she made this declaration, it appeared to represent a coveted flight into safety, an escape with her threatened secret. I was the more surprised, therefore, when, as I was turning away, she put out her hand to take mine. She had the pretext of bidding me farewell, but as I shook hands with her on this supposition I felt that what the movement really conveyed was: "I thank you for the help you would have given me, but it's better as it is. If I should know, who would help me then?" As I went to my room to get my umbrella I said to myself, "She's sure, but she won't put it to the proof."

A quarter of an hour later I had overtaken Clare Vawdrey in the pass, and shortly after this we found ourselves looking for refuge. The storm had not only completely gathered, but it had broken at the last with extraordinary rapidity. We scrambled up a hill-side to an empty cabin, a rough structure that was hardly more than a shed for the protection of cattle. It was a tolerable shelter however, and it had fissures through which we could watch the splendid spectacle of the tempest. This entertainment lasted an hour—an hour that has remained with me as full of odd disparities. While the lightning played with the thunder and the rain gushed in on our umbrellas, I said to myself that Clare Vawdrey was disappointing. I don't know exactly what I should have predicated of a great author exposed to the fury of the elements, I can't say what particular Manfred attitude I should have expected my companion to assume, but it seemed to me somehow that I shouldn't have looked to him to regale me in such a situation with stories (which I had already heard) about the celebrated Lady Ringrose. Her ladyship formed the subject of Vawdrey's conversation during this prodigious scene, though before it was quite over he had launched out on Mr. Chafer, the scarcely less notorious reviewer. It broke my heart to hear a man like Vawdrey talk of reviewers. The lightning projected a hard clearness upon the truth, familiar to me for years, to which the last day or two had added transcendent support—the irritating certitude that for personal relations this admirable genius thought his second-best good enough. It was, no doubt, as society was made, but there was a contempt in the distinction which could not fail to be galling to an admirer. The world was vulgar and stupid, and the real man would have been a fool to come out for it when he could gossip and dine by deputy. None the less my heart sank as I felt my companion practice this economy. I don't know exactly what I wanted; I suppose I wanted him to make an exception for me. I almost believed he would, if he had known how I worshipped his talent. But I had never been able to translate this to him, and his application of his principle was relentless. At any rate, I was more than ever sure that at such an hour his chair at home was not empty: there was the Manfred attitude, there were the responsive flashes. I could only envy Mrs. Adney her presumable enjoyment of them.

The weather drew off at last, and the rain abated sufficiently to allow us to emerge from our asylum and make our way back to the inn, where we found on our arrival that our prolonged absence had produced some agitation. It was judged apparently that the fury of the elements might have placed us in a predicament. Several of our friends were at the door, and they seemed a little disconcerted when it was perceived that we were only drenched. Clare Vawdrey, for some reason, was wetter than I, and he took his course to his room. Blanche Adney was among the persons collected to look out for us, but as

Vawdrey came towards her she shrank from him without a greeting; with a movement that I observed as almost one of estrangement she turned her back on him and went quickly into the salon. Wet as I was, I went in after her; on which she immediately flung round and faced me. The first thing I saw was that she had never been so beautiful. There was a light of inspiration in her face, and she broke out to me in the quickest whisper, which was at the same time the loudest cry, I have ever heard: "I've got my part!"

"You went to his room—I was right?"

"Right?" Blanche Adney repeated. "Ah, my dear fellow!" she murmured.

"He was there—you saw him?"

"He saw me. It was the hour of my life!"

"It must have been the hour of his, if you were half as lovely as you are at this moment."

"He's splendid," she pursued, as if she didn't hear me. "He is the one who does it!" I listened, immensely impressed, and she added: "We understood each other."

"By flashes of lightning?"

"Oh, I didn't see the lightning then!"

"How long were you there?" I asked, with admiration.

"Long enough to tell him I adore him."

"Ah, that's what I've never been able to tell him!" I exclaimed, ruefully.

"I shall have my part—I shall have my part!" she continued, with triumphant indifference, and she flung round the room with the joy of a girl, only checking herself to say: "Go and change your clothes."

"You shall have Lord Mellifont's signature," I said.

"Oh, bother Lord Mellifont's signature! He's far nicer than Mr. Vawdrey," she went on, irrelevantly.

"Lord Mellifont?" I pretended to inquire.

"Confound Lord Mellifont!" And Blanche Adney, in her elation, brushed by me, whisking again through the open door. Just outside of it she came upon her husband; whereupon, with a charming cry of "We're talking of you, my love!" she threw herself upon him and kissed him.

I went to my room and changed my clothes, but I remained there till the evening. The violence of the storm had passed over us, but the rain had settled down to a drizzle. On descending to dinner I found that the change in the weather had already broken up our party. The Mellifonts had departed in a carriage and four, they had been followed by others, and several vehicles had been bespoken for the morning. Blanche Adney's was one of them, and on the pretext that she had preparations to make, she quitted us directly after dinner. Clare Vawdrey asked me what was the matter with her—she suddenly



appeared to dislike him. I forget what answer I gave, but I did my best to comfort him by driving away with him the next day. Mrs. Adney had vanished when we came down; but they made up their quarrel in London, for he finished his play, which she produced. I must add that she is still, nevertheless, in want of the great part. I have a beautiful one in my head, but she doesn't come to see me to stir me up about it. Lady Mellifont always drops me a kind word when we meet, but that doesn't console me.

The Private Life, Lord Beaupré, The Visits  
(New York: Harper & Brothers, 1893) by Henry James  
"Lord Beaupré", Chapter 1 Chapter 2→  
LORD BEAUPRÉ

I

Some reference had been made to Northerley, which was within an easy drive, and Firminger described how he had dined there the night before and had found a lot of people. Mrs. Ashbury, one of the two visitors, inquired who these people might be, and he mentioned half a dozen names, among which was that of young Raddle, which had been a good deal on people's lips, and even in the newspapers, on the occasion, still recent, of his stepping into the fortune, exceptionally vast even as the product of a patent glue, left him by a father whose ugly name on all the vacant spaces of the world had exasperated generations of men.

"Oh, is he there?" asked Mrs. Ashbury, in a tone which might have been taken as a vocal rendering of the act of pricking up one's ears. She didn't hand on the information to her daughter, who was talking—if a beauty of so few phrases could have been said to talk—with Mary Gosselin, but in the course of a few moments she put down her teacup with a failure of suavity, and, getting up, gave the girl a poke with her parasol. "Come, Maud, we must be stirring."

"You pay us a very short visit," said Mrs. Gosselin, intensely demure over the fine web of her knitting. Mrs. Ashbury looked hard for an instant into her bland eyes, then she gave poor Maud another poke. She alluded to a reason and expressed regrets; but she got her daughter into motion, and Guy Firminger passed through the garden with the two ladies, to put them into their carriage. Mrs. Ashbury protested particularly against any further escort. While he was absent the other parent and child, sitting together on their pretty lawn in the yellow light of the August afternoon, talked of the frightful way Maud Ashbury had "gone off," and of something else as to which there was more to say when their third visitor came back.

"Don't think me grossly inquisitive if I ask you where they told the coachman to drive," said Mary Gosselin, as the young man dropped near her into a low wicker chair, stretching his long legs as if he had been one of the family.

Firminger stared. "Upon my word, I didn't particularly notice; but I think the old lady said 'Home.'"

"There, mamma dear!" the girl exclaimed triumphantly.

But Mrs. Gosselin only knitted on, persisting in profundity. She replied that "Home" was a feint, that Mrs. Ashbury would already have given another order, and that it was her wish to hurry off to Northerley that had made her keep them from going with her to the carriage, in which they would have seen her take a suspected direction. Mary explained to Guy Firminger that her mother had perceived

poor Mrs. Ashbury to be frantic to reach the house at which she had heard that Mr. Raddle was staying. The young man stared again, and wanted to know what she desired to do with Mr. Raddle. Mary replied that her mother would tell him what Mrs. Ashbury desired to do with poor Maud.

"What all Christian mothers desire," said Mrs. Gosselin. "Only she doesn't know how."

"To marry the dear child to Mr. Raddle," Mary added, smiling.

Firminger's vagueness expanded with the subject. "Do you mean you want to marry your dear child to that little cad?" he asked, of the elder lady.

"I speak of the general duty—not of the particular case," said Mrs. Gosselin.

"Mamma does know how," Mary went on.

"Then, why ain't you married?"

"Because we're not acting, like the Ashburys, with injudicious precipitation. Is that correct?" the girl demanded, laughing, of her mother.

"Laugh at me, my dear, as much as you like—it's very lucky you've got me," Mrs. Gosselin declared.

"She means I can't manage for myself," said Mary, to the visitor.

"What nonsense you talk!" Mrs. Gosselin murmured, counting stitches.

"I can't, mamma, I can't; I admit it," Mary continued.

"But injudicious precipitation and—what's the other thing?—creeping prudence, seem to come out in very much the same place," the young man objected.

"Do you mean since I too wither on the tree?"

"It only comes back to saying how hard it is nowadays to marry one's daughters," said the lucid Mrs. Gosselin, saving Firminger, however, the trouble of an ingenious answer. "I don't contend that, at the best, it's easy."

But Guy Firminger would not have struck you as capable of much conversational effort as he lounged there in the summer softness, with ironic familiarities, like one of the old friends who rarely deviate into sincerity. He was a robust but loose-limbed young man, with a well-shaped head and a face smooth, fair, and kind. He was in knickerbockers, and his clothes, which had seen service, were composed of articles that didn't match. His laced boots were dusty—he had evidently walked a certain distance; an indication confirmed by the lingering, sociable way in which, in his basket-seat, he tilted himself towards Mary Gosselin. It pointed to a pleasant reason for a long walk. This young lady, of five-and-twenty, had black hair and blue eyes; a combination often associated with the effect of beauty. The beauty in this case, however, was dim and latent, not vulgarly obvious, and if her height and slenderness gave that impression of length of line which, as we know, is the fashion, Mary Gosselin had, on the other hand, too much expression to be generally admired. Every one thought her intellectual; a few of the most simple-minded even thought her plain. What Guy Firminger thought—or

rather what he took for granted, for he was not built up on depths of reflection—will probably appear from this narrative.

"Yes, indeed; things have come to a pass that's awful for us," the girl announced.

"For us, you mean," said Firminger. "We're hunted like the ostrich; we're trapped and stalked and run to earth. We go in fear—I assure you we do."

"Are you hunted, Guy?" Mrs. Gosselin asked, with an inflection of her own.

"Yes, Mrs. Gosselin, even moi qui vous parle, the ordinary male of commerce, inconceivable as it may appear. I know something about it."

"And of whom do you go in fear?" Mary Gosselin took up an uncut book and a paper-knife which she had laid down on the advent of the other visitors.

"My dear child, of Diana and her nymphs, of the spinster at large. She's always out with her rifle. And it isn't only that; you know there's always a second gun, a walking arsenal, at her heels. I forget, for the moment, who Diana's mother was, and the genealogy of the nymphs; but not only do the old ladies know the younger ones are out—they distinctly go with them."

"Who was Diana's mother, my dear?" Mrs. Gosselin inquired of her daughter.

"She was a beautiful old lady with pink ribbons in her cap and a genius for knitting," the girl replied, cutting her book.

"Oh, I'm not speaking of you two dears; you're not like any one else; you're an immense comfort," said Guy Firminger. "But they've reduced it to a science, and I assure you that if one were any one in particular, if one were not protected by one's obscurity, one's life would be a burden. Upon my honor, one wouldn't escape. I've seen it, I've watched them. Look at poor Beaupré—look at little Raddle over there. I object to him, but I bleed for him."

"Lord Beaupré won't marry again," said Mrs. Gosselin, with an air of conviction.

"So much the worse for him!"

"Come—that's a concession to our charms!" Mary laughed.

But the ruthless young man explained away his concession. "I mean that to be married's the only protection—or else to be engaged."

"To be permanently engaged—wouldn't that do?" Mary Gosselin asked.

"Beautifully—I would try it if I were a parti."

"And how's the little boy?" Mrs. Gosselin presently inquired.

"What little boy?"

"Your little cousin—Lord Beaupré's child; isn't it a boy?"

"Oh, poor little beggar, he isn't up to much. He was awfully cut up by scarlet fever."

"You're not the rose indeed, but you're tolerably near it," the elder lady presently continued.

"What do you call near it? Not even in the same garden—not in any garden at all, alas!"

"There are three lives—but after all!"

"Dear lady, don't be homicidal!"

"What do you call the 'rose?'" Mary asked of her mother.

"The title," said Mrs. Gosselin, promptly but softly.

Something in her tone made Firminger laugh aloud. "You don't mention the property."

"Oh, I mean the whole thing."

"Is the property very large?" said Mary Gosselin.

"Fifty thousand a year," her mother responded; at which the young man laughed out again.

"Take care, mamma, or we shall be thought to be out with our guns!" the girl interposed; a recommendation that drew from Guy Firminger the just remark that there would be time enough for that when his prospects should be worth speaking of. He leaned over to pick up his hat and stick, as if it were his time to go; but he didn't go for another quarter of an hour, and during these minutes his prospects received some frank consideration. He was Lord Beaupré's first cousin, and the three intervening lives were his lordship's own, that of his little sickly son, and that of his uncle the Major, who was also Guy's uncle, and with whom the young man was at present staying. It was from homely Trist, the Major's house, that he had walked over to Mrs. Gosselin's. Frank Firminger, who had married in youth a woman with something of her own, and eventually left the army, had nothing but girls, but he was only of middle age, and might possibly still have a son. At any rate, his life was a very good one. Beaupré might marry again, and, marry or not, he was barely thirty-three, and might live to a great age. The child, moreover, poor little devil, would doubtless, with the growing consciousness of an incentive (there was none like feeling you were in people's way), develop a capacity for duration; so that altogether Guy professed himself, with the best will in the world, unable to take a rosy view of the disappearance of obstacles. He treated the subject with a jocularly that, in view of the remoteness of his chance, was not wholly tasteless, and the discussion, between old friends and in the light of this extravagance, was less crude than perhaps it sounds. The young man quite declined to see any latent brilliancy in his future. They had all been lashing him up, his poor dear mother, his uncle Frank, and Beaupré as well, to make that future political; but even if he should get in (he was nursing—oh, so languidly!—a possible opening), it would only be into the shallow edge of the stream. He would stand there like a tall idiot, with the water up to his ankles. He didn't know how to swim in that element; he didn't know how to do anything.

"I think you're very perverse, my dear," said Mrs. Gosselin. "I'm sure you have great dispositions."

"For what—except for sitting here and talking with you and Mary? I revel in this sort of thing, but I scarcely like anything else."

"You'd do very well, if you weren't so lazy," Mary said. "I believe you're the very laziest person in the world."

"So do I—the very laziest in the world," the young man contentedly replied. "But how can I regret it, when it keeps me so quiet, when (I might even say) it makes me so amiable?"

"You'll have, one of these days, to get over your quietness, and perhaps even a little over your amiability," Mrs. Gosselin sagaciously stated.

"I devoutly hope not."

"You'll have to perform the duties of your position."

"Do you mean keep my stump of a broom in order and my crossing irreproachable?"

"You may say what you like; you will be a parti," Mrs. Gosselin continued.

"Well, then, if the worst comes to the worst, I shall do what I said just now: I shall get some good plausible girl to see me through."

"The proper way to 'get' her will be to marry her. After you're married you won't be a parti."

"Dear mamma, he'll think you're already levelling your rifle!" Mary Gosselin laughingly wailed.

Guy Firminger looked at her a moment. "I say, Mary, wouldn't you do?"

"For the good plausible girl? Should I be plausible enough?"

"Surely—what could be more natural? Everything would seem to contribute to the suitability of our alliance. I should be known to have known you for years—from childhood's sunny hour; I should be known to have bullied you, and even to have been bullied by you, in the period of pinafores. My relations from a tender age with your brother, which led to our school-room romps in holidays, and to the happy footing on which your mother has always been so good as to receive me here, would add to all the presumptions of intimacy. People would accept such a conclusion as inevitable."

"Among all your reasons you don't mention the young lady's attractions," said Mary Gosselin.

Firminger stared a moment, his clear eye lighted by his happy thought. "I don't mention the young man's. They would be so obvious, on one side and the other, as to be taken for granted."

"And is it your idea that one should pretend to be engaged to you all one's life?"

"Oh no; simply till I should have had time to look round. I'm determined not to be hustled and bewildered into matrimony—to be dragged to the shambles before I know where I am. With such an arrangement as the one I speak of I should be able to take my time, to keep my head, to make my choice."

"And how would the young lady make hers?"

"How do you mean, hers?"

"The selfishness of men is something exquisite. Suppose the young lady—if it's conceivable that you should find one idiotic enough to be a party to such a transaction—suppose the poor girl herself should happen to wish to be really engaged?"

Guy Firminger thought a moment, with his slow but not stupid smile. "Do you mean to me?"

"To you—or to some one else."

"Oh, if she'd give me notice, I'd let her off."

"Let her off till you could find a substitute?"

"Yes; but I confess it would be a great inconvenience. People wouldn't take the second one so seriously."

"She would have to make a sacrifice; she would have to wait till you should know where you were," Mrs. Gosselin suggested.

"Yes, but where would her advantage come in?" Mary persisted.

"Only in the pleasure of charity; the moral satisfaction of doing a fellow a good turn," said Firminger.

"You must think people are keen to oblige you!"

"Ah, but surely I could count on you, couldn't I?" the young man asked.

Mary had finished cutting her book; she got up and flung it down on the tea-table. "What a preposterous conversation!" she exclaimed with force, tossing the words from her as she tossed her book; and, looking round her vaguely a moment, without meeting Guy Firminger's eyes, she walked away to the house.

Firminger sat watching her; then he said serenely to her mother: "Why has our Mary left us?"

"She has gone to get something, I suppose."

"What has she gone to get?"

"A little stick, to beat you, perhaps."

"You don't mean I've been objectionable?"

"Dear, no—I'm joking. One thing is very certain," pursued Mrs. Gosselin; "that you ought to work—to try to get on exactly as if nothing could ever happen. Oughtn't you?" She threw off the question mechanically as her visitor continued silent.

"I'm sure she doesn't like it!" he exclaimed, without heeding her appeal.

"Doesn't like what?"

"My free play of mind. It's perhaps too much in the key of our old romps."

"You're very clever; she always likes that," said Mrs. Gosselin. "You ought to go in for something serious, for something honorable," she continued, "just as much as if you had nothing at all to look to."

"Words of wisdom, dear Mrs. Gosselin," Firminger replied, rising slowly from his relaxed attitude.

"But what have I to look to?"

She raised her mild, deep eyes to him as he stood before her—she might have been a fairy godmother. "Everything!"

"But you know I can't poison them!"

"That won't be necessary."

He looked at her an instant; then, with a laugh, "One might think you would undertake it!"

"I almost would—for you. Good-bye."

"Take care—if they should be carried off!" But Mrs. Gosselin only repeated her good-bye, and the young man departed before Mary had come back.

The Private Life, Lord Beaupré, The Visits  
(New York: Harper & Brothers, 1893) by Henry James

"Lord Beaupré", Chapter 2 Chapter 3→

II

Nearly two years after Guy Firminger had spent that friendly hour in Mrs. Gosselin's little garden in Hampshire this farseeing woman was enabled (by the return of her son, who in New York, in an English bank, occupied a position in which they all rejoiced, to such great things might it possibly lead) to resume possession, for the season, of the little house in London which her husband had left her to live in, but which her native thrift, in determining her to let it for a term, had converted into a source of income. Hugh Gosselin, who was thirty years old, and at twenty-three, before his father's death, had been despatched to America to exert himself, was understood to be doing very well—so well that his devotion to the interests of his employers had been rewarded, for the first time, with a real holiday. He was to remain in England from May to August, undertaking, as he said, to make it all right if during this time his mother should occupy (to contribute to his entertainment) the habitation in Chester Street. He was a small, preoccupied young man, with a sharpness as acquired as a new hat; he struck his mother and sister as intensely American. For the first few days after his arrival they were startled by his intonations, though they admitted that they had an escape when he reminded them that he might have brought with him an accent embodied in a wife.

"When you do take one," said Mrs. Gosselin, who regarded such an accident over there as inevitable,

"you must charge her high for it."

It was not with this question, however, that the little family in Chester Street was mainly engaged, but with the last incident in the extraordinary succession of events which, like a chapter of romance, had in the course of a few months converted their vague and impecunious friend into a personage envied and honored. It was as if a blight had been cast on all Guy Firminger's hinderances. On the day Hugh Gosselin sailed from New York the delicate little boy at Bosco had succumbed to an attack of diphtheria. His father had died of typhoid the previous winter at Naples; his uncle, a few weeks later, had had a fatal accident in the hunting-field. So strangely, so rapidly had the situation cleared up, had his fate and theirs worked for him. Guy had opened his eyes one morning to an earldom which carried with it a fortune not alone nominally but really great. Mrs. Gosselin and Mary had not written to him, but they knew he was at Bosco; he had remained there after the funeral of the late little lord. Mrs. Gosselin, who heard everything, had heard somehow that he was behaving with the greatest consideration, giving the guardians, the trustees, whatever they were called, plenty of time to do everything. Everything was comparatively simple; in the absence of collaterals there were so few other people concerned. The principal relatives were poor Frank Firminger's widow and her girls, who had seen themselves so near to new honors and comforts. Probably the girls would expect their cousin Guy to marry one of them, and think it the least he could decently do; a view the young man himself (if he were very magnanimous) might possibly embrace. The question would be whether he would be very magnanimous. These young ladies exhausted in their three persons the numerous varieties of plainness. On the other hand, Guy Firminger—or Lord Beaupré, as one would have to begin to call him now—was unmistakably kind. Mrs. Gosselin appealed to her son as to whether their noble friend were not unmistakably kind.

"Of course I've known him always, and that time he came out to America—when was it? four years ago—I saw him every day. I like him awfully, and all that; but since you push me, you know," said Hugh Gosselin, "I'm bound to say that the first thing to mention in any description of him would be—if you wanted to be quite correct—that he's unmistakably selfish."

"I see—I see," Mrs. Gosselin unblushingly replied. "Of course I know what you mean," she added, in a moment. "But is he any more so than any one else? Every one's unmistakably selfish."

"Every one but you and Mary," said the young man.

"And you, dear!" his mother smiled. "But a person may be kind, you know—mayn't he?—at the same time that he is selfish. There are different sorts."

"Different sorts of kindness?" Hugh Gosselin asked, with a laugh; and the inquiry undertaken by his mother occupied them for the moment, demanding a subtlety of treatment from which they were not conscious of shrinking, of which rather they had an idea that they were perhaps exceptionally capable. They came back to the temperate view that Guy would never put himself out, would probably never do anything great, but might show himself all the same a delightful member of society. Yes, he was probably selfish, like other people; but unlike most of them he was, somehow, amiably, attachingly, sociably, almost lovably selfish. Without doing anything great he would yet be a great success—a big, pleasant, gossiping, lounging, and, in its way, doubtless very splendid, presence. He would have no ambition, and it was ambition that made selfishness ugly. Hugh and his mother were sure of this last point until Mary, before whom the discussion, when it reached this stage, happened to be carried on, checked them by asking whether that, on the contrary, were not just what was supposed to make it fine.



"Oh, he only wants to be comfortable," said her brother, "but he does want it!"

"There'll be a tremendous rush for him," Mrs. Gosselin prophesied to her son.

"Oh, he'll never marry. It will be too much trouble."

"It's done here without any trouble—for the men. One sees how long you've been out of the country."

"There was a girl in New York whom he might have married—he really liked her. But he wouldn't turn round for her."

"Perhaps she wouldn't turn round for him," said Mary.

"I dare say she'll turn round now," Mrs. Gosselin rejoined; on which Hugh mentioned that there was nothing to be feared from her, all her revolutions had been accomplished. He added that nothing would make any difference—so intimate was his conviction that Beaupré would preserve his independence.

"Then I think he's not so selfish as you say," Mary declared; "or, at any rate, one will never know whether he is. Isn't married life the great chance to show it?"

"Your father never showed it," said Mrs. Gosselin; and as her children were silent in presence of this tribute to the departed, she added, smiling, "Perhaps you think that I did!" They embraced her, to indicate what they thought, and the conversation ended when she had remarked that Lord Beaupré was a man who would be perfectly easy to manage after marriage, with Hugh's exclaiming that this was doubtless exactly why he wished to keep out of it.

Such was evidently his wish, as they were able to judge in Chester Street when he came up to town. He appeared there oftener than was to have been expected, not taking himself, in his new character, at all too seriously to find stray half-hours for old friends. It was plain that he was going to do just as he liked, that he was not a bit excited or uplifted by his change of fortune. Mary Gosselin observed that he had no imagination—she even reproached him with the deficiency to his face; an incident which showed indeed how little seriously she took him. He had no idea of playing a part, and yet he would have been clever enough. He wasn't even systematic about being simple; his simplicity was a series of accidents and indifferences. Never was a man more conscientiously superficial. There were matters on which he valued Mrs. Gosselin's judgment and asked her advice—without, as usually appeared later, ever taking it; such questions, mainly, as the claims of a predecessor's servants, and those, in respect to social intercourse, of the clergyman's family. He didn't like his parson—what was a fellow to do when he didn't like his parson? What he did like was to talk with Hugh about American investments, and it was amusing to Hugh, though he tried not to show his amusement, to find himself looking at Guy Firminger in the light of capital. To Mary he addressed from the first the oddest snatches of confidential discourse, rendered in fact, however, by the levity of his tone, considerably less confidential than in intention. He had something to tell her that he joked about, yet without admitting that it was any less important for being laughable. It was neither more nor less than that Charlotte Firminger, the eldest of his late uncle's four girls, had designated to him in the clearest manner the person she considered he ought to marry. She appealed to his sense of justice, she spoke and wrote, or at any rate she looked and moved, she sighed and sang, in the name of common honesty. He had had four letters from her that week, and to his knowledge there were a series of people in London, people she could bully, whom she had got to promise to take her in for the season. She was going to be on the spot, she was going to follow him up. He took his stand on common honesty, but he had a mortal horror of Charlotte. At the

same time, when a girl had a jaw like that and had marked you—really marked you, mind, you felt your safety oozing away. He had given them during the past three months, all those terrible girls, every sort of present that Bond Street could supply; but these demonstrations had only been held to constitute another pledge. Therefore what was a fellow to do? Besides, there were other portents; the air was thick with them, as the sky over battle-fields was darkened by the flight of vultures. They were flocking, the birds of prey, from every quarter, and every girl in England, by Jove! was going to be thrown at his head. What had he done to deserve such a fate? He wanted to stop in England and see all sorts of things through; but how could he stand there and face such a charge? Yet what good would it do to bolt? Wherever he should go there would be fifty of them there first. On his honor he could say that he didn't deserve it; he had never, to his own sense, been a flirt, such a flirt at least as to have given any one a handle. He appealed candidly to Mary Gosselin to know whether his past conduct justified such penalties. "Have I been a flirt—have I given any one a handle?" he inquired, with pathetic intensity.

She met his appeal by declaring that he had been awful, committing himself right and left; and this manner of treating his affliction contributed to the sarcastic publicity (as regarded the little house in Chester Street) which presently became its natural element. Lord Beaupré's comical and yet thoroughly grounded view of his danger was soon a frequent theme among the Gosselins, who however had their own reasons for not communicating the alarm. They had no motive for concealing their interest in their old friend, but their allusions to him among their other friends may be said on the whole to have been studied. His state of mind recalled of course to Mary and her mother the queer talk about his prospects that they had had in the country that afternoon on which Mrs. Gosselin had been so strangely prophetic (she confessed that she had had a flash of divination: the future had been mysteriously revealed to her), and poor Guy, too, had seen himself quite as he was to be. He had seen his nervousness, under inevitable pressure, deepen to a panic, and he now, in intimate hours, made no attempt to disguise that a panic had become his portion. It was a fixed idea with him that he should fall a victim to woven toils, be caught in a trap constructed with superior science. The science evolved in an enterprising age by this branch of industry, the manufacture of the trap matrimonial, he had terrible anecdotes to illustrate; and what had he on his lips but a scientific term when he declared, as he perpetually did, that it was his fate to be hypnotized?

Mary Gosselin reminded him, they each in turn reminded him, that his safeguard was to fall in love; were he once to put himself under that protection, all of the mothers and maids in Mayfair would not prevail against him. He replied that this was just the impossibility; it took leisure and calmness and opportunity and a free mind to fall in love, and never was a man less open to such experiences. He was literally fighting his way. He reminded the girl of his old fancy for pretending already to have disposed of his hand if he could put that hand on a young person who would like him well enough to be willing to participate in the fraud. She would have to place herself in rather a false position, of course—have to take a certain amount of trouble; but there would, after all, be a good deal of fun in it (there was always fun in duping the world) between the pair themselves, the two happy comedians.

"Why should they both be happy?" Mary Gosselin asked. "I understand why you should; but, frankly, I don't quite grasp the reason of her pleasure."

Lord Beaupré, with his sunny human eyes, thought a moment. "Why, for the lark, as they say, and that sort of thing. I should be awfully nice to her."

"She would require indeed to be in want of recreation!"

"Ah, but I should want a good sort—a quiet, reasonable one, you know!" he somewhat eagerly

interposed.

"You're too delightful!" Mary Gosselin exclaimed, continuing to laugh. He thanked her for this appreciation, and she returned to her point—that she didn't really see the advantage his accomplice could hope to enjoy as her compensation for extreme disturbance.

Guy Finninger stared. "But what extreme disturbance?"

"Why, it would take a lot of time; it might become intolerable."

"You mean I ought to pay her—to hire her for the season?"

Mary Gosselin considered him a moment. "Wouldn't marriage come cheaper at once?" she asked, with a quieter smile.

"You are chaffing me!" he sighed, forgivingly. "Of course she would have to be good-natured enough to pity me."

"Pity's akin to love. If she were good-natured enough to want to help you, she'd be good-natured enough to want to marry you. That would be her idea of help."

"Would it be yours?" Lord Beaupré asked, rather eagerly.

"You're too absurd! You must sail your own boat!" the girl answered, turning away.

That evening at dinner she stated to her companions that she had never seen a fatuity so dense, so serene, so preposterous as his lordship's.

"Fatuity, my dear! what do you mean?" her mother inquired.

"Oh, mamma, you know perfectly." Mary Gosselin spoke with a certain impatience.

"If you mean he's conceited, I'm bound to say I don't agree with you," her brother observed. "He's too indifferent to every one's opinion for that."

"He's not vain, he's not proud, he's not pompous," said Mrs. Gosselin.

Mary was silent a moment. "He takes more things for granted than any one I ever saw."

"What sort of things?"

"Well, one's interest in his affairs."

"With old friends surely a gentleman may."

"Of course," said Hugh Gosselin; "old friends have in turn the right to take for granted a corresponding interest on his part."

"Well, who could be nicer to us than he is, or come to see us oftener?" his mother asked.

"He comes exactly for the purpose I speak of—to talk about himself," said Mary.

"There are thousands of girls who would be delighted with his talk," Mrs. Gosselin returned.

"We agreed long ago that he's intensely selfish," the girl went on; "and if I speak of it to-day, it's not because that in itself is anything of a novelty. What I'm freshly struck with is simply that he more shamelessly shows it."

"He shows it, exactly," said Hugh; "he shows all there is. There it is, on the surface; there are not depths of it underneath."

"He's not hard," Mrs. Gosselin contended; "he's not impervious."

"Do you mean he's soft?" Mary asked.

"I mean he's yielding." And Mrs. Gosselin, with considerable expression, looked across at her daughter. She added, before they rose from dinner, that poor Beaupré had plenty of difficulties, and that she thought, for her part, they ought in common loyalty to do what they could to assist him.

For a week nothing more passed between the two ladies on the subject of their noble friend, and in the course of this week they had the amusement of receiving in Chester Street a member of Hugh's American circle, Mr. Bolton-Brown, a young man from New York. He was a person engaged in large affairs, for whom Hugh Gosselin professed the highest regard, from whom in New York he had received much hospitality, and for whose advent he had from the first prepared his companions. Mrs. Gosselin begged the amiable stranger to stay with them, and if she failed to overcome his hesitation, it was because his hotel was near at hand and he should be able to see them often. It became evident that he would do so, and, to the two ladies, as the days went by, equally evident that no objection to such a relation was likely to arise. Mr. Bolton-Brown was delightfully fresh; the most usual expressions acquired on his lips a wellnigh comical novelty, the most superficial sentiments, in the look with which he accompanied them, a really touching sincerity. He was unmarried and good-looking, clever and natural, and if he was not very rich, was at least very freehanded. He literally strewed the path of the ladies in Chester Street with flowers, he choked them with French confectionery. Hugh, however, who was often rather mysterious on monetary questions, placed in a light sufficiently clear the fact that his friend had in Wall Street (they knew all about Wall Street) improved each shining hour. They introduced him to Lord Beaupré, who thought him "tremendous fun," as Hugh said, and who immediately declared that the four must spend a Sunday at Bosco a week or two later. The date of this visit was fixed—Mrs. Gosselin had uttered a comprehensive acceptance; but after Guy Firminger had taken leave of them (this had been his first appearance since the odd conversation with Mary), our young lady confided to her mother that she should not be able to join the little party. She expressed the conviction that it would be all that was essential if Mrs. Gosselin should go with the two others. On being pressed to communicate the reason of this aloofness, Mary was able to give no better one than that she never had cared for Bosco.

"What makes you hate him so?" her mother presently broke out, in a tone which brought the red to the girl's cheek. Mary denied that she entertained for Lord Beaupré any sentiment so intense; to which Mrs. Gosselin rejoined, with some sternness and, no doubt, considerable wisdom: "Look out what you do, then, or you'll be thought by every one to be in love with him!"

The Private Life, Lord Beaupré, The Visits  
(New York: Harper & Brothers, 1893) by Henry James  
"Lord Beaupré", Chapter 3 Chapter 4→  
III

I know not whether it was this danger—that of appearing to be moved to extremes—that weighed with Mary Gosselin; at any rate, when the day, arrived she had decided to be perfectly colorless and take her share of Lord Beaupré's hospitality. On perceiving that the house, when with her companions she reached it, was full of visitors, she consoled herself with the sense that such a share would be of the smallest. She even wondered whether its smallness might not be caused in some degree by the sufficiently startling presence, in this stronghold of the single life, of Maud Ashbury and her mother. It was true that during the Saturday evening she never saw their host address an observation to them; but she was struck, as she had been struck before, with the girl's cold and magnificent beauty. It was very well to say she had "gone off;" she was still handsomer than any one else. She had failed in everything she had tried; the campaign undertaken with so much energy against young Raddle had been conspicuously disastrous. Young Raddle had married his grandmother, or a person who might have filled such an office, and Maud was a year older, a year more disappointed, and a year more ridiculous. Nevertheless one could scarcely believe that a creature with such advantages would always fail, though, indeed, the poor girl was stupid enough to be a warning. Perhaps it would be at Bosco, or with the master of Bosco, that fate had appointed her to succeed. Except Mary herself, she was the only young unmarried woman on the scene, and Mary glowed with the generous sense of not being a competitor. She felt as much out of the question as the blooming wives, the heavy matrons, who formed the rest of the female contingent. Before the evening closed, however, her host, who, she saw, was delightful in his own house, mentioned to her that he had a couple of guests who had not been invited.

"Not invited?"

"They drove up to my door as they might have done to an inn. They asked for rooms, and complained of those that were given them. Don't pretend not to know who they are."

"Do you mean the Ashburys? How amusing!"

"Don't laugh; it freezes my blood."

"Do you really mean you're afraid of them?"

"I tremble like a leaf. Some monstrous ineluctable fate seems to look at me out of their eyes."

"That's because you secretly admire Maud. How can you help it? She's extremely good-looking, and if you get rid of her mother, she'll become a very nice girl."

"It's an odious thing, no doubt, to say about a young person under one's own roof, but I don't think I ever saw any one who happened to be less to my taste," said Guy Firminger. "I don't know why I don't turn them out even now."

Mary persisted in sarcasm. "Perhaps you can make her have a worse time by letting her stay."

"Please don't laugh," her interlocutor repeated. "Such a fact as I have mentioned to you seems to me to speak volumes—to show you what my life is."

"Oh, your life, your life!" Mary Gosselin murmured, with her mocking note.

"Don't you agree that at such a rate it may easily become impossible?"

"Many people would change with you. I don't see what there is for you to do but to bear your cross!"

"That's easy talk!" Lord Beaupré sighed.

"Especially from me, do you mean? How do you know I don't bear mine?"

"Yours?" he asked, vaguely.

"How do you know that I'm not persecuted, that my footsteps are not dogged, that my life isn't a burden?"

They were walking in the old gardens, the proprietor of which, at this, stopped short. "Do you mean by fellows who want to marry you?"

His tone produced on his companion's part an irrepressible peal of hilarity; but she walked on as she exclaimed: "You speak as if there couldn't be such madmen!"

"Of course such a charming girl must be made up to," Guy Firminger conceded as he overtook her.

"I don't speak of it; I keep quiet about it."

"You realize then, at any rate, that it's all horrid when you don't care for them."

"I suffer in silence, because I know there are worse tribulations. It seems to me you ought to remember that," Mary continued. "Your cross is small compared with your crown. You've everything in the world that most people most desire, and I'm bound to say I think your life is made very comfortable for you. If you're oppressed by the quantity of interest and affection you inspire, you ought simply to make up your mind to bear up and be cheerful under it."

Lord Beaupré received this admonition with perfect good-humor; he professed himself able to do it full justice. He remarked that he would gladly give up some of his material advantages to be a little less badgered, and that he had been quite content with his former insignificance. No doubt, however, such annoyances were the essential drawbacks of ponderous promotions; one had to pay for everything. Mary was quite right to rebuke him; her own attitude, as a young woman much admired, was a lesson to his irritability. She cut this appreciation short, speaking of something else; but a few minutes later he broke out irrelevantly: "Why, if you are hunted as well as I, that dodge I proposed to you would be just the thing for us both!" He had evidently been reasoning it out.

Mary Gosselin was silent at first, she only paused gradually in their walk at a point where four long alleys met. In the centre of the circle, on a massive pedestal, rose in Italian bronze a florid, complicated

image, so that the place made a charming Old World picture. The grounds of Bosco were stately without stiffness and full of marble terraces and misty avenues. The fountains in particular were royal. The girl had told her mother in London that she disliked this fine residence, but she now looked round her with a vague, pleased, sigh, holding up her glass (she had been condemned to wear one, with a long handle, since she was fifteen), to consider the weather-stained garden group. "What a perfect place of its kind!" she musingly exclaimed.

"Wouldn't it really be just the thing?" Lord Beaupré went on, with the eagerness of his idea.

"Wouldn't what be just the thing?"

"Why, the defensive alliance we've already talked of. You wanted to know the good it would do you. Now you see the good it would do you!"

"I don't like practical jokes," said Mary. "The remedy's worse than the disease," she added; and she began to follow one of the paths that took the direction of the house.

Poor Lord Beaupré was absurdly in love with his invention, he had all an inventor's importunity. He kept up his attempt to place his "dodge" in a favorable light, in spite of a further objection from his companion, who assured him that it was one of those contrivances which break down in practice in just the proportion in which they make a figure in theory. At last she said: "I was not sincere just now when I told you I'm worried. I'm not worried!"

"They don't buzz about you?" Guy Firminger asked.

She hesitated an instant. "They buzz about me; but at bottom it's flattering, and I don't mind it. Now please drop the subject."

He dropped the subject, though not without congratulating her on the fact that, unlike his infirm self, she could keep her head and her temper. His infirmity found a trap laid for it before they had proceeded twenty yards, as was proved by his sudden exclamation of horror. "Good heavens—if there isn't Lottie!"

Mary perceived, in effect, in the distance a female figure coming towards them over a stretch of lawn, and she simultaneously saw, as a gentleman passed from behind a clump of shrubbery, that it was not unattended. She recognized Charlotte Firminger, and she also distinguished the gentleman. She was moved to larger mirth at the dismay expressed by poor Firminger, but she was able to articulate: "Walking with Mr. Brown!"

Lord Beaupré stopped again before they were joined by the pair. "Does he buzz about you?"

"Mercy, what questions you ask!" his companion exclaimed.

"Does he—please?" the young man repeated, with odd intensity.

Mary looked at him an instant; she was puzzled by the deep annoyance that had flushed through the essential good-humor of his face. Then she saw that this annoyance had exclusive reference to poor Charlotte; so that it left her free to reply, with another laugh: "Well, yes—he does. But you know I like it!"

"I don't, then!" Before she could have asked him, even had she wished to, in what manner such a circumstance concerned him, he added, with his droll agitation: "I never invited her, either! Don't let her get at me!"

"What can I do?" Mary demanded, as the others advanced.

"Please take her away, keep her yourself! I'll take the American, I'll keep him," he murmured, inconsequently, as a bribe.

"But I don't object to him."

"Do you like him so much?"

"Very much indeed," the girl replied.

The reply was perhaps lost upon her interlocutor, whose eye now fixed itself gloomily on the dauntless Charlotte. As Miss Firminger came nearer he exclaimed, almost loud enough for her to hear, "I think I shall murder her some day!"

Mary Gosselin's first impression had been that, in his panic, under the empire of that fixed idea to which he confessed himself subject, he attributed to his kinswoman machinations and aggressions of which she was incapable; an impression that might have been confirmed by this young lady's decorous placidity, her passionless eyes, her expressionless cheeks, and colorless tones. She was ugly, yet she was orthodox; she was not what writers of books called intense. But after Mary, to oblige their host, had tried, successfully enough, to be crafty, had drawn her on to stroll a little in advance of the two gentlemen, she became promptly aware, by the mystical influence of propinquity, that Miss Firminger was indeed full of views, of a purpose single, simple, and strong, which gave her the effect of a person carrying with a stiff, steady hand, with eyes fixed and lips compressed, a cup charged to the brim. She had driven over to lunch, driven from somewhere in the neighborhood; she had picked up some weak woman as an escort. Mary, though she knew the neighborhood, failed to recognize her base of operations; and as Charlotte was not specific, ended by suspecting that, far from being entertained by friends, she had put up at an inn and hired a fly. This suspicion startled her; it gave her for the first time something of the measure of the passions engaged, and she wondered to what the insecurity complained of by Guy might lead. Charlotte on arriving had gone through a part of the house in quest of its master (the servants being unable to tell her where he was), and she had finally come upon Mr. Bolton-Brown, who was looking at old books in the library. He had placed himself at her service, as if he had been trained immediately to recognize in such a case his duty, and informing her that he believed Lord Beaupré to be in the grounds, had come out with her to help to find him. Lottie Firminger questioned her companion about this accommodating person; she intimated that he was rather odd but rather nice. Mary mentioned to her that Lord Beaupré thought highly of him; she believed they were going somewhere together. At this Miss Firminger turned round to look for them, but they had already disappeared, and the girl became ominously dumb.

Mary wondered afterwards what profit she could hope to derive from such proceedings; they struck her own sense, naturally, as disreputable and desperate. She was equally unable to discover the compensation they offered, in another variety, to poor Maud Ashbury, whom Lord Beaupré, the greater part of the day, neglected as conscientiously as he neglected his cousin. She asked herself if he should be blamed, and replied that the others should be blamed first. He got rid of Charlotte somehow after



tea; she had to fall back to her mysterious lines. Mary knew this method would have been detestable to him—he hated to force his friendly nature; she was sorry for him and wished to lose sight of him. She wished not to be mixed up, even indirectly, with his tribulations, and the fevered faces of the Ashburys were particularly dreadful to her. She spent as much of the long summer afternoon as possible out of the house, which, indeed, on such an occasion, emptied itself of most of its inmates. Mary Gosselin asked her brother to join her in a devious ramble; she might have had other society, but she was in a mood to prefer his. These two were "great chums," and they had been separated so long that they had arrears of talk to make up. They had been at Bosco more than once, and though Hugh Gosselin said that the land of the free (which he had assured his sister was even more enslaved than dear old England) made one forget there were such spots on earth, they both remembered, a couple of miles away, a little ancient church to which the walk across the fields would be the right thing. They talked of other things as they went, and among them they talked of Mr. Bolton-Brown, in regard to whom Hugh, as scantily addicted to enthusiasm as to bursts of song (he was determined not to be taken in), became in commendation almost lyrical. Mary asked what he had done with his paragon, and he replied that he believed him to have gone out stealthily to sketch; they might come across him. He was extraordinarily clever at water-colors, but haunted with the fear that the public practice of such an art on Sunday was viewed with disfavor in England. Mary exclaimed that this was the respectable fact; and when her brother ridiculed the idea, she told him she had already noticed he had lost all sense of things at home, so that Mr. Bolton-Brown was apparently a better Englishman than he. "He is indeed—he's awfully artificial!" Hugh returned; but it must be added that in spite of this rigor their American friend, when they reached the goal of their walk, was to be perceived in an irregular attitude in the very church-yard. He was perched on an old flat tomb, with a box of colors beside him and a sketch half completed. Hugh asserted that this exercise was the only thing that Mr. Bolton-Brown really cared for, but the young man protested against the imputation in the face of an achievement so modest. He showed his sketch to Mary, however, and it consoled her for not having kept up her own experiments; she never could make her trees so leafy. He had found a lovely bit on the other side of the hill, a bit he should like to come back to, and he offered to show it to his friends. They were on the point of starting with him to look at it when Hugh Gosselin, taking out his watch, remembered the hour at which he had promised to be at the house again to give his mother, who wanted a little mild exercise, his arm. His sister at this said she would go back with him; but Bolton-Brown interposed an earnest inquiry. Mightn't she let Hugh keep his appointment and let him take her over the hill and bring her home?

"Happy thought—do that!" said Hugh, with a crudity that showed the girl how completely he had lost his English sense. He perceived, however, in an instant, that she was embarrassed, whereupon he went on: "My dear child, I've walked with girls so often in America that we really ought to let poor Brown walk with one in England." I know not if it was the effect of this plea or that of some further eloquence of their friend; at any rate, Mary Gosselin in the course of another minute had accepted the accident of Hugh's secession, had seen him depart with an injunction to her to render it clear to poor Brown that he had made quite a monstrous request. As she went over the hill with her companion she reflected that, since she had granted the request, it was not in her interest to pretend she had gone out of her way. She wondered, moreover, whether her brother had wished to throw them together; it suddenly occurred to her that the whole incident might have been prearranged. The idea made her a little angry with Hugh; it led her however to entertain no resentment against the other party (if party Mr. Brown had been) to the transaction. He told her all the delight that certain sweet old corners of rural England excited in his mind, and she liked him for hovering near some of her own secrets.

Hugh Gosselin meanwhile, at Bosco, strolling on the terrace with his mother, who preferred walks that were as slow as conspiracies, and had had much to say to him about his extraordinary indiscretion, repeated over and over (it ended by irritating her), that as he himself had been out for hours with

American girls, it was only fair to let their friend have a turn with an English one.

"Pay as much as you like, but don't pay with your sister!" Mrs. Gosselin replied; while Hugh submitted that it was just his sister who was required to make the payment his. She turned his logic to easy scorn, and she waited on the terrace till she had seen the two explorers reappear. When the ladies went to dress for dinner she expressed to her daughter her extreme disapproval of such conduct, and Mary did nothing more to justify herself than to exclaim at first, "Poor dear man!" and then to say, "I was afraid you wouldn't like it." There were reservations in her silence that made Mrs. Gosselin uneasy, and she was glad that at dinner Mr. Bolton-Brown had to take in Mrs. Ashbury; it served him so right. This arrangement had, in Mrs. Gosselin's eyes, the added merit of serving Mrs. Ashbury right. She was more uneasy than ever when, after dinner, in the drawing-room, she saw Mary sit for a period on the same small sofa with the culpable American. This young couple leaned back together familiarly, and their conversation had the air of being desultory without being in the least difficult. At last she quitted her place and went over to them, remarking to Mr. Bolton-Brown that she wanted him to come and talk a bit to her. She conducted him to another part of the room, which was vast and animated by scattered groups, and held him there very persuasively, quite maternally, till the approach of the hour at which the ladies would exchange looks and murmur good-nights. She made him talk about America, though he wanted to talk about England, and she judged that she gave him an impression of the kindest attention, though she was really thinking, in alternation, of three important things. One of these was a circumstance of which she had become conscious only just after sitting down with him—the prolonged absence of Lord Beaupré from the drawing-room; the second was the absence, equally marked (to her imagination), of Maud Ashbury, the third was a matter different altogether. "England gives one such a sense of immemorial continuity, something that drops like a plummet-line into the past," said the young American, ingeniously exerting himself, while Mrs. Gosselin, rigidly contemporaneous, strayed into deserts of conjecture. Had the fact that their host was out of the room any connection with the fact that the most beautiful, even though the most suicidal, of his satellities had quitted it? Yet if poor Guy was taking a turn by starlight on the terrace with the misguided girl, what had he done with his resentment at her invasion, and by what inspiration of despair had Maud achieved such a triumph? The good lady studied Mrs. Ashbury's face across the room; she decided that triumph, accompanied perhaps with a shade of nervousness, looked out of her insincere eyes. An intelligent consciousness of ridicule was at any rate less present in them than ever. While Mrs. Gosselin had her infallible finger on the pulse of the occasion, one of the doors opened to readmit Lord Beaupré, who struck her as pale, and who immediately approached Mrs. Ashbury with a remark evidently intended for herself alone. It led this lady to rise with a movement of dismay and, after a question or two, leave the room. Lord Beaupré left it again in her company. Mr. Bolton-Brown had also noticed the incident; his conversation languished, and he asked Mrs. Gosselin if she supposed anything had happened. She turned it over a moment, and then she said: "Yes, something will have happened to Miss Ashbury."

"What do you suppose? Is she ill?"

"I don't know; we shall see. They're capable of anything."

"Capable of anything?"

"I've guessed it—she wants to have a grievance."

"A grievance?" Mr. Bolton-Brown was mystified.

"Of course you don't understand; how should you? Moreover, it doesn't signify. But I'm so vexed with

them (he's a very old friend of ours) that really, though I dare say I'm indiscreet, I can't speak civilly of them."

"Miss Ashbury's a wonderful type," said the young American.

This remark appeared to irritate his companion. "I see perfectly what has happened; she has made a scene."

"A scene?" Mr. Bolton-Brown was terribly out of it.

"She has tried to be injured—to provoke him, I mean, to some act of impatience, to some failure of temper, of courtesy. She has asked him if he wishes her to leave the house at midnight, and he may have answered— But no, he wouldn't!" Mrs. Gosselin suppressed the wild supposition.

"How you read it! She looks so quiet."

"Her mother has coached her, and—I won't pretend to say exactly what has happened—they've done, somehow, what they wanted; they've got him to do something to them that he'll have to make up for."

"What an evolution of ingenuity!" the young man laughed.

"It often answers."

"Will it in this case?"

Mrs. Gosselin was silent a moment. "It may."

"Really, you think?"

"I mean it might, if it weren't for something else."

"I'm too judicious to ask what that is."

"I'll tell you when we're back in town," said Mrs. Gosselin, getting up.

Lord Beaupré was restored to them, and the ladies prepared to withdraw. Before she went to bed Mrs. Gosselin asked him if there had been anything the matter with Maud, to which he replied, with abysmal blankness (she had never seen him wear just that face), that he was afraid Miss Ashbury was ill. She proved, in fact, in the morning too unwell to return to London; a piece of news communicated to Mrs. Gosselin at breakfast.

"She'll have to stay; I can't turn her out of the house," said Guy Firminger.

"Very well; let her stay her fill!"

"I wish you would stay, too," the young man went on.

"Do you mean to nurse her?"

"No, her mother must do that. I mean to keep me company."

"You? You're not going up?"

"I think I had better wait over to-day, or long enough to see what's the matter."

"Don't you know what's the matter?"

He was silent a moment. "I may have been nasty last night."

"You have compunctions? You're too good-natured."

"I dare say I hit rather wild. It will look better for me to stop over twenty-four hours."

Mrs. Gosselin fixed her eyes on a distant object. "Let no one ever say you're selfish!"

"Does any one ever say it?"

"You're too generous, you're too soft, you're too foolish. But if it will give you any pleasure, Mary and I will wait till tomorrow."

"And Hugh, too, won't he, and Bolton-Brown?"

"Hugh will do as he pleases. But don't keep the American."

"Why not? He's all right."

"That's why I want him to go," said Mrs. Gosselin, who could treat a matter with candor, just as she could treat it with humor, at the right moment.

The party at Bosco broke up, and there was a general retreat to town. Hugh Gosselin pleaded pressing business, he accompanied the young American to London. His mother and sister came back on the morrow, and Bolton-Brown went in to see them, as he often did, at tea-time. He found Mrs. Gosselin alone in the drawing-room, and she took such a convenient occasion to mention to him, what she had withheld on the eve of their departure from Bosco, the reason why poor Maud Ashbury's frantic assault on the master of that property would be vain. He was greatly surprised, the more so that Hugh hadn't told him. Mrs. Gosselin replied that Hugh didn't know: she had not seen him all day, and it had only just come out. Hugh's friend, at any rate, was deeply interested, and his interest took for several minutes the form of throbbing silence. At last Mrs. Gosselin heard a sound below, on which she said, quickly: "That's Hugh—I'll tell him now!" She left the room with the request that their visitor would wait for Mary, who would be down in a moment. During the instants that he spent alone the visitor lurched, as if he had been on a deck in a blow, to the window, and stood there with his hands in his pockets, staring vacantly into Chester Street; then, turning away, he gave himself, with an odd ejaculation, an impatient shake which had the effect of enabling him to meet Mary Gosselin composedly enough when she came in. It took her mother apparently some time to communicate the news to Hugh, so that Bolton-Brown had a considerable margin for nervousness and hesitation before he could say to the girl, abruptly, but with an attempt at a voice properly gay: "You must let me very heartily congratulate you!"

Mary stared. "On what?"

"On your engagement."

"My engagement?"

"To Lord Beaupré."

Mary Gosselin looked strange; she colored. "Who told you I'm engaged?"

"Your mother—just now."

"Oh!" the girl exclaimed, turning away. She went and rang the bell for fresh tea, rang it with noticeable force. But she said "Thank you very much!" before the servant came.

## **Canadian Alpine Journal** (1907)

Elizabeth Parker

The Alpine Club of Canada Memories of the Mountains→  
Photo by Byron Harmon (1876–1942)

### THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA

By Elizabeth Parker

Its apologetic is summed in the second paragraph of the circular announcing the organization of the Club.

"The objects of the Club are: (1) the promotion of scientific study and the exploration of Canadian alpine and glacial regions; (2) the cultivation of Art in relation to mountain scenery; (3) the education of Canadians to an appreciation of their mountain heritage; (4) the encouragement of the mountain craft and the opening of new regions as a national playground; (5) the preservation of the natural beauties of the mountain places and of the fauna and flora in their habitat; (6) and the interchange of ideas with other Alpine organizations."

When the Club was organized in March, 1906, it was a red-letter day to some who had long felt the reproach of Canadian apathy to Canadian mountains. For, while English and American mountaineers had, year by year, seized the summers following the advent of the railway, and had explored and climbed—here and there a man with the "magic of the words" telling the story,—an increasing few of our own people had also been climbing for love of it. Thus learning of the immensities of the alpine regions of their own land, they became jealous for their compatriots' sake. Why should not mountaineering become one of our national sports?

Not until November, 1905, did any positive movement towards organization begin. The response from all parts of the Dominion was a surprise, and ought to have been a rebuke to us who had loudly lamented Canadian indifference to a sport for which Nature had provided so vast a playground on our own immediate territory. We had awakened out of sleep, and would redeem the past by a vigorous mountaineering organization. But whatever the Alpine Club of Canada achieves of climbing, of discovery, of purely scientific work; whatever the Club may eventually become, it must never forget how great and splendid service, and affectionate withal, has been rendered to our mountains and Canadian mountaineering by the members of the Appalachian Mountain Club, the American Alpine Club, and the Alpine Club of London. They have done the work, and published the tidings in a series of publications that already make a considerable library of Rocky Mountain literature. When the Canadian Alpine Club was organized, it counted itself honored to confer honorary membership upon some representatives of these Clubs, and happy to receive others as active members. The first life-member on our list is Professor Herschel C. Parker of Columbia University, one of the boldest pioneers of them all.

What does the Alpine Club of Canada propose to do? Does it take itself too seriously? There may be learned cosmopolitan alpinists whose many years' experience of hardy holidays among the glaciers and upper snows of the mountain ranges of the world, would incline them to look with patronage, if not incipient scorn, upon an organized effort to popularize the exclusive sport. They might say that to popularize was to vulgarize. Not so. Mountaineering is too toilsome, too hard a sport, and demands qualities of mind and character quite other than vulgar. Many pastimes and sports, many vocations and avocations may become vulgarized. But it must be obvious to any who know ever so little about the glaciers and névés and precipices—the unimaginable visions from the upper heights; it must be obvious that, from the very nature of the sport, to popularize mountaineering is not to vulgarize nor degrade it. The mountains themselves hold the high effort and achievement in fee. The vulgar reach the mountain summits by a way against which the Alpine Club of Canada will set a face of flint. We know what way that is: the way of the monster, Mammon. By virtue of its constitution, the Alpine Club is a national trust for the defence of our mountain solitudes against the intrusion of steam and electricity and all the vandalisms of this luxurious, utilitarian age; for the keeping free from the grind of commerce, the wooded passes and valleys and alplands of the wilderness. It is the people's right to have primitive access to the remote places of safest retreat from the fever and the fret of the market place and the beaten tracts of life. We are devoutly grateful, as we ought to be, that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has shown itself wise in a national sense, by refusing to follow in the wake of the cog-railways of the Rigi and Pike's peak. Our associate member, Mr. Whyte, the Second Vice-President of the Company, than whom a shrewder man of commerce does not live in Canada, nor one with a clearer vision of the people's good, would deplore any wanton defacement of the wild natural beauty and grandeur of these now secluded fastnesses. If I had space I could give tangible proof of this.

It is the Club's business to support the picturesque and wholly enjoyable transit to the mountain-places by pack-horse and saddle, and to promote the too much neglected exercise of walking. Your true lover of Nature is also a man of the unfamiliar roads and forest trails. It would be a great thing for young Canadians if all the automobiles vanished into space and walking for pleasure became the fashion. As soon as prudence will warrant, huts will be built in remote strategic situations for the convenience of the members, and persons put in charge for the season; bivouacs will be established on the long trails at distances of a day's journey, and the Club will cooperate, where possible, with the Railway and the Government, in making new trails, giving comfortable access to all the places already known or yet to be discovered. And it is the Club's business to support all measures towards preservation for all time of the fauna and flora in their wild habitat. All members are expected to be alert to this end.

First named among the reasons for the Club's existence is the claim of science: "the promotion of

scientific study and the exploration of Canadian alpine and glacial regions." This clause makes its appeal to the exclusive class already referred to, whose work is of the schools, a thing apart from, though it may and ought to include mountaineering as an ennobling, ethical and æsthetic pastime. This section has a distinct work to do; and will, we hope, include a considerable number of men of science. And though much snow may fall upon the mountains and much water run in torrents from the glaciers ere it achieves its predestined high place in alpine and glacial science, its progress towards that consummation is in safe guidance. The President will look to that. He is keen for progress, and has withal, an appalling capacity for dogged hard work—and for making other people work. The Scientific Section is not likely to languish while Mr. Wheeler is alive.

Concerning the cultivation of Art, prizes are to be given for the best photographs; and as soon as circumstances will permit, a competition in oils and water colors will be opened for active members. A reliable guide-book, too which will include instruction on the details of mountaineering, will be published for the

Canadian Alpine Journal I, 1, 003.jpg  
Photo, Byron Harmon

#### ROLL CALL FOR THE OFFICIAL CLIMB OF MT. VICE-PRESIDENT

benefit of any who come to climb in the Canadian Alps.

There is nothing quixotic about the Alpine Club of Canada: it is a sane, sober institution, organized by sane, sober men. As indicated, its mission is manifold. The education of Canadians to an appreciation of their alpine heritage, is of itself a *raison d'être*. The Canadian Rocky Mountain system, with its unnumbered and unknown natural sanctuaries for generations yet unborn, is a national asset. In time we ought to become a nation of mountaineers, loving our mountains with the patriot's passion. A great Canadian, who wore himself out for the love he bore to God and Canada, was wont to say that a country which could grow wheat could grow men, by which he meant a race made of the flesh-stuff and the soul-stuff that builds up nations. This is the composite human material out of which mountaineers are made. But the peril is, that men become satiated with wheat, and there follows that effeteness which is worse than the effeteness of an unbalanced culture. Among other correctives none is more effective than this of the exercise of the mountain-craft. No sport is so likely to cure a fool of his foolishness as the steady pull, with a peril or two of another sort attending, of a season's mountain climbing in one of those "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" in the wild alpine playground of Canada. The ethical value of mountaineering is a subject upon which our statesmen would do well to ponder; and there is a considerable Canadian Alpine literature from which they may gather data.

Any young man of latent intellectual and moral force, who comes to close grips with the waiting, challenging mountains, and puts one summit after another beneath the soles of his feet, has gained immensely in the Spartan virtues. Moreover, he has, by climbing to these skiey stations and standing face to face with Infinitude, learned some things he may not tell, because they are unspeakable. It is given to very few, to utter such experiences. But there comes to the mountaineer of pure mind and willing spirit the sense of which Wordsworth tells, of the presence interfused in Nature; the presence that dwells among the sheer peaks and in the living air and the blue sky and in the mind of man; the motion and the spirit that rolls through all things. Browning sums it in his swift way: "which fools call Nature and I call God." To this climber is given a key to many an utterance of the Masters, which else remained for him unlocked. It is quite true that every climber has not, nor may not acquire the philosophic mind that is curious regarding the divine interpretation of Nature; but traversing the sources of the great ice-rivers and breathing the virgin air above their mute snows is conducive to that

philosophic mind. And whether or no, if that high exercise and that environment fail to arouse a sense of Nature malignant and Nature benignant, his case is hopeless as one who stands among men at the making of the nation.

One word more: the standard for membership may not be lowered. That it will be raised is almost certain; just as, with the progress of education, the standards for matriculation in a new university are raised.

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←GreetingsMemories of the Mountains→



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## **Popular Science Monthly** Volume 45 August 1894 (1894)

The Nocturnal Migration of Birds by Frank Michler Chapman      Modern Views and Problems of Physics→

### **THE NOCTURNAL MIGRATION OF BIRDS.**

By FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

NO branch of ornithology offers more attractions to the student of birds than the fascinating subject of migration. Birds come and go; absent to-day, to-morrow they greet us from every tree and hedgerow. Their departure and arrival are governed by as yet unknown laws; their journeys through the pathless sky are directed by an instinct or reason which enables them to travel thousands of miles to a winter home, and in the spring to return to the nest of the preceding year.

Volumes have been written to explain their mysterious appearances and disappearances.

Theories almost as numerous as the essays themselves have been advanced to account for the phenomena of migration. From the time of Jeremiah (viii, 7) to the present day we might cite a host of authors who have contributed to the literature of the subject. It is not our intention, however, to review



the whole question of migration. The combined researches of ornithologists have placed it among the sciences, and its more prominent facts are common knowledge. We desire here to call attention to but one phase of the study, and more especially to outline some recent investigations in connection with the nocturnal migrations of birds.

From the nature of the case, our data concerning these night flights have long been meager and unsatisfactory. Even now our information has but reached a stage which permits us to intelligently direct further effort.

We know that the land birds which migrate by night include species of more or less retiring disposition, whose comparatively limited powers of flight would render them easy victims for birds of prey if they ventured far from the protection of their natural haunts during the day. Thus we find that the bush-or tree-loving thrushes, wrens, warblers, and vireos all choose the night as the most advantageous time in which to make their long semiannual pilgrimage, while such bold rovers as swallows, swifts, and hawks migrate exclusively by day.

The information we possess concerning the manner in which the first-mentioned class of birds accomplish a journey which leads them from boreal regions to the tropics, has been derived from three sources: First, through the birds which are killed by striking lighthouses or electric-light towers; second, through observations made at night from similar structures; and, third, through the use of the telescope.

It has long been known that lighthouses are most destructive to night-migrating birds. Probably no one artificial cause produces more disastrous results than these beacons which guide the mariner in safety, but prove fatal obstacles in the path of aerial voyagers.

The number of birds killed by striking lighthouses is incalculable. Over fifteen hundred have been found dead at the foot of the Bartholdi Statue in a single morning; while from Fire Island (Long Island) light we have a record of two hundred and thirty birds of one species—black-poll warblers—which met their fate on the night of September 30, 1883.

Reports from numerous lighthouses show (1) a great variation in avian mortality at different localities; (2) that as a rule no birds are killed during clear nights; and (3) that comparatively few birds strike the lights during the vernal migration. The fact that birds follow certain routes or highways of migration in their journeys to and from the South doubtless explains their absence or presence at a given locality; indeed, it has been definitely ascertained that lights which are situated in known lines of migration—as, for example, the Bartholdi Statue at the mouth of the Hudson River Valley—prove far more destructive than those which are placed far from the regular routes of migrating birds.

Through-telescopic observations, to be mentioned later, we have learned that when en route birds travel at an altitude of from one to three miles above the earth. It is obvious, then, that when their way is not obscured by low-hanging clouds they pass too far above us to be attracted by terrestrial objects. It has been noted that cloudy and especially rainy nights are most disastrous to migrants, evidently because the formation of moisture at the elevation at which they are flying must not only interfere with their progress, but in veiling the earth below robs them of their landmarks, while the condensation of this moisture into rain presents an effectual check to flight. The birds then descend to a lower altitude, and, should the storm be very severe, they are obliged to seek the nearest shelter, and even may be driven to earth wet, helpless, and dying.

The influence thus shown to be exerted by meteorological conditions is the best explanation of the comparatively small number of birds killed during the spring migration, when the infrequency of violent storms enables them to perform their journey with less danger from exposure to the elements.

The observations of Mr. William Brewster on the migration of birds at the Point Lepreaux (Bay of Fundy) lighthouse have never been exceeded in interest or value by the recorded experiences of any other observer of similar phenomena. Still, even his graphic account fails to produce the sensations which possess one when for the first time the air at night is actually seen to be filled with the tiny songsters which before were known only as timid haunters of woods and thickets.

On September 26, 1891, it was the writer's good fortune to pass the night with several ornithologists at the Bartholdi Statue in observing the nocturnal flight of birds. The weather was most favorable for our purpose. From the balcony at the base of the statue we saw the first bird enter the rays of light thrown out by the torch one hundred and fifty feet above us at eight o'clock. During the two succeeding hours birds were constantly heard and many were seen. At ten o'clock a light rain began to fall and for three hours it rained intermittently. Almost simultaneously there occurred a marked increase in the number of birds seen about the light, and within a few minutes there were hundreds where before there was one, while the air was filled with the calls and chirps of the passing host.

The birds presented a singular appearance. As they entered the limits of the divergent rays of light they became slightly luminous, but as their rapid wing-beats brought them into the glare of the torch they reflected the full splendor of the light, and resembled enormous fireflies or swarms of huge golden bees.

At eleven o'clock we climbed to the torch and continued our observations from the balcony by which it is encircled. The scene was impressive beyond description; we seemed to have torn aside the veil which shrouds the mysteries of the night, and in the searching light reposed the secrets of Nature. As the tiny feathered wanderers emerged from the surrounding blackness, appeared for a moment in the brilliant halo about us, and continuing their journey were swallowed up in the gloom beyond, one marveled at the power which guided them thousands of miles through the trackless heavens. While by far the larger number hurried onward without pausing to inspect this strange apparition, others hovered before us like humming birds before a flower, then wheeling retreated for a short distance and returned to repeat the performance or pass us as did the first class mentioned, while others still, and the number was comparatively insignificant, struck some part of the torch either slightly or with sufficient force to cause them to fall stunned or dying. It was evidently by the merest accident that they struck at all; and so far as we could judge they were either dazzled by the rays of the light and thus unwittingly flew directly at the glass which protects it, or came in contact with some unilluminated part of the statue. During the two hours we were in the torch thousands of birds passed within sight, but less than twenty were killed.

This fact, in connection with the comparative or entire absence of birds on clear nights, very plainly shows that conclusions based solely on these casualties may be not only misleading but erroneous. In other words, the number of birds which strike a light is a poor index to the number which have flown by or above it in safety.

Throughout the evening there was a more or less regular fluctuation in the number of birds present; periods of abundance were followed by periods of scarcity, and the birds passed in well-defined flights, or loose companies, probably composed in the main of individuals which had started together.

The birds chirped and called incessantly. Frequently, when few could be seen, hundreds were heard passing in the darkness; the air was filled with the lisping notes of warblers and the mellow whistle of thrushes, and at no time during the night was there perfect silence. At daybreak a few stragglers were still winging their way southward, but before the sun rose the flights had ceased. The only birds identified were several species of warblers and thrushes, one red-eyed vireo, two golden-winged woodpeckers, one catbird, one whip-poor-will, and one bobolink. The most interesting and important results of the night's observations were, the immediate effect of rainfall in forcing birds to migrate at a lower level, the infrequency with which they struck the torch, the immense number which passed beyond its rays, and the constancy with which they called and chirped as they flew.

An almost virgin field awaits the investigator who will systematically observe night-migrating birds with the aid of a telescope. Messrs. Allen and Scott, at Princeton, and the writer, assisted by Mr. John Tatlock, Jr., at Tenaflly, New Jersey, and at the Columbia College Observatory, have alone recorded the results of observations of this nature. Their labors, however, were too brief to more than show the possibilities which await more extended effort.

A comparatively low-power glass is focused upon the moon, the birds appearing silhouhuted upon its glowing surface as they cross the line of vision. Some idea of the multitude of feathered forms which people the upper regions of the air at night may be formed when it is stated that during three hours' observation at Tenaflly no less than two hundred and sixty-four birds were seen crossing the restricted field included in the angle subtended by the full moon. Under proper focal conditions, birds were so plainly visible that in many instances marked character of flight or form rendered it possible to recognize the species. Thus ducks, snipe, and sora rail were distinguished with certainty.

The effect on the observer of this seeing of things unseen is not a little curious, and maybe likened to the startling disclosures which a high-power microscope presents in a drop of water.

From calculations based on an assumption that birds were not visible beyond a distance of five miles, we determined the greatest altitude at which birds migrate to be three miles above the earth's surface. Many, however, fly at a lower level; indeed, it is not improbable that certain species may, with more or less regularity, travel at a given altitude, and that this altitude may vary among birds of different families. With little doubt thrushes and warblers travel at a much lower level than do ducks and geese, a circumstance which may account for the great abundance of the first two named and the comparative absence of the last in the vicinity of lighthouses.

Such, in brief, are the sources and methods to which we owe our knowledge of the nocturnal flight of birds. It will be evident to the most casual reader how incomplete are our data. The time is still far distant when we can hope to conclusively account for the many perplexing phenomena of migration, but we may be pardoned if, in conclusion, we briefly review the bearing of our present information.

We need not discuss here the origin of migration or the causes which now induce birds to undertake a long and perilous journey twice each year. Bat the power and influences which guide a bird, in the darkness of the night, through space, and render a definite migration possible, are subjects kindred to our inquiry and worthy our attention.

Until we possess some exact knowledge of the distance to which birds can see we can not estimate the aid their vision is to them while migrating. We know, however, that the avian eye is far more powerful than ours, and it is fair to assume that to some extent their journeys are directed by a sight which enables them to follow mountain chains, river valleys, and coast lines, and to distinguish distant

headlands or islands. At an altitude of two miles an object would be visible ninety miles and the horizon be separated by twice this distance. At no time, therefore, in their journey from North to South America are birds necessarily out of sight of land. But that they do venture beyond a point where land is visible is shown by the regular appearance of migrants in the Bermudas, six hundred miles from our coast, while Jamaica, four hundred miles north of the nearest point of South America, is a point of departure for many south-bound migrants. Here, with neither islet, shoal, nor reef to mark the way, it is evident that sight alone would prove an insufficient guide, and they must rely on some other sense. Primarily, this is the inherited habit which prompts birds to fly southward in the fall and to return in the spring. But, given the impulse of direction, there is little doubt that one of the best guides to night-flying birds is the sense of hearing. Birds' ears are exceedingly acute. They readily detect sounds which to us are inaudible. Almost invariably they will respond to an imitation of their notes. We have seen that when under way they constantly chirp and call, and when we take into consideration their aural power and their abundance in highways of migration, it is probable that at no time during the night is a bird out of hearing of its fellow-travelers. The line of flight once established, therefore, presumably by the older and more experienced birds, it becomes a comparatively easy matter for the novice to join the throng.

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Modern Views and Problems of Physics by Daniel Webster Hering

Form and Life→

### MODERN VIEWS AND PROBLEMS OF PHYSICS.

By DANIEL W. HERING, C. E.,

PROFESSOR OF PHYSICS IN THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

A GOOD idea of the generally accepted views upon a science in all its branches may be obtained by inspecting standard text-books on the subject, for such works are not likely to meet with the approval of scholars, and especially of professors, if they present views that are antiquated in form or palpably erroneous in statement.

In thus approaching a modern text-book of physics, to a beginner, or one with no preconceived ideas on the subject, there would perhaps appear nothing surprising, but to an older student, say the college alumnus of fifteen years' standing who has not kept abreast of the science, the change would be striking. He would probably be impressed as much by the absence of things he had thought inseparable from the subject as by the presence of things of which he heard little or nothing in his college course. An illustration of this may be seen in a very recent book of the kind named.[1] In its general tone it is similar to that adopted about ten years earlier in the masterly presentation of the Principles of Physics, by Prof. Daniell, but it is less conservative than that work. A glance at the headings gives the keynote of the whole treatment. After a brief discussion of kinematics and dynamics, mass physics is further divided into work and energy, attraction and potential, properties of matter, energy of mass vibration, sound. Then physics of the ether has energy of ether vibration, radiant energy, energy of ether stress, electrostatics, energy of ether vortices, magnetism, energy of ether flow, electro-kinetics, electro-magnetic character of radiation.

There is not an allusion to the old familiar "simple mechanical powers"; there is no mention of light or optics as a branch of physics; sound, heat, electricity, and magnetism are only appended as subtitles to

more general terms expressing forms of energy, and appended in a way that would permit them to be dropped altogether without detriment to the treatment of their phenomena. Not that the phenomena are different from what they were in former times, but they have become much more effectually correlated in a general scheme of energy. Such a mode of presenting the subject might be ascribed to a mere desire to break away from conventional lines, but it is in strict accord with the work and conclusions of physicists generally in the last quarter of a century and especially within the last decade. Physicists accept fully the mechanical theory of heat. They regard the heat of a body as the aggregate kinetic energy of the molecules. They accept in general the kinetic theory of gases, but are not uniform in their views as to the extension of this theory to liquids and solids. In the mechanical theory of heat, however, the idea that all the molecules of all bodies are in motion is fundamental. Nowadays, instead of ascribing phenomena to the action of mysterious "forces," with perhaps a force of one kind for gravity, of another kind for thermal or electric or magnetic effects, and treating force as a real agent bringing about changes, it is the custom to recognize in any body or system of bodies a certain quantum of energy of which the form or distribution is altered by a change in the form or configuration of the body or system of bodies. Energy is the thing studied and force is merely the rate at which the energy of a body is altered in comparison with the change in the position or shape of the body. The term force is still in use for convenience and brevity, but the objectivity of force has disappeared. Force is not a real thing at all, but energy, like matter, has an objective existence. Also, when force was regarded as an agent, it was discussed as acting at a distance without regard to a medium for transmitting action from one body to another, or, as we now say, for conveying energy. But if bodies possess and exchange energy, and energy is only perceived by us in connection with matter, we find it proper not only to recognize a medium throughout space, but to discuss the forms in which energy exists in that medium, which is spoken of as ether. The idea of such a medium is not modern. After pointing out that the hypothesis of an ether was a device often resorted to for the purpose of mystification as much as explanation, Maxwell says: "Ethers were invented for the planets to swim in, to constitute electric atmospheres and magnetic effluvia, to convey sensations from one part of our bodies to another, and so on, until all space had been filled three or four times over with ethers. It is only when we remember the extensive and mischievous influence on science which hypotheses about ethers used formerly to exercise that we can appreciate the horror of ethers which sober-minded men had during the eighteenth century. . . . The only ether which has survived is that which was invented by Huygens to explain the propagation of light." [2]

Those ethers were working hypotheses which might be expected to give way wholly or in part to better ones constructed for working purposes under fuller knowledge. So, too, at first, was the luminiferous ether, which, as a hypothesis, had to be endowed arbitrarily with properties suited to the phenomena it was to account for, but the ether of modern science is accepted as beyond question. For example, Lord Kelvin says: ". . . This thing we call the luminiferous ether. That is the only substance we are confident of in dynamics. One thing we are sure of, and that is the reality and substantiality of the luminiferous ether." [3] It is not necessary here to go into the evidences of its reality, but our belief in it rests upon exactly the same kind of evidence and just as strong evidence as does our belief in the existence of any kind of matter. For we only infer the existence of any form of matter from its phenomena, and the phenomena of light, heat, magnetism, and electricity to the extent of a very large group are not only explainable but are best explainable by the assumption of the ether. The defect as yet in such an assumption lies in the fact that the ether is a substance of an unfamiliar kind. It is this want of familiarity that physicists to-day are doing their utmost to overcome, and the more it is examined the more are they impressed by the multiplicity of purposes which this one medium is competent to serve and which it seems to be serving. The time for doubting its existence is past—it is now only a question as to its nature and properties; and it is accepted as a fact, not merely a hypothesis, that the same medium is concerned, if not a principal factor, in the phenomena of light, heat, magnetism, electricity,

and gravitation. Radiant heat and light are wave motion in the ether, and are similar forms of energy, the only difference being in the period of vibration. Their manifestation as energy only occurs when the vibrations affect matter, and this, the most difficult part of the subject, involves the relation between ether and ordinary forms of matter. We say "ordinary forms" of matter, because ether may or may not be considered a form of matter.

One of the great, the primary questions of science is. What is ether? The question. What is light? has found its answer, so too has the query as to heat and as to sound; as to electricity, not so assuredly or so definitely, but both it and magnetism are to find their explanation through this same medium in some way or other. There is no longer any doubt about that, and Maxwell's theory, which rests upon this idea fundamentally, has a strong hold upon modern science and a hold that is growing stronger as research advances.

We know the ether as a vehicle of energy in several forms, and when various agencies are collected into a group of forms of energy there is still the question, "What is energy?" These general problems now engaging the attention of the physicist—viz., the ultimate nature of matter, by which the properties of matter may be accounted for; the nature of the ether and its properties; the mutual relations subsisting between matter and ether, if they are different things; the nature of energy, and whence it arises, and whether it is primarily potential or kinetic—these, in part at least, are not new problems, but they are now approached from new directions, along new ways, and by the aid of new light. Under each of these heads appear numerous special questions, and along all these lines investigators are working earnestly.

The attempt to explain the nature of ether or of matter at once raises the question whether ether is matter. Now, of course, a great deal depends upon the definition of terms, and it is perhaps best to confine our attention at first to the structure of matter rather than its nature. The properties and behavior of matter as it is ordinarily recognized are largely known, the actions and functions of the ether are largely known, and it is only a question of the propriety or possibility of including both in one general view. Clerk Maxwell[4] regards as a proper test of a material substance its ability to contain and transmit energy. He then points out that energy can not exist except in connection with matter; that in the space between the sun and the earth, the luminous and thermal radiations which have left the sun and which have not reached the earth possess energy in definitely measurable amount, and therefore this energy must belong to matter in the interplanetary spaces. On the other hand. Prof. Dolbear stands as an exponent of the views of others who decline so to class the ether when he says: "If, then, the ether fills all space, is not atomic in structure, presents no friction to bodies moving through it, and is not subject to the law of gravitation, it does not seem proper to call it matter." [5] But Prof. Dolbear has previously announced as his criterion of matter, the possession of the property of gravitative attraction. On such grounds we may concede each view to be correct, but we are brought at once to the old question, "What is matter?" It is the view of some that, with the present limitations of intellect, it is beyond our powers ever to conceive of the ultimate nature of matter. Of the structure of matter this is not the case. Various hypotheses have been offered regarding the structure of matter—all, save one, have been charged with some fatal objection and have broken down. This one, the suggestion of that powerful mind. Lord Kelvin's, is known as the vortex-ring theory. We can not give it here in any detail, but the gist of it is that the ether is universal and for the most part formless, but that some parts are differentiated from the remainder by being in motion in the shape of vortex rings. These parts in such rotational motion are matter in the ordinary forms. A remarkable thing about it, and one which exhibits the very spirit of modern physics, is that those properties of ordinary matter which emphasize its stability of form and position, especially inertia, elasticity, and rigidity, can be a result of motion. Yet Lord Kelvin has shown that with ordinary matter a limp system of bodies could be made a rigid system by merely putting them into gyroscopic rotation, and also that elasticity itself might properly be

regarded as a mode of motion. The vortex-ring theory is as yet only a speculation, but when its adaptability to occult as well as to plainer properties of matter are considered, we need not wonder that it has been thought so beautiful that "it deserves to be true." At any rate it stands in such an attitude toward modern views concerning the structure of matter that "it is either that theory or nothing. There is no other one that has any degree of probability at all" (Dolbear). We can see how such a theory might reconcile conflicting views such as those above given concerning matter and ether separately.

Without waiting for a decisive answer as to the nature of ether or the structure of matter, attention is being concentrated on the relations of one to the other, the extent to which and the manner in which any change in either substance affects the other; and this examination may throw light upon the greater question regarding the nature of the substances. Do material bodies moving in the ether of space—for example, the earth and its atmosphere—move through the ether, or carry with them the ether that is distributed throughout the matter that is moving? Experiments of extraordinary precision by Prof. Michelson have led him to conclude that most probably the earth carries with it all the ether in its immediate neighborhood; that certainly the relative motion of the earth and the ether in it is exceedingly small. If he can repeat his experiments and get a different result on the top of a mountain, that conclusion may be considered established. Those conclusions were drawn from experiments in which the earth's velocity in its orbit is involved. Prof. Lodge has experimented for effects due to slower motion of bodies upon the earth. He says: "I do not believe the ether moves. It does not move at a five-hundredth part of the speed of the steel disks" (used in the experiment). "I hope to go further, but my conclusion so far is that such things as circular saws, fly wheels, railway trains, and all ordinary masses of matter do not appreciably carry the ether with them. Their motion does not seem to disturb it in the least."

Among the more special questions undergoing investigation at present by the application of physical principles is the determination of the relative motion of the heavenly bodies by spectroscopic methods. It is done by applying to light-waves what is known in acoustics as Doppler's principle. The position of any line of the spectrum depends upon the wave length, or, what comes to the same thing in this case, the period of vibration for the particular set of waves making the light at that line in the spectrum. By increasing the number of waves per second that fall upon the prism (or grating) of the spectrometer, the period is correspondingly decreased, and conversely. Therefore, while the rate of vibration remains constant, if the grating is moving toward the source of vibration, the number of waves per second falling upon the grating will be greater, and their period smaller, than if the source and the grating are stationary relatively to each other. If they are separating, the period of vibration is increased. In the former case the line of the spectrum will be more refracted, in the latter less refracted, than in a normal case. When a spectrum line of any of the heavenly bodies has been identified with that of any substance known to us, the spectrometer gives the means of determining the motion of such heavenly bodies as compared with the motion of the earth, by observing the displacement of the spectrum line. That is, it is possible to determine whether the earth is approaching the star or nebula or receding from it, and at what rate. This method was proposed and attempts were made to apply it very early in the history of the spectroscope, but the means of observation were not then sufficiently fine, and only negative results were obtained. Within the last few years, however, Prof. Huggins, Prof. Vogel, and others in Europe have made many successful measurements of this character, and Prof. Keeler, of the Alleghany Observatory, has greatly extended them. These relative motions are usually reduced to the sun, the results indicating the relative motion of the sun and the heavenly body observed. As instances. Prof. Keeler finds that the great nebula in Orion is receding from the sun at the rate of eleven miles per second; and by observations between April and August, 1890, the sun was at that time approaching the bright star Arcturus at the rate of four miles and three tenths per second. These serve as a fine illustration of modern methods of research and the degree of precision attainable. The trustworthiness

of the method is shown by the close agreement between its results when applied to the other planets, and the velocities computed from the known astronomical motions of the same bodies.

It is usually thought necessary to caution students of electricity against regarding either of the hypotheses, known respectively as the two-fluid and the one-fluid hypothesis, in the light of an assured thing, and the lecturer commonly hastens to declare that no one knows what electricity is. The declaration is as just as the caution; but it is not in human nature to allow such a declaration long to stand unchallenged. The very fact that it is possibly correct is a stimulus to investigation. Recent research has not conclusively shown what electricity is, but it has considerably shaken the foundations of the above assertion regarding it, and some singular views have been developed that indicate light ahead. We are learning that although the terms "electrification" and "electric" may continue in service to express a condition of matter or to characterize particular phenomena, yet the very name "electricity" may probably become useless and vanish from the vocabulary of physics, for the reason that, instead of electricity being any object, it is probably only a mode in which the ether makes itself manifest. One of the latest views, strongly advocated, is that ether may be analyzed into two constituents, equal and opposite, each endowed with inertia and each connected with the other by elastic ties which are weakened or dissolved by the presence of gross matter. The two constituents are called positive and negative electricity respectively, and of these two electricities the ether is composed. Electric currents which are obtained in such diversity and magnitude for commercial purposes are in almost every case the result of electro-magnetic induction, and are not due to the action of a battery. Yet there is no difference electrically between the currents obtained in the two ways. Maxwell's theory, which treats electro-magnetic action as a variation of ether stress in the medium in which the conductor is situated, may be applied to the conductors of battery currents also, and the medium surrounding the conductor in all cases is the home of the energy transmitted (as we are in the habit of saying) along the wire. But the energy is not transmitted by the wire; on the contrary, the wire, in just so far as it is a good conductor, fails to transmit the energy (the strain) which the action of the generator has sent out into the surrounding medium, and which breaks down or gives way in the conductor. "The energy of a dynamo does not, therefore, travel to a distant motor through the wires, but through the air. The energy of an Atlantic cable does not travel through the wire strands, but through the insulating sheath. This is a singular and apparently paradoxical view, but it is well founded" (Lodge). And even as to the power of a wire to conduct whatever it does conduct, a special feature has risen into considerable prominence. The most important principle for many years in the study of electricity has been Ohm's law, which states that the resistance of a conductor may be measured by the ratio of the electro-motive force to the current strength. This law when first enunciated was scrutinized closely, demurred against by some experimenters, and shown mathematically to be impossible if carried to extreme applications; it was re-established and experimentally and mathematically proved correct, chiefly by Kirchhoff's work; and is now known to be inaccurate as an expression of the effect transmitted (or resisted) by a conductor under rapid alternations of current, so that to express the energy transmitted under such circumstances another factor has to be taken into account besides what is usually regarded the resistance. This additional quality is called the impedance, and the total resistance of a circuit carrying periodic currents is made up of the ohmic resistance and the impedance. The latter has no value when the current is steady, but has reference only to the time while the current is rising from zero to its maximum strength. The principle of impedance was known a good while ago, but it has only demanded the attention of electricians since the alternating currents have begun to be employed on any considerable scale. Ohm's law is just as true as it ever was, but the limitations of its applicability are now better recognized than formerly.

A rapid succession of electric discharges sets up strains and relaxations in a non-conducting medium, which result in the propagation of waves of electro-magnetic induction through it. With oscillations of



great frequency, the waves become short enough to be observed and measured readily, and the recent experiments of Hertz show so many features of similarity in the laws and phenomena of reflection, refraction, and speed of transmission of these waves and of light as to sustain Maxwell's theory of the electromagnetic character of light.

Advances in science are often the outcome of efforts to apply its principles in the arts. A great problem of physics which engineers have to solve is to find economical means of utilizing the energy that Nature is ready to furnish in place of the present wasteful ones. The inefficiency of the best steam engine is a standing reproach to an inventive age. The reproach is to be removed not by the improvement of the steam engine—for its limitations are such that, in the nature of things, it can not be highly efficient—but by the substitution of a better type of machine. Ether vibrations bring us energy in the form of heat, light, or electricity, according to their periods and amplitudes; but these, instead of being available in any particular form, are always more or less complex. If we could produce waves of just the rate and amplitude we desire, without any others in combination, a great step would be gained. Then we could produce light without wasting at the same time a great amount of energy in producing heat which we do not want. This is one of the subordinate problems awaiting solution. If to the production of such waves as are wanted we could add a means of recording and fixing them in their true relative proportion, we would have the solution of another great and fascinating subordinate problem—the exact reproduction of natural scenes in color. A long step has been taken toward accomplishing the first of these achievements in the remarkable experiments by Mr. Tesla with alternating electrical currents of high frequency and high potential. Among the startling facts brought out in these experiments is that although a current of electricity, either direct or alternating, from ordinary dynamos under fifteen hundred or two thousand volts electro-motive 'force will kill, yet under alternations of a million to a million and a half per second a voltage of fifty thousand produces no shock or injury. Electric lamps light with but a single wire leading to them. Vacuum tubes become luminous in a properly prepared room with no wires, and it is not extravagant, in view of what has already appeared, to predict a future when unlimited power will be available at every man's hand. That will be when, as Mr. Tesla says, we are able to "hook our machinery to the machinery of Nature." In the conclusion of his lecture before the Institution of Electrical Engineers, London, after describing a plan by which he thinks it would be practicable to telephone across the Atlantic, he adds: "But such cables will not be constructed, for, ere long, intelligence—transmitted without wires—will throb through the earth like a pulse through a living organism. The wonder is that, with the present state of knowledge and the experience gained, no attempt is being made to disturb the electrostatic or magnetic condition of the earth, and transmit, if nothing else, intelligence." It is probable that this wonder will give place to a still greater at no distant period, by reason of successful attempts of just the kind here mentioned. The problem is already in course of solution, the distinguished electrician, Mr. Preece, having recently succeeded in sending telephonic messages over a circuit which was wholly disconnected from that in which the generator was placed, and at a distance of three miles from it.

Unquestionably one of the most powerful aids to investigation of late has been photography. Both as a science and as an art it has grown in precision, speed, and availability, until now it has become a weapon of attack as well as a means of record. While owing more itself to chemistry than to physics, in the latter especially has it been of assistance to the spectroscopist, so that the experimenter is not dependent upon the observations of the moment to make his comparisons. The most considerable work of this kind has been done by Prof. Rowland within the last half-dozen years, in making remarkably large and detailed photographs of the solar spectrum, the spectrum itself, in its perfection and beauty, being due to the matchless gratings constructed under Rowland's directions. Photography has proved to be an unassailable recorder for all the natural sciences, and is likely to become more and more firmly established as such. Disputes over priority in discovery will become less frequent since investigations

made in solitude will appeal to their photographic record as a safe witness, impartial and indisputable.

Another subordinate problem is to determine the intensity of sound in absolute measure. Acoustics has been studied with reference to the energy involved less than other branches of physics, although we easily recognize some transformations of such energy into mechanical in the phonograph and electrical in the telephone. But most determinations of the intensity of sound have been relative, by comparison of different sounds, or else the same sound at different distances or in different media. They have not been expressed in absolute units. Absolute values of radiant energy, in the form of heat and light, have been determined, but the methods have not been sufficiently simplified to make them readily applicable in experimenting. Temperatures are still given in arbitrary degrees, and intensity of illumination has no acceptable basis expressible in terms of the fundamental quantities mass, time, and distance, although several methods have been suggested in which the direct, subjective estimate of it by the eye plays no part.

This brings us to a consideration of the great service rendered to scientific investigation by an absolute system of units and measurements. Such systems were instituted by Gauss and Weber between the years 1834 and 1850, and their introduction was especially fruitful in the study of electricity. The mechanic was enabled by that means for the first time to compare the electric forces produced with the mechanical ones employed, and gained thereby for the first time a just estimate of the former. The adoption throughout the scientific world of the centimetre-gramme-second absolute system for all branches of science is by no means the least valuable outcome of the development which electrical science has undergone since 1850, for in the possibility of tracing back all natural phenomena to the three mechanical units of space, mass, and time, science received new evidence for the inherent unity and the mechanical character of all forces of Nature. Energy as considered in physics, apart from chemistry has been classified in various forms, viz., energy of motion (translation or rotation), strain, vibration, beat, radiation, electrification, electricity in motion, magnetization, and gravitative separation. Those forms which are represented directly by bodies (whether extended masses or molecules) in motion or deformation, and which do not appeal to our special senses for recognition, constitute mechanical energy. The first two named above are plainly such, and all the others except the last have been shown to be such indirectly; it is generally believed that the last will be found to be reducible to the same form, so that probably all are essentially mechanical, and physicists are hoping to reduce them all to the mechanical as the ultimate form of energy. The importance to the physicist, therefore, of an acquaintance with the principles of mechanics can not be overestimated: without such an acquaintance his efforts to unravel the mysteries of physical science or to gain possession of its secrets will be futile.

Barker's Advanced Physics.

Article on Ether in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

Popular Lectures and Addresses, by Sir William Thomson, vol. i, p. 317.

Matter and Motion.

Matter, Ether, and Motion.

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**The Chinese Fairy Book** (1921) by Richard Wilhelm, translated by F. H. Martens

III. How Greed for a Trifling Thing Led a Man to Lose a Great One

IV. Who Was the Sinner?→

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### III

#### HOW GREED FOR A TRIFLING THING LED A MAN TO LOSE A GREAT ONE

ONCE upon a time there was an old woman, who had two sons. But her older son did not love his parents, and left his mother and brother. The younger one served her so faithfully, however, that all the people spoke of his filial affection.

One day it happened that there was a theatrical performance given outside the village. The younger son started to carry his mother there on his back, so that she might look on. But there was a ravine before the village, and he slipped and fell down in the middle of it. And his mother was killed by the rolling stones, and her blood and flesh were sprinkled about everywhere. The son stroked his mother's corpse, and wept bitterly. He was about to kill himself when, suddenly, he saw a priest standing before him.

The latter said: "Have no fear, for I can bring your mother back to life again!" And as he said so, he stooped, gathered up her flesh and bones, and laid them together as they should be. Then he breathed upon them, and at once the mother was alive again. This made the son very happy, and he thanked the priest on his knees. Yet on a sharp point of rock he still saw a bit of his mother's flesh hanging, a bit about an inch long.

"That should not be left hanging there either," said he, and hid it in his breast.

"In truth, you love your mother as a son should," said the priest. Then he bade the son give him the bit of flesh, kneaded a manikin out of it, breathed upon it, and in a minute there it stood, a really fine-looking little boy.

"His name is Small Profit," said he, turning to the son, "and you may call him brother. You are poor and have not the wherewithal with which to nourish your mother. If you need something, Small Profit can get it for you."

The son thanked him once more, then took his mother on his back again, and his new little brother by the hand, and went home. And when he said to Small Profit: "Bring meat and wine!" then meat and wine were at hand at once, and steaming rice was already cooking in the pot. And when he said to Small Profit: "Bring money and cloth!" then his purse filled itself with money, and the chests were heaped up with cloth to the brim. Whatever he asked for that he received. Thus, in the course of time, they came to be very well off indeed.

But his older brother envied him greatly. And when there was another theatrical performance in the village, he took his mother on his back—by force—and went to it. And when he reached the ravine, he slipped purposely, and let his mother fall into the depths, only intent to see that she really was shattered into fragments. And sure enough his mother had such a bad fall that her limbs and trunk were strewn around in all directions. He then climbed down, took his mother's head in his hands, and pretended to weep.

And at once the priest was on hand again, and said: "I can wake the dead to life again, and surround white bones with flesh and blood!" Then he did as he had done before, and the mother came to life again. But the older brother already had hidden one of her ribs on purpose. He now pulled it out and said to the priest: "Here is a bone left. What shall I do with it?"

The priest took the bone, enclosed it in lime and earth, breathed upon it, as he had done the other time, and it became a little man, resembling Small Profit, but larger in stature.

"His name is Great Duty," he told his older brother, "if you stick to him he will always lend you a hand."

The son took his mother back again, and Great Duty walked beside him.

When he came to their courtyard door, he saw his younger brother coming out, holding Small Profit in his arms.

"Where are you going?" he said to him.

His brother answered: "Small Profit is a divine being, who does not wish to dwell for all time among men. He wants to fly back to the heavens, and so I am escorting him."

"Give Small Profit to me! Don't let him get away!" cried the older brother.

Yet, before he had ended his speech, Small Profit was rising in the air. The older brother then quickly let his mother drop on the ground, and stretched out his hand to catch Small Profit. But he did not succeed, and now Great Duty, too, rose from the ground, took Small Profit's hand, and together they ascended to the clouds and disappeared.

Then the older brother stamped on the ground, and said with a sigh: "Alas, I have lost my Great Duty because I was too greedy for that Small Profit!"

Note: In China—usually on festive days or because of some religious celebration—a provisional stage is erected before the village or temple, and a play given. Permanent theaters are to be found only in the large cities.

## **The Chinese Fairy Book** (1921) by Richard Wilhelm, translated by F. H. Martens

IV. Who Was the Sinner? V. The Magic Cask→

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IV

### **WHO WAS THE SINNER?**

ONCE upon a time there were ten farmers, who were crossing a field together. They were surprised by a heavy thunder-storm, and took refuge in a half-ruined temple. But the thunder drew ever nearer, and so great was the tumult that the air trembled about them, while the lightning flew around the temple in a continuous circle. The farmers were greatly frightened, and thought that there must be a sinner among them, whom the lightning would strike. In order to find out who it might be, they agreed to hang their straw hats up before the door, and he whose hat was blown away was to yield himself up to his fate.

No sooner were the hats outside, than one of them was blown away, and the rest thrust its unfortunate owner out of doors without pity. But as soon as he had left the temple the lightning ceased circling around, and struck it with a crash.

The one whom the rest had thrust out, had been the only righteous one among them, and for his sake the lightning had spared the temple. So the other nine had to pay for their hardheartedness with their lives.

Note: A traditionally narrated fairy-tale.

## **The Chinese Fairy Book** (1921) by Richard Wilhelm, translated by F. H. Martens

V. The Magic Cask    VI. The Favorite of Fortune and the Child of Ill Luck→

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V

### THE MAGIC CASK

ONCE upon a time there was a man who dug up a big, earthenware cask in his field. So he took it home with him and told his wife to clean it out. But when his wife started brushing the inside of the cask, the cask suddenly began to fill itself with brushes. No matter how many were taken out, others kept on taking their place. So the man sold the brushes, and the family managed to live quite comfortably.

Once a coin fell into the cask by mistake. At once the brushes disappeared and the cask began to fill itself with money. So now the family became rich ; for they could take as much money out of the cask as ever they wished.

Now the man had an old grandfather at home, who was weak and shaky. Since there was nothing else he could do, his grandson set him to work shoveling money out of the cask, and when the old grandfather grew weary and could not keep on, he would fall into a rage, and shout at him angrily, telling him he was lazy and did not want to work. One day, however, the old man's strength gave out, and he fell into the cask and died. At once the money disappeared, and the whole cask began to fill itself with dead grandfathers. Then the man had to pull them all out and have them buried, and for this purpose he had to use up again all the money he had received. And when he was through, the cask broke, and he was just as poor as before.

Note: "The Magic Cask" is a traditionally narrated tale. In Northern China wooden casks or barrels are unknown. Large vessels, open at the top, of earth or stone are used to hold water and other liquids.

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### *The Book*

by John Greenleaf Whittier

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Gallery of sacred pictures manifold,

A minster rich in holy effigies,

And bearing on entablature and frieze

The hieroglyphic oracles of old.

Along its transept aureoled martyrs sit;

And the low chancel side-lights half acquaint

The eye with shrines of prophet, bard, and saint,

Their age-dimmed tablets traced in doubtful writ!  
But only when on form and word obscure  
Falls from above the white supernal light  
We read the mystic characters aright,  
And life informs the silent portraiture,  
Until we pause at last, awe-held, before  
The One ineffable Face, love, wonder, and adore.

### *The Waiting*

by John Greenleaf Whittier

I wait and watch: before my eyes  
Methinks the night grows thin and gray;  
I wait and watch the eastern skies  
To see the golden spears arise  
Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance  
I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,  
And see across the twilight glance,  
Troop after troop, in swift advance,  
The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,  
I know what mighty work is theirs;  
I can but lift up hands unmeet,  
The threshing-floors of God to beat,  
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for me  
The puny leverage of a hair  
The planet's impulse well may spare,  
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,  
And yet not mine if understood;

For one shall grasp and one resign,  
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,  
And God shall make the balance good.

Oh power to do! Oh baffled will!  
Oh prayer and action! ye are one.  
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still,  
And good but wished with God is done!

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## WHY DO MEN STARVE?

BY C. BRADLAUGH.

Why is it that human beings are starved to death, in a wealthy country like England, with its palaces, its cathedrals, and its abbeys; with its grand mansions, and luxurious dwellings, with its fine enclosed parks, and strictly guarded preserves; with its mills, mines, and factories; with its enormous profits to the capitalists; and with its broad acres and great rent rolls to the landholder? The fact that men, old, young, and in the prime of life; that women, and that children, do so die, is indisputable. The paragraph in the daily journals, headed "Death from starvation," or "Another death from Destitution," is no uncommon one to the eyes of the careful reader.

In a newspaper of one day, December 24th, 1864, may be read the verdict of a London jury that "the deceased, Robert Bloom, died from the mortal effects of effusion on the brain and disease of the lungs, arising from natural causes, but the said death was accelerated by destitution, and by living in an ill-ventilated room, and in a court wanting in sanitary requirements;" and the verdict of another jury, presided over by the very Coroner who sat on the last case, "that the deceased, Mary Hale, was found dead in a certain room from the mortal effects of cold and starvation;" as also the history of a poor wanderer from the Glasgow City Poor House found dead in the snow.

In London, the hive of the world, with its merchant millionaires, even under the shadow of the wealth pile, starvation is as busy as if in the most wretched and impo-WHY DO MEN STARVE? verished village; busy indeed, not always striking the victim so obtrusively that the coroner's inquest shall preserve a record of the fact, but more often busy quietly, in the wretched court and narrow lane, up in the garret, and down in the cellar, stealing by slow degrees the life of the poor.

Why does it happen that Christian London, with its magnificent houses for God, has so many squalid holes for the poor? Christianity from its thousand pulpits teaches, "Ask and it shall be given to you," "who if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?" yet with much prayer the bread is too frequently not enough, and it is, alas I not seldom that the prayer for bread gets the answer in the stone of the paved street, where he lays him down to die. The prayer of the poor outcast is answered by hunger, misery, disease, crime, and death, and yet the Bible says, "Blessed be ye poor." Ask the orthodox clergyman why men starve, why men are poor and miserable; he will tell you that it is God's will; that it is a punishment for man's sins. And so long as men are content to believe that it is God's will that the majority of humankind should have too little happiness, so long will it be impossible effectually to get them to listen to the answer to this great question.

Men starve because the great bulk of them are ignorant of the great law of population, the operation of which controls their existence and determines its happiness or misery. They starve, because pulpit teachers have taught them for centuries to be content with the state of life in which it has pleased God to call them, instead of teaching them how to extricate themselves from the misery, degradation, and ignorance which a continuance of poverty entails.

Men starve because the teachers have taught heaven instead of earth, the next world instead of this. It is now generally admitted by those who have investigated the subject, that there is a tendency in all animated life to increase beyond the nourishment nature produces. In the human race, there is a constant endeavour on the part of its members to increase beyond the means of subsistence within

Category: Validated

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## **Was This the Tower of Babel?**

(1916)

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Popular Science Monthly, Volume 88 article that suggests Borsippa as the site of the biblical Tower of Babel, a common theory.

PSM V88 D117 Possible remnant of the tower of babel.png

A lonely pile, worn by ages of weather is the world's only claimant to the honor of being the Tower of Babel

Was This the Tower of Babel?

IT is doubtful if there is any place in the world so rich in ancient remains as the valley of the Euphrates, in Mesopotamia. The result is that to archaeologists and scholars the place is a veritable "Tom Tiddler's ground," and new "finds" are constantly being reported. When it is remembered that tradition places the site of the Garden of Eden here, while amongst its many ruins are those of ancient Babylon, the promising nature of the valley to the scientific excavator becomes apparent.

It is near the ruins of Babylon that we find what many scholars believe to be the remains of the Tower of Babel—an immense cube of brickwork, called by the natives Birs Mimrud. Recent exhaustive examination of the strange pile and its site has revealed the fact that the tower which once stood here consisted of seven stages of brick work on an earthen platform, each stage being of a different color. The tower boasted of a base measurement of nearly six hundred square feet, and rose to an unknown height. Even to-day the ruins rise some hundred and sixty feet above the level of the surrounding plain.

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## **Eulis! the History of Love** by Paschal Beverly Randolph

Part I: Affectional Alchemy Part 2: Immortalization→

AFFECTIONAL ALCHEMY.



## PART I.

Reader, mine, I am about to treat herein the grandest subject that ever engaged or challenged human thought. In doing so it is likely that I may repeat some things elsewhere, by myself or others, said before; but even if so, I have struck upon many things now given to the race for the first time.

A vast amount of "physiological" chaff is current in the world, originating in the pulpy brains of certain people with "M.D" after their names; folks who eke out a good living by putting medicines, of which they know little, into bodies whereof they know less.

A still larger amount of "chaff" labelled "philosophy" is afloat, generated for the most part in the angular heads of people, whom a chronic prostatitis or ovarian fever has so deranged that they really imagine themselves philosophers,—being only shams,—who propose to revolutionize the world, especially the domain of Marriage-land, by inculcating pudacious sophistries, better calculated to kill than to cure the victims, on either side. One thing is certain: Light is needed; and this work (originally intended to be called by a different title, but which intent was abandoned, owing to the vastly larger scope of the completed and rewritten volume) is meant to afford exactly what is required; and

I. What a tremendous deal of suffering, horror, crime, wretchedness and despair there is in this beautiful, but badly misused world of ours!—most of which might be prevented in the first instance, or remedied in the second, were there less consummate and confounded ignorance afloat up and down the earth's strong tides of human life, with its strangely, wildly surging ebbs and flows, heats and snows, in reference to matters pertaining to, and concerning the, relations, wise and otherwise, subsisting between the separate genders of the human race; especially that portion of it located in the so-called "civilized" lands, and particularly in the cis-Atlantic portion of the Lord's exceedingly immoral vineyard.

Now, whoever supposes that the ignorance alluded to is confined solely to the masses,—sometimes spellable as "them asses," according to Carlyle,—or that the sum total of non-knowledge must be looked for among the unread, unlettered and unwashed crowds that throng the great highways of the world, and whose struggles for life, and clamors for bread, occupy most of their time and attention,—will find him or herself most woefully mistake; for a far less dense and conglobate ignorance upon matters of vital import to every human being exists among the people—the rude crowd who jostle each other everywhere, and which is the plastic material that the brainful few mould into voters, hero-worshippers, or send to fight their battles against each other, armed with ploughs or rifles, pitchforks or bayonets, cannons or spades—than is to be found in circles making very lofty pretensions, not only to knowledge, but to morality also, from its geologic base to its astronomic summit.

For gross and culpable non-knowledge, especially upon all the vital points that cluster round the one word "sex," you must look, not amidst the untaught hosts, the democratic underlayer of society, but right squarely among the so-called "learned," professional, much-boasted, highly-cultured upper-strata, especially in those centres of population whence newspapers by myriads are scattered broadcast over all the lands. Were not this a painful fact, such classes of "reformers" as now march over the world were an utter impossibility.

They are an unhealthy set, the fungi of a false civilization, regnant for a time, but certain to disappear with the advent of common sense among the people as a general thing.

Sex is a thing of soul; most people think it but a mere matter of earthly form and physical structure. True, there are some unsexed souls; some no sex at all, and others still claiming one gender, and manifesting its exact opposite. But its laws, offices, utilities, and its deeper and diviner meanings are sealed books to all but about two in a million; yet they ought to have the attentive study of every rational human being, every aspirant to immortality beyond the grave. In some sense this matter has been, and is, the subject of thought, but only in its outer phases, or its grosser aspects; seldom in its higher ones, and never, until now, in any of its loftier and mystical bearings. Books by ship-loads on one or two, and always either its physiological or sentimental sides of the subject, have been put forth by ambitious M.D's, or notoriety-seeking empirics; books which mainly satisfied a prurient taste or morbid curiosity, gave but little light, and generally left their readers practically as ignorant as before.

Other books, in other millions, vile, atrocious, cancerous, abounding with death in every line, fraught with ruin on every page, have been, still are being, scattered everywhere across the nations, till the flower of the world's youth has been blighted, and the morality of earth sapped dry. Oh, that literature, foul, disgusting beyond belief! terrible as the cobra's fang, keener than the dagger's edge, monstrous as a drunkard's dream, more devastating than the spotted plague! until between the two millstones—quackery, pseudo-professional literature on the one hand, and the execrable, libidinous abominations on the other—one-half of the manhood and womanhood of our nation has been ground into the very dust. No punishment can be too severe for the disseminators of the latter; no contempt too great for the authors of the former.

Not one of the very many respectable people, including fifty French, a score of English, about as many Americans, and a few German authors, who have stained reams of good white paper, and spilled gallons of ink in writing anent the sublime subject of sex, have taken the trouble to go one inch below the surface; but have been content to copy each other, and repeat the same old worn-out story,—else concealed a few good ideas in barrels of words. They have taken man and woman, shown us their anatomy; explained something of physical gender; said something about function and periods, and there left us, because they knew nothing further themselves.

For example, there are ten thousand treatises extant concerning what the doctors call the sin of one Onan, meaning, thereby, a certain nameless solitary vice. But the man alluded to in the Bible never was guilty of that sin at all. Albeit his crime was equally bad, equally disastrous and hateful. In these days it is politely called "conjugal fraud," and in plain terms consists of the nuptive union to the orgasmal climax, which was allowed to occur only in a manner never intended by the Infinite God. "He wasted his seed upon the ground, that he might not beget children to inherit his brother's name." (See Bible.) Millions do the accursed thing to-day that they may be childless, as indeed they deserve to be; for he who does that heinous wrong commits a quadruple crime, against his wife, himself, nature and God; to say nothing about the right of all souls to be incarnated by the act of man.

Now the doctors truly say that the sin solitary, and the fraud conjugal are both bad; but fail to give us even half the reasons why.

Here let me make a point for the doctors, and all others besides. In the normal, proper nuptive union, a term I invent expressive of the most sacred and intimate fact of marriage, there is a certain amount of the male vital life in fluid form (semen) voided; exactly the same by actual weight or volume may be wasted in a lascivious dream,—a spontaneous ejection of superfluous vital force in the same form; 3d, the same may be lost by the abominable conjugal fraud; or by the heinous sin against one's self—solitary vice. But note the tremendous difference in the results that follow in each of the four cases. 1st.

In the reciprocal and normal one, only joy results, positive and pronounced; and never is followed by any particularly sombre feelings; happiness ensues, and the man's soul is at perfect peace with his physical form.

In the second case, resulting from spermatic plethora, a relief follows, but leaves a weakness after it, requiring phosphoric food to recuperate from. There's a little shame-facedness too, but not much. In the third case the whole being is shocked, and the man feels himself to be contemptible and mean; and so he is. In the fourth case, a bitter, poignant remorse haunts the self-sinner day and night, for sometimes weeks together; and the results of his dreadful sin stands by him like an accusing goblin from the deeps. Now why? Remember, we suppose, what is true, that weights and measures are the same in all four instances; that the exact amount of fluid life is lost: yet one launches its victim into steep-down gulfs of remorseful, mental torture, and the others do not. The physiologists have not answered that question. I will. In case first, the normal one, waste is occasioned by the magnetic action of the electric lymph, the absorption of which by the masculine compensates the vital loss on one side; and the absorption by the feminine parietes of the exudation from Cowper's gland compensates on the other side; and here I give the doctors a new discovery—to them, not me—which is, that just within the vulva are two little glands, called glands of Duvernay, from their French discoverer. That much the doctors were aware of. But they did not know that those glands are the seat of all vaginal and uterine life; nor that trouble seals them up; Love only keeps them open. When sealed there is no exudation of magnetic lymph, which must be present, else marital rites mean death to her sooner or later. That's what ails half the wives of Christendom. Now another new thing for the doctors. Just forward of the prostate gland is what is known as Cowper's gland; but they know not its use. I have just explained it. It is to collect, store up, and discharge the magnetic fluid of the body in liquid form. It precedes both the semen and prostatic lymph: and upon contact with the lochia—Duvernay—they fuse: the result of which is the fulfilment of God's purpose in bi-sexing man. I hope this thought will be carefully studied and understood. Now in the case of the solitaire there is but one force at work. The result is from imaginative and mechanical forces: not from electric, magnetic or spiritual ones; hence he draws upon his very soul itself; violates and disobeys the fundamental law of love, and that is why he pays the dreadful penalty. Love resides in the soul; the basic law of that soul he deliberately prostitutes, wherefore his soul, as well as his body, must and does suffer.

an episode—a singular experience.

II. One day as I went walking up and down the town in soliloquent mood, I met a man, whose woe-begone countenance betokened great griefs tugging at his heart-strings; and that soul-pangs were racking the very foundations of his being. I met the man. No, I did not say that—it was my alter ego encountering myself!—and I learned his sad story, pondering deeply upon which, I pursued my way to where sleep and I were wont to woo each other; and there, throwing myself upon a lounge, drank some fresh, sweet milk, brought me by a chunky little germanesque neighbor of mine, of say nine years, pretty, as all children are, and loquacious and talkative as all children should be.

As I lay there I thought of the man,—a lone, and lonely man; for she whom he loved and trusted, many years younger than himself, was afar off, among strange people, where amid the rounds of gayety, in fashion's tide, she had no time to think of him,—the delving toiler; and far too many follow the example of that thoughtless girl.

She was wondrously fair, and heedless as beautiful; with fashions to air and conquests to achieve; poor, sweet little lady! And as I pictured her beauty and bloom, I could but justify her vanity, and on that basis condone her apparent heartless coldness in never deigning to write to him, who was suffering

daily deaths by reason of her cold silence—and—contempt.

And so I lay upon the lounge and quaffed the sweet, delicious milk, and I drougth about the Woman and the Man; and, as I did so, I fell into a sort of magnetic trance and clairvoyance—a habit familiar, seeing that the power to do so was born with me; and by its means I have a thousand times been able to see afar off, and to glimpse things denied to mortal vision. On this occasion I fell into it from having incidentally cast my eyes upon a third class triune, or magic mirror, such as for years I have used expressly to induce the state of psycho-vision. It hung over the table against the wall, where I had placed it after polishing it, preparatory to sending it to a lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., to whom impecuniosity had compelled me to sell it.

It was a fine one, though not the best or most costly; yet was capable of mighty things when in the humor; for, be it known, they, like watches, razors, locomotives and women, are very set in their ways, and will not work unless well treated, and coaxed besides; then they operate well enough, as did the one alluded to. Its power ranged to the aerial spaces above, and to the vaulted deeps below; and on its surface the dead could, and often did, cast cognizable pictures of themselves and surroundings then and then again. On the morning alluded to, as I breathed upon it, a thick, heavy, black, portentous cloud obscured its face, followed by a silvery sheen, indicative of coming trouble, hatred, folly, error, succeeded by happiness and contentment; but I actually forgot all that, nor recalled it till after the approaching drama was ended,—a drama strange and weird, fraught with pain unutterable, inexpressible, almost unendurable; yet whose results or fruitage was as ripe pomegranates are to the thirsty pilgrims, or the cool, bubbling waters to the parched lips of the Arab on the burning sands of Sahara. Little did I dream that the strange experience was full of true light to others than myself; yet such it is, and was; and with grateful heart I thank the Most Compassionate God, the Ineffable Lord, that I was found worthy to become the vessel for the conveyance of so grand a lesson to my brethren of the wide and wasteful world.

In an instant, as my eyes fell on it—that wondrous glyphæ—the outer world sight receded, and the soul-sight came in play. Child, table, chairs, lounge—all were gone and unheeded, and on the face of that marvellous glass I beheld a scene which at the time, and for six weeks afterwards, I religiously believed was at that very instant being enacted far away, in, to the man in Toledo, dreadful reality. The sequel—far along in this book—will show whether it was the shadow of an enacted fact, or a figment of fancy woven of mist, and conjured up out of the cellars of suspicion. I loved the man, at all events; hence what I saw froze my blood with horror, and made my nerves fairly tingle with excitement and pain. I saw the lady, whom the man loved so well, and for whom he yearned, and mourned, and wept bitter tears, revealed before the eyes of my soul. She was just emerging from a dormitory, evidently, judging by appearances, both a dishonest and dishonored wife and woman. She was gaily chatting with her paramour, a gallant young fellow, who stood near her, and on whom she gazed with unutterable tenderness, voluptu and love. I shuddered with mortal anguish; for I loved my friend, and that woman bore his name. Until that hour I and he had believed her to be pure as an angel from heaven; and now did I, through sympathy for him, suffer,—ay, the agonies of the nether hell. Presently you will see whether the vision was a lesson or a fact; and whether jealousy is, and is not, sometimes based on solid ground, sometimes empty air.

On the day I met the man; he had told me that she had asked him very singular questions: "Is it possible for a husband to discover if his wife goes astray during an absence, without the ordinary evidence that establishes such facts? Can he find it out without seeing or hearing of it?" I don't know what answer was given; but I do know that the words sunk deep, like hot iron, into his soul; and he pondered on them till he grew morbid, and every day, in his loneliness, he imagined all sorts of things, which now

bodied themselves in palpable form before my soul's gaze.

Subsequently she had written to say that her yearnings were great, and she was dying from the mere fact of prolonged absence; yet within a week wrote that she was supremely happy, and longed for nothing. This was ground for suspecting her to be a truant wife, and my friend a deceived husband; and all the more in that she was thrown in contact with some very popular agitators of the marriage and fidelity questions,—on what I regarded as the wrong side.

As I gazed on the scene upon the mystic mirror's face, I saw the lady and her lover as before, and beheld his burning kisses fall thick and fast upon her rich, ripe, and alluring lips; saw her languish in voluptuous death in his strong arms, and watched her return his fiery salutation. I heard his love expressions, and her warm replies; but the most cruel thing of all was their combined laugh and "joke" they were playing on my friend, by making his slender purse bear the cost of their guiltful amours. He loved that woman as mothers love the babes God sends through wailing agony to their longing hearts.

I leaped from the couch; rushed to my friend's place; told him the tragic tale; fired his soul with vengeance dire; and, putting a loaded revolver in his pocket, bade him swiftly traverse the 1,100 miles intervening betwixt him and his deep revenge. This done, I went to a grocery hard by, to drink beer to drown out the agony felt for the man,—the detestation of the woman. "Man proposes," but God upsets his calculations; or Destiny does. So now, on my way to Grambrins Halle, I encountered my little friend, the German child, at play. She strangely interested me; and I left the Halle with but one glass, where I had intended to drink at least a dozen. The child saved me! Returning, I caught her up, seated her jauntily on my head, and marched back to the lonely house on the hill, where I threw myself on the lounge, kissed this little child goodby, and, as she ran off trippingly home, at her little brother's call, who was just then having dreadful trouble with his rabbits, I caught sight of a scintillant flash of white light issuant from her head, like the radiant gleam of a peerless diamond, when all the lamps are brightly burning; and a glowing, streaming iridescence flowed from her lips. I had drawn her to me, and pressed her rosy, childish face to mine, inhaling the balmy aroma of her pure, fresh, joyous soul; and a portion of the roseate fire of her sweet lips had clung to mine. I saw it, like a thin cloud of opalescence, waving gently to and fro, as I moved my head, or breathed. I began to study the meaning of a kiss.

There are but few among the many who know the meaning of a kiss:—or that the soul, from its seat in the brain, is in telegraphic unity with the lips.—affectional, friendly, filial, parental, general, in the upper one; sensuous, magnetic, passionnal, in the lower; nor that, when loving lips meet lips that love, there is a magnetic discharge of soul-flame, and each party gives and receives large measures of magnetic life and fluid love at the instant of impact or contact, which measures are greater or less according to the love-fulness or emptiness of each respectively. While pondering on this, and marvelling at the beautiful irradiation alluded to above, I chanced to recur in thought to the mirror scene, and to the woman and the man, the weirdly strange phantorama already described; again that strange numbness of the outer being came over me, and in another instant I lay there, rapt, entranced, transfigured, and for the time being was as are the newly dead. Clearly, distinctly, did my soul's vision penetrate the spaces and localize itself in that far-off room, where still stood the recalcitrant wife and her new-found lover, and the woman stood on this side, the man upon that, hands on shoulders, and mutual kisses, accompanied with glowing red passion-fires from lip to lip; and as I thought of my friend, her husband, I exclaimed, "Guilty! by the Lord of Hosts!" But as I said so and gazed, a great change came over my feelings and my soul. I put myself in my friend's, her husband's place, by means of the three principles, Posism, Volantia and Decretism, hereinafter alluded to, and then, far more clearly comprehending the situation, I would not, as before, have slain her, spattered his heart's blood

upon the walls and floor, or have sent a leaden bullet crashing through his brains, for the whole world, or millions more just like it; for whereas before I had observed effects, I now beheld their producing, hidden causes. A great cloud rolled away from before my gaze into the vague, dim Æth, and my soul, representing my friend, the man said unto my soul, She did not love you; if she had, this scene could never have occurred. It is but one of millions, this very day, transpiring in thousands of places the wide world over, and is the legitimate result of the wrong relations subsisting between the mated, or rather, mismated marriagees of the earth! Love only can keep souls, and the bodies they wear, true and faithful! Where it does not mutually exist there can be, and is, no guaranty of fidelity. Wherefore, it is incumbent on you to face the facts; call to your aid the rare philosophy of common sense; struggle manfully against this dreadful, appalling, yet perfectly natural catastrophe; accept the situation; hush the throbings of your tortured heart; ask God for strength to bear the heavy burden, and be wise.

Still representing my friend, my soul said on: Perchance what you see is, after all, but a fevered dream, begotten of your depressed nervous state, morbidity of fancy and loneliness, combined with the suspicions kindled by the strange questions asked upon the eve of her departure many days ago, and greatly strengthened by unwisely worded letters sent back by her; and made still stronger by her six weeks' utter silence—in itself good cause for suspicion, for every husband has a right to know his wife's whereabouts, her surroundings and the company she keep; and if she does not keep him thus informed, he has fair and just grounds to infer that her actions are such as ought to be hidden from his gaze, and also from that of humanity at large.

If innocent, she is still guilty of a great folly: while your trouble and pain may really have no more solid foundation than vague and empty air. Let justice rule on both sides; for she was unwise, while your illness tortures things out of shape, till mere phasmas assume forms as solid in appearance as the very truth itself; and it may be that your anxiety and sympathy may have conjured up a lie; and this apparently recusant woman really be as unsoiled as the down upon the ring-dove's breast, or the spotless plume of an angel's wing! Oh, how my heart, for my friend, clung to that hope! My soul to my soul went on: They twain, the far-off couple, are young; are adapted to each other: you (my friend, of course) are too old for her. You had no right to subject her to the terrible temptation of being away from your side for months together, in the midst of gay people, where everything appealed to and impressed her young heart and fancy, and made a wider gulf between herself and you. I know your heart is bleeding, that hot tears are streaming down your face, that your poor soul is sweltering amidst the tortuous flames of the fiercest hell of jealousy; yet why? for one who loves you not!—who is heartless to you, heartfelt to her paramour! Be a man! and remember that she, too, has rights which you are bound to respect;—not the right to dishonor, but to be free from you by laws human and divine, and to make such choice and legal disposal of herself as her youth demands, and her will, soul, and conscience prompt.

If she has fallen, it is the fault of her husband, not altogether her own. She admires him, but probably loves this distant Adonis, and, tempted beyond her strength, she may have forgotten and neglected duty, at the urgency and call of love; the facts of which came rushing through the air to you and took form and shape through the vision of the seer.

Be magnanimous! and if ye twain part, as ye likely will, and forever, do not fail to recognize the end as the legitimate result of the stupid folly of allowing her to dwell so far away in the midst of tempting scenes and people. Guilty, or not guilty, forget and forgive. Voluntarily free this simpleton from the chafing thrall that binds her to one whose purse, not person, is all on earth she cares for. Let her go at the call of affection, and, forsaking you and duty, yield her to the better and nobler law of love. Free her, and they twain will likely wed. Hold her, and she is that nameless thing—a wedded harlot.

My soul had, still as my friend, not myself, gotten thus far in its just reasonings when methought I heard a sweet and silvery voice say, "Behold!" And as the delicious tones rung glorified changes through my spirit I felt that I had grown a century within an hour; and notwithstanding that I actually believed my friend's wife to be guilty, and might probably so believe until my dying day, yet I had charity for her, as well as sorrow and sympathy for him. I put myself in his place, and for the first time in my life not only realized the luxury of forgiveness, but felt capable of even dying a lingering death that the woman so loved might be happy with him she so loved; and greater affection than that can no man show, in that he would lay down his life for a friend. I talked with the husband; persuaded him to lay by the pistols and revenge. He did so, and ceased to be jealous from that hour, caring but little whether the vision was of actual fact or a delirious dream.

"Behold!" I looked, still with that ultra soul-sight which leaps all boundaries, cleaves all space, flashes over rivers, mountains, seas, penetrates all bodies, and brings us in actual contact with the whole domain of mystery; and again I saw the little German child, through the walls of both houses, as clearly as if they were of finest crystal or purest glass instead of boards and mortar. And I beheld an ineffably pure, pearly-hued effulgence playing about her little head, undulating in billowy movement all about her infantile shoulders, streaming from her hair, glowing round her waist, and in loving wavelets all around. I watched this with astonishment. It was but the prelude to the celestial cantata that followed. I saw her mother gently chide her, and soon she went to bed, and slept the sweet, delicious slumber of absolute innocence; and as she thus lay I saw the gossamic cloud of pearly aura expand till it filled the room, penetrated the ceiling, the roof, swelling and lengthening out clear into the starlight, and forming to a point shot out and afar off into the very depths of space till I could follow it no more. Then I turned me again to the sleeping child; and what was my astonishment at beholding literally hundreds of bright shining and divinely beautiful forms, as of young children and the virgin dead, come trooping down the lane of pearly light, and, entering the house, gather and dance and play at the bedside of the slumbering little one. Good is catching! That child had enabled me to stave off a fit of jealous rage in sympathy with my friend; and now I was, through her again, about to learn one of the most important lessons of my life. I had kissed that child, and had become suffused with a portion of her own sweet aromal aura or atmosphere, and was, therefore, en rapport with the same bright beings as she was herself, and was played upon by the same celestial, pure and divine influences, whereof Love was the dominant or major clement.

A portion of these purer, better, and hyperphysical auras displaced and occupied the room of the grosser aura, earth-born and turbid. I found myself cleaner, better, than before, and comprehended Christ's "Suffer little children to come unto me." Not until that holy hour of rapt contemplation had I realized the immense meaning of a single touch of loving lips; that if it be purely given and received, both participants are blessed, not only directly, but through oblique ways, a myriad fold.

Love in very deed lies at the foot of all, and its mystic and ideal meaning outweighs the material and popular ones by as many degrees as the pure soul of that baby-girl outweighs the corrupt body of the low-lived debauchee. We may be hugged, embraced, kissed into heavenly states, or into their exact opposites! Hence, aside from common relational lip-contacts, they are worse than unwise who touch lips unless love be the underlying prompter; for if the kissed or kisser be bad, just so much of that specific evil is sure to flow from the magnetic poles of either pair of lips to the soul of him or her upon whose mouth they are laid. I have said the moist lips are batteries charged with our very inmost good or evil. It is utterly impossible for a negress having borne a child to a white father ever to give birth to one perfectly negro,—even though its father, like herself, has never a drop of other blood in him,—for the reason that the blood of the white man, through his child, has mingled in the mother's veins. More than

that, her blood under the microscope will not show the same crystalline forms after the birth of the mixed child as it did before. Just so is it impossible for us not to be made better or worse by lip touching.

Harlots invariably descend unless snatched from ruin by a miracle. It is because of the many forms of hell struggling in their veins, combating in their nerves; and as heaven or its opposite attends the kiss so also is it with every other sort of human contact—even the ordinary shaking of the hands. Gloves, therefore, have new uses.

I awoke from my slumber a wiser, and, I trust, a better man. I went out and found my soul-harried and victimized friend. I reasoned with him just as I had with my own soul a while before. I told him it was clear as sunlight that the absent woman really cared not a straw for him, but only for what current funds she could extract from him; and that, although to lose her was a bitter draught of gall, yet he had better swallow it, for that he was only loving his own sphere wherewith he had embalmed her. I asked what right had he to hold a woman in duress convert or non-couvert, whose soul was not attached by love to his; whose compliance, duty only, not affectional. It was clear he ought to give her up at once even if the effort snapped his heart-strings, because the making of her child was a doubtful question. Why should he pursue a heartless phantom? They were disunited in soul. Behold the folly of continuance! Let her go!

III. As previously remarked herein, writers upon the general topics of love and its offices, uses, abuses, nature, moods, and modes, have, in the main, been content with the merely superficial or external view thereof, and have, as a general thing, utterly ignored most, if not all, of the other and deeper significances attached thereunto; and not one of them has even attempted to tell mankind any more of the principles underlying sex, Love, and their copula passion, or desire, than any one's personal experience suggests; but we have plenty of hard, dry, pseudo-scientific flummery, else a long row of medical platitudes wholly useless, because totally indigestible by the average intellectual stomach. Who of them all has given us the rationale of the orgasm—the why and wherefore, or the cause of its being a thing of apparently no moment whatever at certain times, and under circumstances: yet at another will almost shock the human soul out of its earthly tenement, the body—by its keen, incisive, cutting, awful intensity? Which of them all has explained what every one ought to, but does not know to be a fact, i. e., that, as explained in the "New Mola," and elsewhere in this book, human conjugation is or may be triple; that is, it may be of soul, spirit or body, alone or either, and the binary minglings of the three, in various degrees, even to an infinity; for instance, one part soul, ten spirit, five hundred of mere body, and so on; but never true or normal except in exact equations; even tens or hundreds, according as the participants are high or low. The philosophers never even guessed at this truth.

Who of them has told, or can tell, why the nuptium fairly laps the very soul itself, of each participant, too, in the tenderest, softest, truly human, because strictly human, joy at one time; yet at another gives naught but cruel pain; else is but a nervous spasm, unsatisfactory to one party, and injurious to both; and yet the same people in both instances?

Why is it, O learned anthropologists, that the generative rite will at one time wholly unman one, yet at another—same ones too—will fill him with the most exquisite, manly, gallant sensibility; inspire him with the most lofty virtue and high resolve; charge him to the lips with true and royal courage; yet at another time transmute him into an errant coward and miserable poltroon? And, mirabile dictu—same parties still,—bring pain, keen mental agony, shame-facedness, and suicidal thought; yet at another, result in pride, joy, gratefulness, generosity, and mental summer, with physical springtime? Why will this mysterious duty—for such it is in God's sight, who by its means peoples the worlds, and stocks the



starry spaces—plunge us into the deepest "blues," and fang our souls with remorse cruel as the grave, relentless as the Hadean gulf of Milton, and the other poets; yet at another induce a state of feeling in soul and spirit quite approaching the supposed angelic; why? and a myriad gaping crowd of scalpel-drivers repeat the sound, and echo "Why?" The answers: their science don't know, therefore cannot answer; wherefore I must take up my pen to respond to it, for those who need the information it is my lot to impart.

Since Dr. Dixon, of "The Scalpel" printed his great and warning essay on "The organic Law" (of sex), and the anonymous author of "Satan in Society" faintly echoed those stirring notes, nothing has been given to the world on the mighty subject worthy of attention or record. Neither essay filled the required bill, and for that reason I print this series of salvatory counsels. I may, and probably shall, ere long, be numbered with the armies of the dead; and who then will give Randolph's thoughts to the world? I don't know, and therefore give at least a part of them before I leave for good and all; consequently, I shall now convey certain brief and concise forms of certain knowledges, which, if abided by, will prolong many a life, and add immeasurable happiness to mankind. I wish to be clearly understood, and yet not to offend the most delicate or fastidious; for God is my judge that my sole aim is to teach certain truths, whose mission is to stop the tide of crime, misery and wretchedness now devastating our land. I am forced to use similes, but trust to be fully and entirely understood.

IV. Now for the answer to the loud "Whys?" of section three. The states resulting happily from human fusion were because there really was a human fusion, and that's just it! In all the other cases there was either too much body, too much spirit, and too little or no soul at all. They were violations of the love-law, and the suffering was the penalty. It is a pity that ten thousand times the pain was not the direct result of every violation of the organic law; and if every proposed debauchee could or would but die in the attempt, the world would soon be a great deal better off.

Where love sits enshrined over the married man's chamber door, and reason guides his conduct towards his wife therein, peace will reign, and the sale of syphilitic remedials vastly decrease. No pangs follow the celebration of the rites of holy love, nor judicious use of the divine, but abused, faculties of our nature. Unless love equals passion, marriage rites are never right; that's all!

V. The grand mistake made by physiologists and other essayists, writing on the current topic, consists in their persistent overlooking of the fact that man and woman are not the same. The male is an incarnation, so to speak, of one side of Deity; one hemisphere of the Imperial Over Soul; one section of Nature, matter, the Superlative and Infinite Mind of Minds; while the human female represents and is an embodiment of the other; for there is a male and female side to all these, and the two genders correspond to, represent, affiliate with, derive their respective powers from, and are attracted to, those respective sides. Thus either, alone, is an Incompleteness; they belong to opposite sides of nature, and it requires a bridge to span the amazing gulf that rolls between them. The magnetic materials for said bridge exists in nearly all human beings. Its name is Love. Bridges are in great demand. There's room for more.

VI. No true man can help loving all true women; not in the grosser sense, but in the higher one of soul. Not such as lie a man out of his manhood, run him in debt, empty his purse, and rob him of his peace, until he actually jeopardizes his soul's salvation,—pretending to love him, but meaning not one word of it,—laughing at him in the sleeve, and triumphing in the knowledge of how smart she was, how great a fool was he. That's the sort of women who, from the year one, have driven hard bargains with the masculine portion of the race, and rushed many a good man down the hills of ruin and gloom, and horrid, blank despair. Nor are they all dead yet.

I have neither time, assistance, or inclination for moralizing: but little patience with "Scripture" quoters; none at all with the modern "reform" tribes of the land and age: besides which I cordially despise all women-haters on one side, and Wesnerites (man haters) on the other; and no words of mine can express my utter abhorrence of the things miscalled Men, who practically regard woman as if she were nothing but a pleasure-vehicle, to be kissed, petted, and ill-treated in alternate slices. But I feel quite as much indignant contempt for that large class of women who are ever ready to use their beauty as a trap to catch male gudgeons; who look on all men as fair game, to be lied to, and played on, generally to the tune of rustling silks, and crisp bank notes; and whose utter heartlessness belies the index of their sex. There's quite as many heartless shes as hes in the world; only that one soulless woman is a greater danger to the world than a dozen scoundrelly men; for her sex gives her points of advantage denied to all of the opposite gender. A good, true woman is a diamond; a bad and heartless one worse than Milton's Satan.

Sitting near me in the eating-house where I dined yesterday, were four grave men, deliberately traducing their mother's sex. They went into paroxysms of what they called "Fun" anent pregnancy, menstruation, and sexive matters generally. They, and millions like them everywhere, in every bar-room, hotel, stable, store, grocery, consider it "smart" and manly to, even before young boys, habitually blaspheme Deity and dishonor the mothers that bore them, by irreverent, flippant and obscene speech concerning the sex. Poor wretches who disgrace the forms they bear by speaking of woman as if she were nothing but a target for filthy tongues to hurl their venom at; or, at best, as destined victims to their own abominable lubricity; mere extinguishers of the bale-fires rioting in their own veins,—the venomous fever-passions of their own gross natures, and far more ignoble than those of the four-footed dogs that run our streets. It made me sick; it always did—to listen to the outrageous talk going on everywhere about women, whenever two or more human males of the "civilized" kind happen to get together for an hour. Even stately officials, fathers of families, do; and if not, at least often allow it in their presence, which is almost as bad. So almost universal is this foul talk, to be heard everywhere, at any time,—ribald, coarse, obscene, and altogether devilish,—that it is no wonder that the public mind is debauched and totally demoralized.

It is a curious fact that people will talk smut, laugh heartily at coarse jokes and improbable stories concerning the eternal God's method of peopling the worlds, and filling up the starry domes beyond the grave, when of all human deeds it is the most sacred, serious, and laughless. No human being laughs then; for the weight of worlds rests upon human shoulders.

It is a bad sign any man hangs out when he makes "fun" of what ought to challenge his holiest emotions and most profound respect. There was a young man of the fun-making genus,—a fellow whose nature was inflamed nearly a year before his birth, and who kept it up to boiling-point by food and drink, and the secret books he first read, and then so artfully concealed, that the servant-girls were sure to find them,—read, get detected,—of course, by the owner.—result, destruction to poor she,—brag by he, who of course was petted and made much of, while his victim's head, in time hung low, for a bleeding heart was breaking. Well, this Lothario's eyes used to fairly glisten when they rested upon any young female form, and the burden of his talk was the victories he had won over too confiding women. Brag.

It so happened that he was one of a jury of inquest over the dead body of poor Maria Lee, a child of sixteen summers, whom a rich merchant of Loudon had betrayed, and then procured a double murder at the hands of an abortionist. Poor child! she bled to death from a skewer of steel run clean through both the uterus and its contents. The rich merchant paid some money;—some more in charity:—by-and-by

joined the church, and his sin was forgotten. The medical practitioner went to jail for six months; was pardoned out in five weeks; and the babe went back to heaven in the arms of its slaughtered mother.

But there she lay, poor child, upon the long work-table of good Simon Scott, the carpenter, all pale and delicate as finest Parian marble or wax-work, and beautiful! O God, how immortally beautiful!—just as Deity had fashioned her before the rich merchant of Loudon and his friends, the doctor and death, had finished the work so fairly begun—finished her for the grave and heaven; for if ever its golden portals swing wide to admit a shining soul, surely its hinges will revolve like lightning to let in a ruined woman. Well, the autopsy went on; the facts were disclosed: and while the surgeon plied his work, and a strong magnifying glass was handed round among the jurymen, none were so eager and earnest in scrutiny and question, as the fast young man,—the general lover alluded to. He carefully examined lungs, brain, stomach, breasts, heart, uterus—all; and as he laid down the glass he muttered—and I—with the womb in my hand, and the knife between my teeth echoed, from the floor of my soul, his words—"Murdered, by God! curse him,—them! and me, too, if ever I"—and there he stopped; but not till his oath was registered up there where vows are never broken, and nothing is forgotten. If I could, I certainly would have every male over fifteen witness just such a redemptive and impressive scene; and would take every boy through the wards of a hospital for syphilides. I would have every girl taught the long-forgotten truth that her soul is worth, at least, quite as much as her body; something they little dream of, so ardent is their worship at the shrine of Saint Frivole.

Had I been so intruded long years ago, I had escaped very many subsequent mistakes, and consequent misery; but I, like most others, was a long time in learning thoroughly the tremendous difference between the chaste desire of pure love, and the lurid fires of burning lust. I learned it at last; hence this, and my later books, which I trust will serve as beacons to warn mankind off sunken rocks and reefs long after these hands have returned to primal dust, and the soul that animates them is kneeling at the feet of the Redeeming God.

VII. From the earliest historical ages an unnatural custom has prevailed; and its results have been fearful,—sub rosa mainly, for the victims generally grieve, mourn, and die in silence. I refer to the abominable practice of old men marrying young girls. I know that the temptations,—youth and freshness on one side; influence, society, position, money, on the other,—are great indeed; but for all that, it is a something against which that same society ought to turn; and one that God Himself frowns down; for never a marriage among them all produced other fruits than discontent, jealousy, madness and despair.

Campbell, in that odd book "Hermippus, or the Sage's Triumph," lays it down that the old can regain many months or even years of life by consorting and cohabiting with the young. It is, and is not true. If it were possible for two people, one sixty, the other sixteen, to fully and mutually love each other, then the girl would help the man, and the man increase the girl's recuperative power. But, happily, girls of sixteen can't love sixty, nohow you can fix it. I knew a man in New York State, who literally drove his daughter, a thin, pale, waxen child of sixteen, into a hated marriage of sixty-five or thereabouts. Two years afterwards, a child was buried in the West, and four weeks afterwards the father bore his daughter's body to bury it and his happiness together in one grave on the hillside.

Were a man of that age to use means to thus get a daughter of mine, say twenty-live years ago, when I was young, I think there'd have been a third-class funeral in that town; for I regard it as a crime even worse than some sorts of murder; and here are my reasons why: It is safe to say, where occasionally the young girl marries an old man, and good results follow, that such cases are extraordinary, and altogether exceptional to an almost universal rule; because the old man's motive is to prolong his

miserable existence at the expense of a fresh young life; and of course his "love!" is but a selfish, mean, self-preservative instinct; while the girl's love is one of advantage, either money-wise or from gratitude, and therefore not real love at all; because in the very nature of things she can but feel an utter disgust, an awful and appalling horror and loathing at the bare thought, much less the sickening ordeal of fact.

Happiness is out of the question, and the cases exceedingly rare where they produce anything but misery. Nearly every one will at once see many of the reasons why; but there are some others not quite so self-apparent, and here they are. In marriage and its offices there must be a reciprocal play of electric and magnetic forces; for unless mutual, there's disaster just ahead, and sunken rocks all around, upon which that ship of wedlock is sure, sooner or later, to run aground; and in the wreck that follows some one is sure to be lost—and that some one is a young wife, tired of an old, besotted, worn-out man!

The great disparity of years, magnetism, vitality and life-force between such an ill-starred couple renders it utterly impossible for the young thing to have one single taste or desire in common with the old dotard she calls husband.

She cannot absorb, reciprocate or assimilate him, or aught pertaining to him, magnetically, or in any other way; and she even loathes the food he dotes on, and the liquids he consumes to keep his unnatural fever up.

The magnetic auras issuant from them are unlike, and to her repellant, after a time, if not at once. He consumes, absorbs, and assimilates the totality of her vital life, and at length she dies for sheer want of that whereof he robs her. But a still stronger protest is here: it is found in the well-known fact that the old and coarse magnetism of the man poisons both the body and soul of the young girl; seals up the fountains of her youth and responsive power; shuts the door of amative joy in her face; robs her of her rights as wife; suggests evil thoughts to her mind, and paves the way for her to yield heart and all else to whoever near her own age tries to win her, by giving her a kind of love she needs, and which is proper for one of her tender years.

Where the disparity is even twenty years it is infinitely far too great. Ten years' difference is a deal too much, and five the limit, save in the case of bloodless girls and very magnetic men; in which union the female thrives on the fresh vitality of the man. But, even in such cases, she must be blonde, and he the opposite—always; for if the reverse happens, she's a doomed woman, and he a physical imbecile, in five years' time at the utmost. In the case of ordinary December and May marriages he robs her of life; she gestates horror instead of affection; for in natural marriage souls blend and interfuse more or less perfectly after a time; and those who have lived unhappy lives often find out how well they loved at heart, after death comes tapping at the gate, if not before. Then it is: "Who'd have thought it?" but too late! Such antipodes cannot blend, because the girl is peach-downy, supple, gay, lithe and lightsome, but the man lithy, that is, limy, calcareous; and they cannot, will not mingle in any more intimate relations than that of father and daughter.

Some people have young souls in old bodies, in which case things are not so bad; but where such soul-youth does not exist, and the parties live in passable harmony, still there's great harm done,—in faic, constructive wificide, and this is the reason why,—a wife is apt to become a mother quicker by an old husband than a young one; because the old man's blood is cooler, his passion slower in culmination; and she is likely to conceive from sheer weariness, and physical and mental inability to guard herself; besides which, she never dreams of danger, or of the female finesses she would put in play against a younger husband.

If ever it is right to prevent conception, I believe it is in exceptional cases like this before us; for his old blood, through his child, courses through her young veins, making her old prematurely; loading her down with the accumulated mental, physical and moral, magnetic and other diseases of all his long run of years. Besides which, his child is born old;—never knows what babyhood is, or childhood means. It looks, feels, is an oddity; knows no infantile days or pleasures, and is thus, by its own father, robbed and cheated out of its best and most halcyon days. But that's not the worst of it yet; for the offspring of January is sure to be nearly as calcareous as its father. Its bones are harder, firmer, more solid than is right; its cranium is broader, flatter, thicker, and dense as those of a grown man; and if the young mother escapes forceps-delivery, or a still worse operation, she may consider herself a fortunate woman. May God pity all such, and alas! thousands of such there are.

How often we hear the expression, "She tapped the fountains of his love." Well, the thing is possible, yet is seldom realized, for that can only be done when both are maritally conjoined while influenced by a passion born of perfect, deep, soul-founded love; and then! ah, then! the cup of human bliss is indeed full. Why? Because a portion of each soul becomes incorporate in the other, and the mystical blending—"they twain shall be one"—is complete.

But souls can be tapped without reciprocity, for the young wife's soul is drained from her, either directly as a sponge, by her old husband, or indirectly through the uterine and vaginal diseases sure to be her lot sooner or later; for the fluids of the twain will not, cannot blend, except in so far forth as to inoculate the poor young thing with malignant poison, by which I do not here mean syphilis, but I do mean that worse poison resultant from chemical incompatibility, mental and affectional disgust and repulsion, which leave ulcers and corrosions in their train, with death in the foreground. Gentlemen M. D.'s, here's the origin of evil; for even if the husband is not old, but only a hellion to her, she's your patient straightway, and you have a fine chance for the sale of lotions, washes, pessaries, supporters, and all the other vast paraphernalia born of non-love, "in the auld house at hame."

Birth months. Children conceived in May, June, July, August and September, and who, therefore, are born in February, March, April, May, and June, are, unquestionably, better constituted and will live longer, have more character and power than when the double events occur in other months; because nature and weather are more propitious at the start. Conceptions occurring in the morning hours are a myriad degrees better than when that event occurs at other periods.

A person's shadow on the wall in a room, by lamp-light, will reveal more of that party's real character than all the phrenology extant, and in its minute phases, too; just as a peculiar smile, observation, movement, or tone of voice will sometimes tell in a second more of a person's real self, than an acquaintance of fifty intimate years would otherwise.

Gender in the human being is a very different thing from gender in the animate kingdoms below the grade of man. In the beasts it means propagation, mainly for food purposes; but in man it stands for, and implies, a great deal more, as will be seen hereinafter.

At this point I wish to pick a flaw or two in the reasonings of the popular physiologists and phrenologists of the day, every one of whom urge their moral pleas mainly upon the ground that the marital-functional nuptive rite of the human being is precisely on a par with the creative act of beasts; that is, that God intended it in man as in animals, to be solely and only a propagative function,—that, and nothing more. It is for generative ends only, and the nervous state precedent to, and succeeding it, is but the natural spur to the God-foreseen result; therefore, say they, the sacred nuptium is permissible only when both parents desire to add one more unit to the great world's population. Now these

philosophers either are conscious hypocrites, teaching what they don't believe; else they think us fools, and we know they are.

I have seen a book, of nearly a thousand mortal pages, and that doctrine was the whole gist and burden of its labored and lame argument: lame, for its author shows in a hundred places that he don't believe his own logic; he continually confutes himself, and the completest refutation of the absurdity is to be found in the words: It is not true! Why? because man is not a beast, and is not governed by identical laws; but comes under, and is played upon, and moved by, higher ones altogether than such as rule in the kingdom of beasts, birds, reptiles, fish and insects.

In those realms, sex is an instinct, a periodical function and appetite. In man, it is a fact of soul; a principle, and a mystical and divine power, altogether superior to the passing furore of beasts that perish and are known no more; and it means more in his case than it does in all other departments of the sentient world, singly or combined.

I here throw down the gauntlet, and state, boldly and squarely, right in the teeth of all the so-called scientists on earth or under heaven, that the sexive principle, habitude, and instinct in the human is not in very many respects identical with that of the non-human inhabitants of the globe we live on; on the contrary, in us it means, implies, and leads to immeasurably more and deeper things than the average thinker ever dreams of or imagines. In the organic kingdoms outside of the human, the instinct is blindly obeyed, and self-seeking there, as everywhere else, and not propagation at all, is the all-powerful impelling motive, if motive there be. Bears and horses, cats and fishes, dogs and flies, and every other living thing bearing gender, invariably trouble themselves not at all concerning increase of family, or prolongation of the species, until such increase appears; by which time Nature has brought a new instinct and passion into play. Parallels between man and beasts are not correct or just; for in beasts sexive and parental instincts are separate affairs,—in man they coexist. In beasts the offspring and parents become disunited at maturity; in the human, the practical relationship lasts not only to the gates of the grave, but leaps the barriers of death, and flourishes in the far-off heaven; and will till the universe grows old, and Time himself topples with hoary age.

We are gravely told that animals obey the impulse once a year, or season, as the case may be; that man ought to go and do likewise; but we won't; nor will these self-same philosophers,—I'm sure of that!—especially in their own especial and particular cases; because man is a myriad grades or degrees higher and finer in organization than the animals; and his nature calls for more than theirs possibly can, or does.

They obey the instinct; it is the spur to propagation; but the beast, just like man up to a given point, risks all for the spur, and cares nothing for subsequent consequences, but leaves them for nature to attend to; and she does it like the kind, dear old mother that she is! In the average human, the spur is all that's cared for at the time; albeit consequences are foreseen, and due provisions made; for we marry and mate,—beasts only mate, and marriage is unknown to them. Not one human couple in fifty millions propagate on purpose, for as a rule it is impossible; not so with beasts; for one hour seals the origin of the progenal result; and men mark the periods, and know to a day when to look for the new animal; but we can only guess the time when our eyes shall gladden at the sight of the new soul God sends to cheer and bless us.

We are all accidents!—and not a few of us unhappy ones,—I, for instance. To apply rules to man applicable to animals alone, is an insult to the human race. Stirpiculture, or the rearing of better children, will never succeed upon agricultural, stock-farm, or barnyard principles.

True, nature requires a rich soil to produce high grades of fruit, whether human or other sorts; but in the former she requires the richest of fertilizers, and its name is love. Give her that, and she'll make your eyes glisten at the beauty of the work she does; deprive her of it, and crab apples are the result; and a human crab is the gnarliest and most bitter fruit in all God's garden. In the lower kingdoms nature does her best to produce a superior grade of body. In the human world she works wholly to produce a loftier order of soul in its triplicate divisions,—intellect, imagination, emotion; and is never satisfied until success fairly crowns her efforts. A handsomer race, physically. I never saw than the modern Greek; nor such a perfect race of scamps; for your Romaic rascal can discount all others on the earth, if we except these of New York and Boston, who are lords paramount in all sorts of villany, from the picking of a pocket to stealing a railway.

"I guess I'll make an experiment—only just one," says many a man; and he makes it; the upshot being that from the instant he does so, home ceases to be such to him, and any woman's presence and activities is preferable to those of his wife. But why? Simply because his imagination has rendered the other woman's charms live thousand times more important than they actually are, and yet they are sufficient to enable him to draw disparaging estimates between solid wife and fleeting mistress. New fire, strange blood, has inspired him with fresh passion, and he don't care for the old wife, in presence of the new harlot; and so he abuses one, and lavishes all he has on the other. But you just wait a bit; we'll see how it works in the end,—and so will he; and happily, too, if it be not too late. Three weeks' experience with a mistress will cure almost any man of that sort of weakness, if he have not, by that time, buried his wife's love in a grave ten thousand resurrectionless fathoms deep! He did not know that the strange, new, exciting magnetism meant death to his home-love, desolation to his hearth-stone, isolation to his heart, and ruin to his happiness; yet it did and does, and eternally will, because it is scortatory, malign, fiery, and while it effectually displaces and kills home-love, it fails to satisfy; and its end is bitter ashes. In a weak moment, many a man, fired with sudden and electric fire, has fallen into passion's dreadful snare, and for a moment of delirious joy has bartered off a whole life of happiness; for when once one indulges in stolen fruit, which may be sweet, but is never so good as that which grows on one's own trees, the habit becomes fixed, and "just once" lands him—or her—neck-deep in perdition! His talk—or hers—ought to be not "Just once;" but, "It's all very fine, sir or madam—but it won't pay, and—I'll see you in—well, you can guess where—first." That's human talk!

IX. As already said herein, marriage—by which term hereinafter, whenever and wherever printed in italic letters, I mean the nuptive union of the sexes; and it is only really nuptive when love is the prompter; otherwise it is a desecration and worse than beastly profanation—is productive of an entire series of effects and results aside from the perpetuatory or propagative one wherein man and animals are alike, and therein only; for in them sex distinctions are, of course, merely bodily, while in the human it involves and embraces the entire vast domain of both body, soul, and the interwoven spirit. In the non-human races the marriage office ceases when the germ is lodged; but in the human being its offices only begin at that point; for its results continue, whether the rite be propagative or no, not only through an arc or chord of fleeting time; but they, the results, stretch away into and through the infinite and eternal spaces, and probably cease not, but endure forever and forever.

If there is one thing more certain, after death, than another, it is that every immortal man and woman of us is bound and doomed to have all love and lust escapades universally known. We are destined to meet all with whom we have been carnally intimate in any degree, from that of pure and gentle love, to the horror and violence of inhuman rape. Every carnal association affects us, leaves its mark on us and the other; and some there be who will be astonished that their whole career was turned on earth in consequence of such or such an act—fact; and that defeat followed them in after life by reason of the

invisible presence of some wronged victims, married or not. Nor is this all, for every escapade mingles magnetisms more or less; and a man in New York in 1875 may feel the life going out of him day by day, himself not even suspecting that a dozen or more women in as many different parts of the earth, or even from the spaces, are at that instant thinking of him, yearning for him, voluntarily or not, and are drawing out his soul just as easily and surely as he drew their life through honeyed lips ten, twenty, or thirty years before; wherefore libertinism and cypranism are attended with strange penalties.

In the truly human being—the non-savage and non-barbaric specimens of the races—marriage never degrades the parties either in their own or each other's eyes; but it purifies the heart and soul, uplifts them to the Father, is really *Pulchritudinem Divitiis Conjunctam*, as it ever should be, that is, Beauty and Divinity joined as one; it therefore becomes in this mystic light, instantly, the holiest and most effective of all possible prayers, hence the most potent and tremendous energy and agency in the entire material and hyperphysical universe.

Let me tell you, reader, how and why this is so. But before I do it, just look at Jugurtha, Attila, Nero and the Bonapartes, with scores of other scourges of God and the human world,—called into being in an instant of time to lash the earth to agony,—a prayer of evil-guild, silently, but effectively uttered at the instant of their descent into the matrices that thereafter gave them to the world. Is not this sufficient to prove the truth of what I call a most effective prayer? Turn the page and behold a Christ, St. John, Buddha, Confucius, and see the results of peaceful prayer uttered silently too, exactly as in the other case or cases. But there are other proofs:—

X. That the creative function is the highest force in us, as it is in and of the Deity, admits of no denial; for it ought to be, if it is not, a perfectly self-evident proposition, axiomatic in its nature, and therefore requiring no attempt toward its demonstration; for it is palpably clear that two principles are interwoven and reciprocally acting and reacting upon each other everywhere and in all things in the universe whereof we know. These principles are male and female, and both alike are manifestations or modes of the superlative and ineffable Master-Potency, Power, Energy, or over-lapping, subtending, underlying, crowning essence of the universal realm, call it by whatever name you will; and it, the bisexive energy, displayed all around, demonstrates itself to be the Imperial Force of all that is. To it all things are subsidiary. To it all things bow, bend, acknowledge the peremptory sway of, and without which the All that is would become a blank and starless void, as terrible as eternal Night itself: more cheerless than the grave; a radical nihilism, so utterly benumbed and benumbing that destruction itself were tame in comparison.

God is supposed to be a dual being; so is man; but Deity is dual in a double sense; that is to say, God is positively male, and positively female; while also, as in man, all the masculine or electric attributes of God are pervaded by the magnetic feminine principle. We all know that the better side of man is the she or mother side; and that from it spring all the major elements of both his greatness and his goodness; and we admire an intellectual giant, while we adore a loving man; because from his love, not his intellect, arises all of goodness, inspiration, aspiration, generosity of soul which characterizes him. We are pleased with the Platos, but we worship the Christs. It is the softer side of soul that generates moral or any other real grandeur, and makes great deeds possible to man; for it is that alone which has power to transmute man the savage into man the incarnate demi-god.

All sentient and non-sentient being is more or less pervaded, according to capacity, with what I may call the male and female aura or effluence of the great Supreme, the unknown and unknowable Deity; and all these incarnations of the original Life, save only the human, are distinctively and radically either wholly male or female. True, there are among the lower types and forms of organic life, a few



seeming exceptions, as the so-called hermaphrodites; but, in reality, such are apparent only; for examination in the light of modern science proves all such organisms to be a union of the two principles in a single body, and not a fusion, by any means; and that the male side fecundates the other. But a human, canine, equine, bovine, or any other bisexed being is an utterly impossible thing, all those affirming to the contrary notwithstanding. There are and have been malformations claimed to be proofs of dual gender, but they were really one or the other.

Below man, while the sexes are distinct, in him, as a principle, not a physical fact, they for the first time fuse and blend, at least on this, and probably upon every other soul-bearing world in the eternal vaults of space. It is this blending of sex in soul that makes us what we are; for were we not half mother, our father's influence upon us would drive the world to chaos in a year; and all that is really excellent in us is the capacity to love and grow; and nothing is capable of love but man.

There is a curious proof of the soundness of the foregoing statement, yet it seems to have escaped the notice of the scientist: I allude to the notorious fact that some womb-bearers, wives and mothers too, are females only physically; while spiritually, mentally, morally, psychically, and in every other way but one, they were and are wholly hard, cold, masculine beings, living contradictions of the statements their forms and functions declare to the world. On the other hand, many who wear the Phallic sign of gender are no more men in soul, than is the little romping lass of five brief summers a full-grown, full-blown woman.

Such people are human monstrosities, and were born wrong. If you ask me why and how, listen, and the story shall be fully, fairly, yet briefly told:—

XI. If a human monad, or "zoosperm," from the left side of the father, encounters a ripe ovum from the left side of the mother, that fact determines the gender. It will be male. [See a section on this very point in the sequel.] Reverse the case, and reverse results will follow, invariably,—though how to do it on purpose is a somewhat difficult problem to solve; yet it can be done, and is far more easily accomplished than at first sight may appear.

Now accidents and inversions, aversions and perversions, occur in all departments of nature, but none so glaring and positive as are encountered among human beings; and the missexing of them is one of the most common forms of malconstruction; for it frequently happens that a female zoosperm, which is the living monad, or soul-germ, supplied by the male parent, and clothed in flesh by the mother, is unable to reach a corresponding female ovum, and is compelled to be expurgated, or enter one from the wrong ovarium; in which case the body of the child will be of one gender, its soul and spirit of the opposite one. In a normally peopled world such monstrosities, which now abound all about us, could not possibly be coaxed, drawn or forced into existence as a human incarnation; and it is utterly impossible for such to appear at all upon the world's stage, if parents wholly, or even partially, love each other; and when such miscreations are seen, it is proof stronger than holy writ that love did not rule in the hour of their generation. Now I have affirmed as a truth that true human sex is primarily of soul, and secondarily of body; hence it follows that the post-mortem state of such mixed beings is not a permanent duration of their condition here; for gradually the true sex of the individual asserts its native force and power the physical, or rather hyper-physical being is gradually toned down or up to his or her true condition; the malformation begins to lessen by slow degrees, its signs to disappear, and then they assume either the perfected states of man, or that of woman; their angularities are worn away, and the beings who on earth belied the story of their true gender become as other normal beings are; the memory of what they once were fades away, and they take rank among the truly human.

XII. The philosophers of my day were generally blind to, or oblivious of, the fact that the greatest degree of human excellence in offspring can never be attained, even though the parents are physically perfect; but that a wife every way inferior except in love, loving and being loved, will give the world such children as will prove themselves, indeed, truly great, and grandly good. The strongest force, mental power, and creative energy in the domains of science, art, philosophy, and literature everywhere, is invariably manifested by those who have the most loved and loving mother in them—people whose feminine or magnetic side entirely balances, or slightly overweighs the electric or masculine moiety of their being. He is everywhere most welcomingly greeted, caressed and influential, who is most magnetic, or female,—not in the effeminate sense, but in the glowing, radiant heartfulness of his nature,—is one who has not the most intellect, but most gentleness, love, affection, combined with it. Take the real or ideal Nazarene, for example, who perished for loving mankind in his 49th year [see Bunsen]; or, going back of his alleged times, leap the chasms of years to the Bo-Tree man, and scores of others equally good, if not so famous; and whenever you find a great soul in a male body, depend upon it he is more than half mother; for it is the woman side of such people that gives them power, genius, mental pith, and enables them to write their names in adamant letters upon the grand facade of the universal human temple! It is equally true, that those are the most glorious and glorified of the other gender, who were, or are, not the most electric, masculine and intellectual, but the most tender, pure, loving and feminine in all respects.

XIII. But you say, "We women are not perfect yet. We want perfect offspring! Some of us have not just such husbands as we wish. We are too pure to sully our souls, no matter how great the temptation may be. We prefer to abide in marriage as we have found it. Some children, the results of such marriage, are not what we would have them; therefore, pray tell us how to improve upon them hereafter."

The answer is simple, the method easy. Never run the risk of conception, except you be mentally and physically prepared,—not for it—but to utterly banish everything but the pure desire of your soul to give him all the love then—at the marriage—that you can, and wish, will, pray, desire, decree, that the result, if such there be, may be modelled after your soul's loftiest ideal. Keep up this all the time of gestation if possible, and the operation of the law just revealed will convince you and the world that nothing equal to it ever fell from human lips or pen.[1]

Please recall the incident of myself and the little fairy. Well, that is worth worlds to you, for suppose that, instead of wishing, willing, desiring, decreeing perfect offspring, you exert it to redeem your husband, to kindle up his love for you, for home, for his own fire-side. But perhaps you care little or naught for all that; still you want health, beauty, strength and long life, all of which are achievable by the same magic means; else in such moments—during power absence—all these are lost, and another nail driven home into your coffin. Obey this grand law, follow out this splendid rule, and ere long you will find that your power will perceptibly augment, most assuredly be felt, and before you are well aware of it will work such a redemptive change as shall bathe your house in pearly glory. This principle will win him from all others, and kindle love where all was cheerless, wintry blasts before. I know it, have seen it tried, and am confident that she who persistently tries cannot by any possibility fail! Of course the same power can be used by husbands. It is simply substituting active soul-will, love, for indifference, passive body and sufferance; but, as sure as death, here is the starting point of a divine life!

XIV. But how about promiscuity or variety in the love relations of life?

Reply: There may be those who can find happiness therein. I never could, and do not want to make the experiment. My reasons will be seen further on in this work; but before we come to that, I wish at this

point once for all to say that I believe in free speech, and wide-spread agitation of all questions, social and sexual included; but while I champion the right, I by no means espouse the cause of those champions, for I must abide by the laws of my own individuality, and it is my firm belief that love-variety in any shape is injurious to soul and body, and that the highest point of human power can only be reached by those who are amatively true to each other; for purity alone is the price of power, the secret of soul-might, and it is the coin accepted at God's exchange for such glories as he keeps especially for true and earnest souls. I write these lines here because at this moment a paper lies, in two senses, before me, which distinctly says that I am an advocate of certain opinions which my entire life has been spent in confuting—as witness every book I have ever written, every speech I have ever spoken. Having put this on record, I now drop all that matter,—both the falsehoods and the falsifiers, forever and forevermore, as being beneath either notice or contempt.

The demand for novelty, "variety," or change in love matters, is not a part of my being, and only foiled zealots—feminine—and worse things in male shape, ever started such malignant slanders against me, —human perverts of both genders, who, failing to induce me to pervert certain knowledge and powers to their base ends and systems, sought to injure me by the meanest and most contemptible of all possible scandal. But I laughed at the cyprians, and snapped my fingers at the rogues in grain. I am only capable of one love at one time, but that time to me fastens its further end to the eternities just ahead of us all. Temporary attractions departed with my dead years, thank Heaven, and their fruitage was ever bitter, bitter.

XV. So true is the statement concerning the vastly greater and superior relative value of the Feminine Principle, that even in the present lubricious age, when woman is almost everywhere wrongly rated, badly educated, and worse placed than she should be, there is still, deep down in the hearts of most, even the coarsest men, a measure of gallant respect, which occasionally gleams forth in noble deeds, and brave championage of the sex, in such guise as to give great hope for fuller and better things by and by.

The chivalry of all ages has not only proved feal to her and acknowledged its dependence upon her smile and frown, boldly fighting for her right or wrong, then, in the foretime, just as now; but has taken especial pains to celebrate individual women and the universal sex; and this worship of the second, if not the primal element of nature, has been carried further, and been more general, than the modern reader might imagine. For instance, who among those who peruse this essay would believe, save on most indubitable evidence, that the very flower of one, nay, two of the leading nations of the world this day do homage to the emblem of Womanhood? Yet, nevertheless, such is the fact; for the noblest regalia, the highest honor won and worn by Britain's proudest men, is to be acknowledged to be worthy of wearing the royal insignia of the Garter; while the Fleur-de-lis of France, meaning something precisely similar, has been the boast of her noblest for centuries.

Now what does that same Garter mean? Is there any one so uninformed as to imagine for a moment that it signifies the mere string worn about the leg to keep nice stockings from dragging about fair heels? If so, here let that absurd notion be rectified, for the emblem signifies no such puerile nonsense at all. The motto of the order, Princely and Imperial, is in these days written *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, translated to mean—to the uninitiated, outside world—"Evil to him who evil thinks," which, in a certain sense, is true and correct, for it does mean that, but not at all in the manner that people generally think it does. It has no reference to general evil whatever, but it expressly means evil of a certain and peculiar kind; for it so happens that the real first word is not *Honi* but *Yoni*, and that means nothing more nor less than the feminine organs of generation, coupled with their periodic functions.

Now, while in all ages of the world's known history, a grand majority of all mankind, including all modern Christians, worship brute force, and luxuriate in varied forms of Phallic or Priapic worship, and the Phallus is the male organ of generation and Priapus was its god; while they, I repeat, adored and adore creative energy as symbolized by the emblem alluded to, of which all steeples, towers, beacons, light-houses, monuments, cenotaphs, and May and liberty poles and flagstaffs, are but symbols; while that form of worship—of the male god—has been, and still is, almost universal, except in its coarser, grosser forms, in our days, there have not been wanting other human hosts who did, and still do, pay homage at the shrine of the Feminine Deity, whose symbol is the rose, discus, arch, oval, and dome; and in some barbaric lands the organ itself, openly, as in all lands sub rosa or secretly; but in civilized America in its most low and disgusting form, for thousands seem to adore no god but Lust, and practically worship at no other shrine. Witness the universal prevalence of concubinage and harlotry, gotten to be even a licensed thing, and everywhere a winked-at adjunct of civilization, to the debasement of man and blasphemy of God and Womanhood, as of yore in Greco-Roman days; but this time entailing dreadful penalties instead of rewards upon its multitudinous devotees; for not even the triplicate king evils, opium, alcohol, and tobacco, inflict such awful punishments upon their votaries as Cypriana, the salacious Diva of Harlotdom. To return to the point at issue: In some form or other, most of us worship the disc symbol; and four-fifths of the intelligent world is to-day agitated, not merely concerning the symbol and its nature, but about the tremendous mysteries it shadows, and the vast volume of meanings that underlie and are embosomed within it. I trust, before this task of mine is finished, to demonstrate it to be in very truth what it claims,—a new revelation of sex, and to make one successful effort to remove the subject far above the muck, slime and filth hitherto attendant upon it; for if there is a divine thing on earth, it ought to be Love—its laws, rules, phases and moods,—knowledge of which is a redeeming power.

I alluded to the universality of sex emblems, and will close this section by calling attention to our national banner; for the American flair floating from a staff is one of the finest illustrations of the double glory in the world; because the staff symbolizes the Phallus; its cord represents the chain of love binding the sexes together; the folds of bunting are emblems of woman's floating drapery; the blue means his, her, their mutual truth and fidelity; the white, her purity; the red symbolizes her periodicity and ability to defy death by repeopling the world. I shall allude to other colors in another section.

XVI. A true negro never reaches a stage of mental development enabling him to master metaphysics; nor at maturity does he ever surpass in capacity the adolescent average Anglo-Saxon; but in the power of maintaining love at high tide he can discount all the white races of the globe! I make this observation at this point for two reasons: first, to draw a parallel; second, to tell the reader that in my medical practice, in nervo-vital diseases, I often prescribe "Negro meetings, and fifty cents in the plate" for being thereby benefited. They did so, these pale, haggard wives and chlorotic girls, and sat there to hear the ardent worshippers preach, sing, pray, shout, get glorious, and fill the room with a rich and healthy magnetism, every inhalation of which, to the sick ones, is worth a month's life, and a ton of doctor's stuff thrown in. Now for the other point: No sooner does an American boy get on his first pair of pants than he has prurient notions right straight along, and takes good care to demonstrate them with chalk upon the walls and fences everywhere. Now this is not so dreadful after all,—for such antics characterize all young animals,—provided his elders would take him in hand and teach him the true meaning of the origin of the strange ideas which from morbid nature, inculcation, precept and example of his associates he has imbibed, but does not comprehend.

I have said that this nation was the most passional one on earth. But then you know that nations and individuals are exactly alike; moved by the same forces, governed by the same principles, prompted by the same motives; and remember too, that this nation is but a boy yet, not out of its teens; hence, its

universal pudicity is not to be wondered at; nor that its principal, most sincere and best-paid-for worship is, and for some time to come yet will be, at the passional shrine, in or out of wedlock. The same thing prevails all over the globe, and likely for the same reason; i. e., because as yet it is but a baby-world! At all events its worship is of the character already set forth; and its best men have been the most earnest devotees; for somehow or other, there is not and never has been a really great man in it but who has been more or less chargeable with practices not accordant with the strictest rules of nunship or monk-hood—which is oftener—in results—monkey-hood instead.

XVII. Hargrave Jennings, of England, the eminent Rosicrucian, writing upon the subject of the Garter, and before quoting Ashmole in regard to the same matter, observes: "All the world knows the chivalric origin of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. It arose in a princely act, rightly considered princely, when the real, delicate, inexpressibly high-bred motive and its circumstances are understood, which motive is systematically and properly concealed. Our great King Edward III. picked from the floor, with the famous words of the motto of the Order of the Garter, the "garter," or, as we interpret it, by adding a new construction with hidden meanings, the "garder" [gaurder, P. B. R.], (or especial cestus, shall we call it?) of the beautiful and celebrated Countess of Salisbury, with whom, it is supposed King Edward was in love." In other words she dropped a cloth which men ought never to behold; and Edward acted the part of a true gentleman, in preserving her from ridicule and shame, by turning an accident fowls would giggle at, into one commanding profound reverence and chivalric respect from all who pride themselves on being men.

Old Elias Ashmole, the very highest British authority on the points here involved, writing about them, says: "The Order of the Garter, by its motto, seems to challenge inquiry, and defy reproach. Everybody must know the story that refers the origin of the name to a piece of gallantry; either the Queen or the Countess of Salisbury having been supposed to have dropped one of those very useful pieces of female attire at a dance. [Here follows some Latin, the gist of which I have already given in the conclusion of the last section. P. B. R.] The ensign of the order, in jewelry or enamel, was worn originally on the left arm. Being in the form of a bracelet to the arm, it might possibly divert the attention of the men from the reputed original; it might be dropped and resumed without confusion; and the only objection I can see to the use of such an ornament is the hazard of mistake from the double meaning of the term periscelis, which signifies not only a garter, but breeches, which our English ladies never wear."

That settles the point. The garter was a girder, which the lady dropped; and the true gentleman picked it up, pinned it to his breast, and challenged the world's respect for himself and woman forever and forevermore. Glorious Edward!

XVIII. Isn't it curious that the generality of even educated people fail to see that the idea of sex as a principle, and in all its implications, runs through everything, even language? In French there's no it, as with us, but everything is il or elle,— or she. We all know that human speech is the result of the gradual development of the race through ages of time; its different forms being determined by the differences of latitude, soil, climate, physical and other concomitant surroundings. Letters are but external symbols of human thought; and in them all two basic ideas predominate—i.e., the male and female. The letter D and its equivalents, the Egyptian hieroglyph and hieratic figure, and the Phœnician one likewise, is but the feminine symbol, more or less perfectly drawn, according to the ability of the scribes or sculptors who made them. Thus also—and nearer nature—are their equivalents of the Roman R; while their N, L, and sh, are unquestionably suggested by the phallus, or lingam, the opposite idea. And so it is all through the entire list of alphabets, ancient and modern; some letters representing one emblem, others its opposite, and still others the union of the two. Instance the Archaic alphabet, Greek, Phœnician, Italic, as they existed from 1,000 to 600 years before Christ's date—for the Aleph, Beth, Gimel, Daleth,

He, Var, Zyin, Cheth, Kaph, Teth, Lamed, Samekh, Ayin, and Tav, and their English, Phenician, Greek and Italic equivalents, as unmistakably emblemize the above three ideas, as that rain tells of growth in field, forest and fen! What is the soft, sweet, flowing circle or ring, but the symbol of Faith, Eternity, Eternal Love, Magnetism,—the yoni,—the female emblem—the letter O? What is the letter I or the figure 1, but the symbol of generative power,—the lingam, or male? Ay, all letters are but interchanges, interminglings of the two original forms—the I or male, and the O or female ideas.

For instance, B is two-thirds female, one-third male; C is mainly female; D is both sexes; Q suggests union; and in fact, all letters convey the same meaning in clear, or less clear form.

XIX. The Lingam, Linga or Lingum (male organ-worship), is but the reverse of the discal or oval worship. The dome everywhere is but the female idea; the minaret represents the male; and as said before, actually the colors of all our flags, red, white and blue, green and yellow, are representative of the same, or Garter Idea; the first two meaning the spiritual purity and sacrificial blood of woman; the blue already explained; the green representing the result of the union of male and female—production, fertility, growth; and the yellow typifying ripeness, or the first completion of the destiny ordained to both.

XX. Torches, flambeaux, and fireworks everywhere symbolize sexual, therefore creative passion (and what this last means will be seen hereinafter; for it is not limited to the generation of progeny). They typify vaguely to some, clearer to others, the strange, inner mystic fire which, unlike all other forms of Flame, has its origin in God, and its flow from within us, not from without; for passion rises in the mind when normal,—in the soul; not the body, save when our natures are inverted; and even then its fountain is in the unholy soul, before it leaps to the still more unholy body. Desire is always first metaphysical before it is material in human kind; but when the conscience and moral poles are reversed, the spark that explodes the mental flame may be, and often is, sent from the body first to the soul. Thus certain foods or drinks generate an excess of caloric in the nervous ganglia of the reproductive system; a spark—spontaneous combustion—leaps thence to the brain, the soul catches fire, and hurls its masses of lurid flame through the cerebrum, cerebellum, spinal cord, ovaria, prostate gland, testes or vagina—and—draw the curtain o'er the dreadful scene!

XXI. Just as sex runs through all nature so does it obtain of nations, tribes, peoples and ages; some are entirely female or male in their genius, art, literature, and general specialties; and so plainly does this truth manifest itself that I do not care to occupy time in proving it. But this will I say: The most masculine nations tend greatest to feminine worship; and, per contra, the ideal of the feminine peoples is the masculine worship.

Finally, the most masculine man adores at the female shrine, and his god is far more she than he; while the most feminine woman worships the most masculine man. Thus here, there, and everywhere the two universal principles seek each other, blend, fuse, intermingle, and unwittingly obey the mighty dual law!

XXII. Love between human beings of opposite sexes is of two general kinds: 1st, that in which passion is not an integrant, such as the love between parent and child; that which is wholly amative or purely friendly; that which is platonic or purely spiritual, ethereal, based upon affinities of taste, similitudes of soul; that which is founded upon gratitude; and, lastly, that which is wholly and absolutely mystical—the don't-know-why-but-it-is-so kind of feeling—and which, while it may be to a limited extent gratified on earth, yet its full fruition can only be achieved, felt and realized after both shall have become citizens of the country of disembodied souls. Now it often happens that people in whom this

sort of love exists mistake its nature and significance; imagine that they were born for each other; and, so they are, but not for the life below. They marry, and, to their first surprise, and subsequent horror, discover that for all the purposes of matrimony one is oil, the other water, without a particle of mental lime to combine and fuse the two together, and thereby form a true kalsomate of soul.

"I think the pity of this earthly life  
Is love. So sighs a singer of the day  
Whose pensive strain my sympathetic lay  
Sadly prolongs. Alas! the endless strife  
Of Love's sweet law with cold Convention's rules;  
The loving souls unloved; the perfect mate,  
After long years of yearning, found—too late!

"The treason of false friends; the frown of fools;  
The fear that baffles bliss in beauty's arms;  
The weariness of absence; and the dread  
Of lover, or of love, untimely dead,—  
Musing on these, and all the direful harms  
That hapless human hearts are doomed to prove,  
I think the pity of this life is love!"

So do I. But even a greater pity exists where, fired by the most ardent hopes, one or both find out that not a real tie of soul binds the twain together. Then comes the unveiling; and, my God, what an awful, horrible spectre stands frowning where each expected to behold and hold—she an Adonis, he a perfect Hebe!

When the mistake is made such parties marvel and wonder how on earth it can be so; and why the actual marriage produces effects so utterly foreign to their expectations and hopes. In the union of two such there is a compatibility of spirits to a great extent, but none whatever on the amative plane,—the sex of form; for the actual fact of marriage produces utter dissatisfaction to him, horror, pain, mental anguish, disease and lingering death to her. This generates discord and despair, general unhappiness, and is almost sure to drive the man to the house of the strange Woman, and his wife either to insanity, the grave, or the arms of a lover who can affiliate with her to some extent, at least upon the external or mainly sensuous plane; and the upshot of the matter is divorce and two wretched lives. Now, in my travels up and down the lanes of Marriage-land, I have seen scores of just such cases; and there are other scores, ay, millions that I have not seen, and of whose terrible secret no one but themselves are aware; and sometimes they do not know what ails them, and attribute their distresses to a thousand causes, not one of which is the real and true one.

When, further on in this New Revelation, I shall analyze the matter, hundreds who read it will see the real point, and, probably, make no effort to better their sad condition. From such unions as these spring a class of children so utterly angular and deficient that the marvel is they ever find peace at all on earth, or enjoy a happy hour.

XXIII. The second general kind of love between the sexes may be numbered one and two. The first of which is the exact opposite, in nearly all respects, of that just described in Section 22d. It is just as earnest, honest, and deceptive, as the other, but is far more endurable, because there is a better cohesion between them than in the other case; their lives are evener, their marriage satisfactory; their offspring more adapted to life on earth, and in society; their own physical health and that of their children is

better; and their union will last longer and produce generally better results, albeit said union is quite as far from being right and proper as anything can well be.

In the first case, to use a meaning metaphor, the first couple only met each other upstairs, in the garret; they only fused in the brain. They could not affiliate downstairs—in the passional moms of the house of marriage; although they were compelled to descend once in a while, it was something to be gotten over as quickly as possible, and to be only remembered with a shudder by her, a smothered malediction by him.

In the other case it was kitchen and cellar life all the time; a monotony endurable certainly, but very unsatisfactory for all that; for it so happens that although some of us overvalue body, its adjuncts, functions and offices, yet, being human, we require a little intellect, soul and emotion with our lives; cannot be contented with body only, and feel the need of a little sour leavening to season the dry bread of earthly being. Such couples grow tired of each other; of the monotony; and either party of such a firm will strangely take to other persons who manifest qualities and powers, which, from their own state of soul-starvation, they know how to appreciate! The origin of such marriages takes its rise in physics purely. He is stout, magnetic, robust, full of fire, and passional auras envelop him round about; and passion always exaggerates both the properties and qualities of the object upon whom its eyes are cast; mentally endows it with what it has not, and never will have; and at the same time revels in an insane dream of fancied joys, destined never to be realized, because his whole being is in such a red-hot fever, that, could he actualize his desire, death would stop him instantly, because nothing human could endure such a poignancy as he hopes to enjoy.

She is young, round-limbed, rosy-cheeked, spirited, vivacious, full of health,—and from what she has learned through other females—full of curiosity as to the facts of marriage. Well, she has passed the rubicon, and they twain lengthen out their honeymoon for about a year; at the end of which time it is an old and flavorless story, and discontent comes in, because each feels the need of a little change. The upshot of such a union is that neither of them see a genuinely happy hour, till that wherein each hopes to be free from the other, and try their chances elsewhere. So much for general division number one. The next division is that which is being, with its mysteries holy and unholy—that is in its normal development, and abnormal or unhealthful one—about to be treated in the pages that follow.

XXIV. Love being much more than a mere sentiment between the sexes, it is plain that neither its ground-work, nature, or cryptic meaning, has hitherto in any land been thoroughly understood. I have for long, weary years studied it in many countries of the globe. Here and there I got—not a new idea of it, but suggestions which led me to investigate and explore. And now, in this, probably the last book but one or two which I shall ever write, I desire, not to make a confession, for I am proud of the truths alone I delved for, and brought up from the zem—zem of mystery—but to make a statement and explanation. I had struggled so hard to get a fair hearing at the bar of the world, that many a time, in view of the cruel fact that I was met everywhere with suspicion, slander and malignant envy, I have bathed in the dark waters of despair; and but for, as I believe, the protecting care of the dead, whose loving hands either held me up in the bitter strife, or, failing to be able to do that, eased my falls—I should have rushed of my own art into the awful fields of eternity. Early in life I discovered that the fact of my ancestry on one side, being what they were, was an effectual estoppel on my preferment and advancement, usefulness and influence. I became famous, but never popular. I studied Rosicrucianism, found it suggestive, and loved its mysticisms. So I called myself The Rosicrucian, and gave my thought to the world as Rosician thought; and lo! the world greeted with loud applause what it supposed had its origin and birth elsewhere than in the soul of P. B. Randolph.



Very nearly all that I have given as Rosicrucianism originated in my soul; and scarce a single thought, only suggestions, have I borrowed from those who, in ages past, called themselves by that name—one which served me well as a vehicle wherein to take my mental treasures to a market, which gladly opened its doors to that name, but would, and did, slam to its portals in the face of the tawny student of Esoterics.

Precisely so was it with things purporting to be Ansaitic. I had merely read Lydde's book, and got hold of a new name; and again mankind hurraed for the wonderful Ansaitch, but incontinently turned up its nose at the supposed copyist. In proof of the truth of these statements, and of how I had to struggle, the world is challenged to find a line of my thought in the whole 4,000 books on Rosicrucianism; among the brethren of that Fraternity—and I know many such in various lands, and was, till I resigned the office, Grand Master of the only Temple of the Order on the globe; or in the Ansaitic works, English, German, Syriac or Arabic. One night—it was in far-off Jerusalem or Bethlehem, I really forget which—I made love to, and was loved by, a dusky maiden of Arabic blood. I of her, and that experience, learned—not directly, but by suggestion—the fundamental principle of the White Magic of Love; subsequently I became affiliated with some dervishes and fakirs of whom, by suggestion still, I found the road to other knowledges; and of these devout practicers of a simple, but sublime and holy magic, I obtained additional clues—little threads of suggestion, which, being persistently followed, led my soul into labyrinths of knowledge themselves did not even suspect the existence of. I became practically, what I was naturally—a mystic, and in time chief of the lofty brethren; taking the clues left by the masters, and pursuing them farther than they had ever been before; actually discovering the elixir of life; the universal Solvent, or celestial Alkahest; the water of beauty and perpetual youth, and the philosopher's stone,—all of which this book contains; but only findable by him or her who searches well. The thoughts which I gave to the world, that world paid me for, as it always has paid for benefits. But what of that? Justice is sure to be done me by and by.

I am induced to say thus much in order to disabuse the public mind relative to Rosicrucianism, which is but one of our outer doors—and which was not originated by Christian Rosencrux; but merely revived, and replanted in Europe by him subsequent to his return from oriental lands, whither, like myself and hundreds of others, he went for initiation.

The Rosicrucian system is, and never was other else than a door to the ineffable Grand Temple of Eulis. It was the trial chamber wherein men were tested as to their fitness for loftier things. And even Eulis, itself, is a triplicate of body, spirit, soul. There are some in the outer, a few in the inner crypts.

These, the facts concerning Rosicrucia and myself, are out at last. Now let us go on with the book.

Enthusiasts are the ambassadors of God. It is through such only that great truths reach the world, and that world takes exquisite pleasure in crucifying all such; and yet they will arise, proclaim their mission, deliver their message, establish new truths, and then march straight to Calvary or Patmos! In all ages there have been men cut out after a different pattern from their contemporaries, and who, for that reason, had and have a different destiny to fulfil. "To be great, is to be misunderstood," ay, and crucified time and again. Among all who have ever lived, none have worked harder, or accomplished more good for mankind than that class of men known in all time as Mystics, foremost among whom was, and is, that branch of them known as Hermetists,—men of mark; Pythagorean, . Rosicrucians, and lastly, the Brotherhood of Eulis,—all of whom were, and are, students of the same school.

When David G. Brown, of the city of New York, more recently connected with Bennett's "Herald," was, in Montreal, I believe, asked concerning the origin of the Great Society, or rather Fraternity, (the

Rosicrucian branch,—but differing essentially from the branch of that august brotherhood represented by adepts in Europe, Asia, and myself and confreres in this country,—yet identical in spirit, so far as the general welfare of universal man is concerned), he responded as follows, save that he disguised certain names, which disguises I now throw off!—As one standing upon the beach by the sea, and gazing far off over the turbulent waters, finds the horizon lowering in the distance, and shutting out the land unseen that lies beyond; so we, standing upon the sands of time, and looking back over the sea of our past history, find there is a boundary beyond which the vision cannot extend, a point where many have written, "No more beyond!"

And, as the ocean casts up from its unfathomable depths wrecks of vessels lost, which float upon its surface, and are lost upon our shores: so sometimes, from the immeasurable gulf that has buried in its depths the secret of our origin, a waif drifting on the bosom of time finds its way to the limits of the historical epoch, and reveals to us something of what was, and is lost. Then let us learn all that we may from these waifs. Let us wander upon these trackless shores of a silent sea, and bring from its driftwood and wrecks all that maybe gathered. Let us add all that may be added of our childhood's glory to our manhood's suffering, and our coming triumph. We will be proud that we are disciples of Hermes Trismegistus, that thrice-sealed Lord of Mind,—the Mystical Mal-Kizadek [Melchizadek] of Bible repute; but let us not forget to be proud that we are disciples of the viewless God. . . . Twine the laurel wreath for the victor, but add the cypress for the victim. . . . Let us go, then, to the land of romance and of dream,—the land of the Holy Byblus, and the Sacred Ganges. Standing upon their shores, our minds will revert back in the dim ages, to the days of our childhood, and the birth of the mystical reign of Ahrimanes. We will behold in our mind's eye a succession of kingdoms, like the succession of seasons, a rise and fall of dynasties, like the sowing and reaping of grain. We will count the number of patricians who live in idleness and luxury, and shudder at the multitude of plebeians who die in agony and want. Behold those monsters of selfishness and cruelty, whose insatiable appetite of ambition and pride, wealth and power, could not appease, and for whose maw the quivering flesh and trickling blood of a people became food. Here and there, we will find men struggling against oppression as we have struggled; people teaching virtue and charity as we have taught,—reviled and scorned as we have been. We will discover that others have borne our burdens who had no hope of receiving our reward; that knowledge is universal, and has no royal road; and that they were as wise in the wisdom of their generation, as we are in ours.

And now tread softly. We are entering the dark realm of the slumbering ages. The dust of a million years has gathered here, and no voice has awakened its echoes since the days when the Indian Bacchus consorted with the daughters of men.

We have left the land of the probable, and are journeying in the regions of the possible. The footprints here and there are of mortals, but of those who have beheld the hidden mysteries of Eulis, who are familiars of the Cabbala, who have raised the veil of Isis, and revealed the Chrishna, the—yae or the a.a.

Behold in the distance, shining from the east as the sun from the sea, the unquenchable torch of her who is nameless; observe the stars that circle round her, as she kneels to write upon the sand. See the sheen of her golden hair, and the spotless white of her robes; catch the first strains of that wondrous philosophy, classic and pure, as they fall in wordless music from her lips; and remember how its infinite truth and marvellous beauty, have, in all the ages that are past, bound us together by an indissoluble bond of brotherhood, and leavened with our faith in the innate kindness of the human heart, taught us to sacrifice ourselves, that the peoples may advance.

They were fragments of this philosophy which we wore as a crown of glory on our natal morn, that were disseminated by our Master and his innumerable followers, and cast hither and thither upon the stream of time, were finally washed by successive waves of war and pilgrimage, to the shores of Egypt. It is of these the author of the "History of Civilization in England" speaks, as "forming one of the elements in the school of Alexandria, and whose subtle speculations, carried on in their own exquisite language, anticipated all the efforts of modern European metaphysics."

They were fragments of this philosophy which, perverted by the strong individualities of Plato, Aristotle and Pythagoras, became alike the systems of their schools, the Portico, the Grove, and the Garden.

Melchizadek, or Hermes, was our first great master; but like many masters before and since, he lived when the "times were out of joint," and the age was not attuned to symphonies of thought and feeling. He taught his rich philosophy to all, opened great hidden depths of thought to the public eye, explained the most subtle truths to barbarian ears, and—threw pearls to swine. And his success. He gathered round him his disciples, and looked beyond at their followers; they extended in every direction, as far as eye could reach, surging like the waves of the sea, when tossed by tempests,—and with all the deep undertones and mutterings of the ocean. Were all these his pupils? All these versed in the shoals and depths of reasoning? No. They were families, some member of whom believed an abstract philosophical truth, and all the rest believed the man.

They reduced the laws of nature to form a creed, and they made a golden calf of some special physical force, and fell down to worship it. They resolved, themselves, after their agitation, into their own natural element. That was all.

As a rustic, uninstructed in the principles, might with open-mouthed wonder watch the burning of coal, and endeavor to associate it with the inflation of a balloon, so Hermes, expecting only the preconceived consequences of his teaching, was awed by the immense bubble he had formed. As he comprehended the magnitude of his creation, and its now evident consequences, perhaps there arose in his mind that inevitable conclusion that from all his teachings and all his labor little would be accomplished. The great minds among his followers would be philosophers, but they would have been philosophers without him. The mass would be fanatics, as they had been fanatics before him. He had done only this—given a direction to their studies and speculations, given a name and method to their ignorance and madness. And all this scholasticism and philosophy, all this ignorance and madness, would be the new religion of India, would take the place forever of her first idolatry. Hold! It is not yet too late to retrieve, and by one of those rapid and eccentric movements in literature, which the great genius of Bonaparte was wont to receive in war, to change the whole features of the campaign. And I am so changing it!—I, the last Grand Master of the Order, prior to its final absorption into regnant, peerless Eulis!

So we received our heritage, and the soul of philosophy vanished from India and the world as a dream. The kernel was hidden, and the shell alone permitted to remain to excite the awe of past generations, and the wonder of ours. Ah! most noble Master, you have long since, like Her who came before you, passed forever among the shadows of the invisible, and the dark, but deathless realms, where our fathers have gone before us. But as the material form was indestructible, and lives forever in that land of blossom and of flowers, so that spiritual and ideal emanation shall, through all coming time, live in the minds of men, and never cease to be born anew, for Eulis' nature is infinite and eternal!

How safely our secrets have been guarded, let each answer according to the progress he has made in

mastering them. How little was abstracted by the Essenes, Gnostics and Batiniyeh, you all know.

For ten thousand years after Hermes, we lost no more, in our contact with all the various peoples of the world, than the electric elements we threw off in grasping their hands!

Though few in numbers, we guarded the great trust committed to our care with a never-ceasing vigilance. Every member was aware of its importance to the human race. Every member realized that the flowers gathered from the graves of dead years must be preserved as a wreath to crown the age to come. Amid the swarm of sects and societies that sprang to life in the East, surrounded by all the schools that flourished in the Golden Age of Greece, that little band of souls preserved their purity.

Secretly and silently they moved over the sands of time to the coming of the Nazarene. ... In the twilight that succeeds the crucifixion of Calvary we can see indistinctly the movements of individuals, and the banding of men. They seem to move with an uncertain purpose, and to have lost their old effectiveness. One, two, three, five hundred years roll by as one would count the hours to midnight. Then there is a bustle. Work is at hand. Into those dark ages that succeed, pass the mustering bands, and for a thousand years death at the stake, persecution and despair on the one hand, and the retribution of the Vehmgerichte and kindred associations, alone point out the position of the contestants, and the progress of the fight.

Then from his cradle in the Alps looms up Christian Rosencrux. Seizing all at a glance, the society is reorganized; no more to dream, but to work; no more to wait for the human race to accomplish its destiny, but to assist in its accomplishment; to offer her bosom to the unfortunate; to raise the fallen; to succor the oppressed; to interpose her form between the tyrant and the slave; to lead the van in the great fight. She has the gathered knowledge of her ages of student-life. She has the patience taught by centuries of adversity. She has the courage of the true and the beautiful; and, above all, she loves the peoples, and Paschal Beverly Randolph succeeded Rosencrux, as the legitimate Grand Master of Rosicrucia, and Hierarch of Eulis. And now I would say one word in regard to contemporary societies. Many of them were organized with meritorious objects in the days gone by, but the state of things that gave them being has long since passed away. They presented a sad spectacle of having outlived their usefulness, and drag out a fitful existence of senseless ceremonies and abstract forms, from which the soul has long departed. A few should receive the tribute of respect due to that which is venerable and good, and Freemasonry should ever be associated with the broad mantle of its charity.

In the superstructures which have been erected at different periods, upon these foundations, one will often observe a pillar, here or there, called the Rose Croix, or occasionally hear the mystic name Eulis, softly pronounced.

I was conversing with a gentleman whom I supposed to be a member of one of these "Chapters," and he said, "The Rosy Cross is dead. We have, it is true, galvanized its skeleton into a transitory life, but the Rosy Cross of history is dead." Dead! I cried. She lives!—lives with the rich blood of the South in her veins; with the vigor of the North in her constitution; with the clear brains of the temperate zone, the depth of thought of the Orient, the versatility of France, and earnestness of purpose, and boldness of resolution of the New World; lives these three hundred years that you think her dead, as she lived the countless centuries before you thought her born; and may she never cease to have a fitting casket for her jewels, and remain a reflex of the glorious truth and beauty of the superlative wisdom, power and goodness.

So far well; but at last the world wants to know more of that wonderful fraternity, which, nameless at

times for long centuries, blossomed a few centuries ago as Rosicrucia, but now has leaped to the forefront of all the real reform movements of this wonderful age, and lo! the banner of peerless Eulis floats proudly—rock-founded—on the breeze. We, the people of Eulis, be it known, are students of nature in her interior departments, and rejecting alike the coarse materialism of the ages, and the sham "philosophies" of the ages past and current, accept only that which forces conviction by its irresistible logic. Men who realize the existence of other worlds than this are not apt to give loose rein to passion; nor be content with fraud in any shape. We cannot take say-sos for facts, and therefore we reject much that appeals to others with the force of truth. We are ambitious to solve all possible mystery; we prefer one method to all other hyper-human agencies, knowing it to be infinitely preferable to all other modes of rapping the occult and mysterious; and this book, and all others from the same pen, is but a very imperfect sketch or outline of the sublime philosophy of the Templars of Eulis. We know the enormous importance of the sexive principle; that a menstruating woman is an immense power if she but knew it! that a pregnant one holds the keys of eternal mystery in her hand, and that while thus she can make or mar any human fortune! We know the mystic act is one unhinging the gates alike of heaven and of hell; and we know two semi-brainless people may, by an application of esoteric principles, stock the world with mental giants. But where shall we find students? Are not all the people, nearly, the slaves of lust, place, gold? Well, we find one now and then; and we hail him or her as the Greeks hailed the sea—with excessive joy! Thalatta! Thalatta! They are not multitudinous now, but will be in the good time coming.

XXV. Unquestionably while we occupy flesh and blood bodies, and probably after we wear our electric or ethereal ones subsequent to death, Love, other than amative and filial, will depend upon the magnetic congeniality existing between the two concerned; although even the most perfect state of magnetic fusion and reciprocation is liable to lie disturbed by any one of quite a numerous list of causes.

"We are all of us, more or less, counterparts and embodiments of nature; and nature has her ups and downs, fogs and sleets, storms and heats, ice and fire, volcanoes and wintry blasts; and so do, so must we. Just as long as the earth and nature are as at present; when they change, so will we, and very likely not much before. If between a couple there be a full and mutual play of magnetism, it neither draws from the other, except to replace with his or her own, there is a good chance of general harmony, joy and content for them. If not, then not. If one party overflows with magnetism, and the other has but a scanty supply, strong love may exist between them, all other things being equal; and the weak one will depend almost for life itself upon the strong; and the strong be firmly drawn toward the weak. But there must be an assimilation between, and blending of, the two magnetisms, else they will assuredly antagonize and repel each other! One party may be very glowing and loving and magnetic, say, for instance, on plane A,—a solid, physical, muscular, heedless, jolly, devil-me-care-sort of individual—say a man; such an one could make a perfect heaven—on his plane—with a woman of the same grade; but how would it be were he conjoined with a joyous, rich-souled, healthy, magnificent, intellectual, refined, delicate and spiritual woman,—equally magnetic as himself, but the grade of whose magnetism was as satin compared to his own—tow-cloth? Now just such couples, or those as naturally and organically incompatible, somehow or other, manage to get together, and the consequence is a life removed from happiness by a great, yawning, impassable gulf, whose black and sullen waters cannot be bridged.

Some day, in the future, there will be honorable methods whereby the present general mixed-upness will be made straight, and people having unfortunately made the wrong choice, and gotten some one's else wife or husband, will be able to—yes—in some cases actually "swap." Why not, if themselves are rendered happier by it; society is satisfied, the prior families duly provided for, and no sin committed, no harm done?

Woman faces heaven when she gives herself to Love and man!—willingly or victimly. The rule is universal, the exceptions monstrous; for there are, there can be none save in three cases—utter human depravity; certain physical malformations; and third, in those mysterious forms of prayer in vogue before Nineveh the first was founded, and whose tremendous importance and vital sacredness compel me to allude to no further herein. The first fact above is not only her nature, but I hold is an especial sign of her celestial nature, and of heaven's mystical favor. She receives both the human and the divine in her demise of affection,—if even by force! But coarser man looks toward the world's face, for then he is almost entirely of the earth earthy. Woman never is; she may be indifferent; horrified—but still she looks toward the empyrean, and from it—however degraded—receives a measure of life divine; for low as she may be, but touch the right chord, and she can mother heroes, and give gladsome Marys to the world.

Now here comes in a mooted point: of one unfaithful wife, and one unfaithful husband, which commits the greater sin?—or is it an equal grade of offence before God? To this I reply: In the act, right or wrong, man gives of himself, whether good or evil; and woman receives. The malign influence is external with and to him; internal with and to her. It is easy for him to rid himself of the bad effects, compared with her ability to do the same; for the foreign influence imparted to,—remains with her, and becomes an integrant of her very being; and, as she naturally stands nearer heaven, the greater is her fall—far greater than his who is already a great deal too near the earth. Hence I hold her sin greatest, just as I would tell an angel who had sinned, "Be thy punishment severe," but would bid a half imbecile to "Clear out and not bother the court."

XXVI. But there is another thought arising right here: It sometimes, and in this age and country, very frequently, happens, that one or both the parties to a marital compact, from a variety of causes, some of which I will state, manage to lose this magnetic attraction toward the other party; and ten to one each will at once conclude that all love between them is wholly lost or dead, when the fact is that each has quite as much as ever, but the bridge is broken down—that mystic bridge, which, resting on the abutments of both souls, spans the gulf of eternity. But, although often broken, this bridge is seldom utterly destroyed. The statistics of divorce prove the position here affirmed; for a large percentage of divorced couples, after enjoying a brief period of "Freedom," begin to think about it; conclude they had not been wise enough, and were altogether too hasty; that, after all, there's no home like the old one; no love like the old love; and they marry each other over again, and, having cut their eve-teeth. steer clear of former faults, and lead happy lives thereafter.

Why? Because they have a little more care; a greater amount of give and take, without being mad about it, and make more strenuous endeavors to please each other—and that's just it! for as soon as people do that, they cease fretting, scolding, fuming, worrying, complaining and borrowing trouble; and therefore cease to waste their magnetisms, consequently the honey bubbles up again and life's vinegar leaks out! Now, owing to these causes, married people are not as they should be,—the happiest beings on earth; far from it; the youths and maidens discount them largely on the general average; and you can almost always tell a married pair wherever you clap eyes on them; for it's heads up! and a smirk or smile to every one else but each other. Not so with unwedded lovers. The former lean away from each other, and gaze askant; the latter lean to each other and drink in delicious draughts of ecstasy from each other's eyes. Now the man who accounts for this state of things on the hypothesis that the one is passion appeased, the other only anticipatory, is a fool, besides being a selfish knave. The true reading is: Magnetic exhaustion in one case—magnetic reciprocity in the other. What magnetism is I will tell you presently; suffice it at this stage to record its existence, and to note such facts as above adduced.

I have already, in a previous paragraph of this section, indicated, generally, by suggestion, the cure for this state of affairs. Briefly, they are to utterly put a stop to all sources of magnetic depletion. Keep cool everywhere, under all provocations and circumstances. Eat, drink, sleep well, and whatever you do, make a business of it. When you work, with hands or brain, do it with a will; but don't work all the time. When the day's labor is done, forget all about it, and devote at least two hours of the evening to social chat, talk, visiting, or receiving visitors; walk out; read, listen to music, and persistently have your two, or even one hour a day, free from sordid strife and worldly care. Hard to do it at first in these grab-all days, wherein, as the sailor said, "People eat hard, work hard, fare hard, sleep hard, have a hard time generally through this life, at length dying hard, and going to perdition at last," which the sceptical old salt said was "particularly derved hard!"

A pint of water contains latent force enough to blow a town to flinders; an equal amount of magnetism contains active force enough to incarnate a new being, and launch an immortal soul upon the limitless sea of eternity! and yet in five minutes of growling, stewing, fretting, anger, or in a wanton's or libertine's arms, thrice that amount of imperial life is lost—and it means, also, the shortening of at least ten good days on earth!

XXVII. Of course excessive venery is an effective nail in any one's coffin; and so is excessive child-bearing, seeing that both are broad rivers, discharging magnetism from the human body and soul. And this reminds me to say something in reference, not to the fetid and unclean subject of conception-preventives, for I hold nearly all of them as utter abominations; but on the culture of the will directly, and the use of that will, and it alone, in determining for and against excessive progeny; for a couple had better have three really fine children, than thirty half-formed and delicate ones.

Excessive connubial pleasures invariably produce dyspepsia, not only of the body, but of the mind, intellect and soul; and when offspring results from such conditions, what wonder that they are lacking in all the grand essentials of a genuine and perfect man and womanhood. Absolute and prolonged continence is but a less evil, though its penalty is inflicted upon the transgressor alone. The human will, next to love, is the most powerful attribute of immortal mankind. In most people it is splurgy, occasional, paroxysmal, and, as a steady power, practically of no account. I have told some persons to "will," and straightway they screwed up their faces, clenched their teeth, and looked most absurdly and amusingly awful—or ridiculous. They strained and fumed as if trying to lift a ton. Now will is no such thing, to be exerted in no such way. It is simply a quiet power, and requires no muscular or nervous, but simply a still, mental force, to urge it into play, when it is feeble, as in most it is; it should be cultivated by thinking determinedly, at intervals, of one thing only at a time, to the total exclusion of every thing, topic or subject besides. Thus one can will—after practice—tears to the eyes, blushes to the cheeks, pallor to the face, as thousands of ministers and other actors constantly do. We can will to close our hands or eyes; and just so we close or open the sphincter ani, or that of the bowels, bladder, lips, and close them at pleasure. The Oneida Perfectionists declare, and with undoubted truth, that any man can, at will, after a little practice, effectually control the ejective action of the seminal vessels; but he is an unwise and suicidal man who attempts a thing so unnatural and injurious.

But how is it with woman? Can she control corresponding uterine muscles? I answer, most assuredly. All mothers and obstetricians know the enormous expulsive power of the uterus; and that contractile and expansive power, like that of any other sphincter, is measurably under her will. When she sees fit to keep it closed, no other power but her own can defeat her purpose; and she ought to know when to exert that power; and there is no necessity to use it, save when she believes an ovum is then present, and undesirable maternity threatened. In the will she has the only natural agent and means, justified of nature and God, of controlling the number of her children; but she is only thus justified, when disease,

excessive maternal weariness, a sickly, disordered, depraved or drunken husband, or one whom she hates, or is hated by, or insanity, gloom or malformation, tell her in thunder tones she ought not to give to the world what she cannot give well, and with safety to her own life. By simply willing, and without much strain, the os uteri will close, and remain thus for days together; hence all washes and preventives can be consigned forever to the bad limbo whence they originated.

But this is only one of the silent energies of the human will. It is said, and I believe, that whom a woman blesses or curses when her moon is on her, stays cursed or blessed till that same woman removes it; well, if she curses, she hurts herself, hence cannot afford to do it; but she can, and ought to bless, all the time. This willpower, once started, grows apace; and with it, you, O wife of the troubled heart! can powerfully, silently, resistlessly, use it to direct the mighty magnetic power of your own soul upon him you love, would retain and wear, and wean too, from bad habits, and the malign influence of those who, claiming to be his friends, are really your foes, and, by their bad power over him, are practically enemies to both.

Fail you cannot. Nothing good can ever fail! True it may, to quote Poe, be trodden down; 'but it will rise again to the life everlasting. But to its present application. In far-off Oriental lands I was the guest of some Arab brethren, of a certain mystic tie; and one day, in a boat, we sailed away from Boolak, the port of grand Cairo, up the stately and solemn Nile. How far we went, whither, or what for, matters not; but then and there I ascertained that the women of that brotherhood, and some others in that distant sunny land, knew some natural secrets, which their fairer sisters of the West are totally ignorant of. When one of those wives is perfectly assured that, by reason of illness, age or weakness, she cannot safely bear more children without hazarding both lives, she shrinks with unutterable horror from what our American women contemplate with a "pish." At the house of one Mrs. L—ds, in Boston, I once heard a "woman," then on the point of marriage, declare she never would bear a child; but would kill them just as if they were "so many puppy dogs!"—the worse than female demon! The Oriental wife, I repeat, shrinks with superlative loathing from the idea of murdering, or conniving at the murder of the fruit of her womb, as all true women do, and ever will, knowing she were a murderess if she did; and that she is just as certain to suffer for it subsequent to death, as that death itself is sure to come. She knows that the nature of the ties that bind her in marriage will, time and again, subject her to the chances of maternity. Refuse those risks she never dreams of doing, well knowing she would be either laughed at, abused or divorced, or even, if not, that such denials fail to generate quietude in the tent, or peace in the family. What then? Why, she either times her meeting with her husband, with reference to her periods, so as to avoid distasteful chances; or, if accident prevents that, she merely places the ball of her thumb in her mouth, breathes hard upon it, strains and "bears down," and is instantly out of danger, for both ovum and zoosperm are forthwith expelled by the forceful contractions of the uterine and abdominal muscles. In these respects the law of God rules in the Arab tent, instead of the abortional devils which haunt the boudoirs of civilized and Christian mankind.

It is indeed very seldom that an Eastern woman resorts to that sinless method, and then only when age, disease, or malformations render it imperative. On the contrary, offspring are rightly considered as special blessings from the Supreme God; hence, the first lesson a bride receives from her mother are those that favor such a result. She is told to wholly, fully, freely, prayerfully abandon her entire faculties and being to the one grand end of woman-life—the sacred mission of the wifely mother. Hence it happens that the Oriental wife is always pure; there are not a hundred adulteresses or child-killers in all Islam, with its 200,000,000 votaries! There is not as many of those fearful crimes committed among all the Moslems, in ten years, as disgrace Boston, New York, or Philadelphia every month we live. The Oriental wife, with all her glowing soul, wills—save in very rare instances—to be fruitful, as all women should; and becomes so. There are rare cases in which a wife cannot, without imperilling her



life, undergo the ordeal of maternity, and then, and then only, the timely exercise of the will alone forestalls death, prevents crime, and obviates all suffering.

XXVIII. Love, I have stated, is magnetic, and subject to magnetic law. It is a force also, capable, as all know, of exerting very strange effects both upon human souls and bodies. But how? that's the question! Tell us that! I will, listen:—

Matter and mind, in some mysterious way, are not only both alike and unlike, and conjoin to form the thing called man, but they act together directly and indirectly, fully or partially, and yet are not of the same nature, albeit they act and react upon each other in myriad ways, a fact which every one's experience demonstrates beyond cavil. One thing is absolutely certain; that the mind resides in the brain; that in it inheres what constitutes us human; and that the conscious point resides in the centre of the encephalon, at that spot where all three brains meet, viz., cerebrum, cerebellum and medulla, or spinal marrow, which is an elongated brain, is a clear fact, the proof of which can be found by consulting any good anatomical and physiological atlas. In this central point, as through and around the corpus callosum, there is, in death, a nervous and spherulic waste; in life a brilliant sun varying in size from that of a large pea to a perfectly gorgeous sun-shining diamond three inches in diameter.—A ball of dazzling white fire!—and this is the soul—the being par excellence, the tremendous human mystery. It has a double consciousness; one facing time and its accidents and incidents; the other gazing square and straight right into eternity. For its hither use it fashions material eyes; for its thither use every one of a myriad rays darting from it is an eye whose powers laugh Rosse's Telescope to scorn! But there arises a fog from the body which mainly so envelops this central point that the eyes are veiled; sometimes in magnetic or other sleep the clouds shift, and then one or more eyes glance over infinite fields, and momentarily glimpse the actualities of space, time, possibility and eternity. [Were I, at this point to reveal what I know of soul, its destiny, nature, and the realities of the ultimate spaces, this world would stand agape! but I resist the temptation, and go on with this book.]

This central ball draws its supplies from space, air, ether, and being mystic and divine, directly from the Lord of the universe,—the Imperial Mystery,—Infinite and Eternal God. [About which mystery the Savans are as greatly at fault as they are concerning the facts of growth.] It breathes; has its tides, its diastole, systole, flux and ebbs; and, being compelled to gaze on the outer world through opaque glasses, diseased bodies, it takes but distorted views of things, and scarce ever can rely upon the absolute truth of what the senses tell it; from which results mistakes, confusion, misapprehensions, crime, and whatever else of evil betides its fortunes here.

The breath of the body is atmospheric air, which air is more or less penetrated with the ether of space, the breath of God, and the magnetism of the heavens surrounding the entire material universe. On these it subsists; and when it means a thing it discharges a portion of its own sphere, its divine nerval life toward the object of its desire and attention; and the vehicle is magnetism, and magnetism is that specific vivid or fluid life manufactured by the sexual apparatus of either gender, as said before. The thing conveyed by it is the purpose of a soul; the result, a certain yielding of any other force on earth—for nothing can withstand the absolute decree of the waked-up human soul. Illustration:

XXIX. The soul of a woman non couvert sends its fires all over her form, because she loves the man. The atmosphere surrounding her bulges at the equator of her body—the pelvic region—across the hips; and she draws all males to her then with a very powerful attraction.

But after couverture, and before impregnation, if she be disappointed in her dream of bliss she sends the same sphere out to any one else but him; and for all affectional purposes thereafter, so far as she is

concerned, he might as well be dead; for the sphere flattens up when he is near her, and although he may compel her obedience, he can never reach her soul. Then comes Hades; if not openly, then assuredly behind the scenes! For there's no more warmth, verve, élan, or passion in her for him, because he has lost the power to evoke them; and while he may, by right of human law, and her sufferance, possess her form, her soul in its secure citadel grimly laughs him to scorn, and despises him with perfect unction, because it knows that every time he profanes her he stabs himself to the heart; for he outrages her soul, and outrage invites, curses, and whomsoever on God's broad earth a Woman curses then and there stays accursed, and horror and defeat follows in his footsteps wherever he may be! What d'ye think of that, my lady? What d'ye think of that, my man?

But take a woman after couverture, to the point of pregnancy; no sooner is the monad, seed or germ lodged within the sacred and most transcendently holy and mystical chamber of the womb, and the filamental door has closed the aperture thereof, shutting out and in its treasure, and from all eyes concealing the divine workshop of the Eternal, than her soul withdraws its attentions from the womb direct and alone, and begins to concentrate it and its magnetism upon that womb's contents; and from that instant she begins to love the man no less, but the unborn baby more. Why? Because, up to that point, her soul depended on the man; but now a new soul depends almost wholly upon IT. She must search out all the best particles of her blood, brain, food, drink, air, light, nervaura, muscle, bone, lymph, cartilage, carbon, and a million chemicals wherewith to build up a new body, from original materials, wherein this new soul is to dwell for a time and times and half a time,—if the abortionists, quacks, and fashions don't kill it. The soul sends lime, iron, silver, gold, calcium, nearly all the earths and salts to make the body stout and strong. Then she stores up fire in the body,—phosphor,—manufactures canals, pumps, reservoirs, telescopes, drums, cylinders, flutes, columns, domes, cellars, chemical laboratories, and mechanical contrivances of the most marvellous kind. After which she goes aloft and brings down fire from heaven, metaphysical flame, and lodges angels all over the little mansion; music here, science there, mathematics and memory, ambition, hope, joy, sorrow, love and aspiration. After which she takes a lower flight, and calls up tempters from the deeps of being to offset the angels, among whom are avarice, anger, lying, robbery, lust, and a fearful host beside; well knowing that if her new charge reach heaven it must do so alone; must toil, and sweat, and tread upon and over red-hot sands; wade through a million hells on its own feet; fight its way with its own strong hand, alone; while God looks on and smiles, he knowing that the goal is sweet, though the road be bitter, and that victory may be won at last.

Now, what time has a woman got for the frivolities of love when she is doing so grand a work as that?

Well, is it any wonder her love changes from her uterus to her bosom? Not any; and yet there are fools called men who cannot, will not, see all this, but think and insist that she who was so then shall be so now, when in fact a whole universe rolls between the two states. She is queer, short, snappish, soft, cranky then, and no wonder, for she has an undoubted right to raise the very Satan then if she choose; and most of them do it. for the simple reason that they can't help it! Why? Reader, I have already told you that the human being is all nature incarnated. Nature is changeable in her moods, sunny, tempestuous, coarse, foul, mean, genial, calm, blusters; and all these things and states she is forced to incarnate in the soul, spirit, and body of the new pilgrim about starting on its way from the valley of earth to the eternal land of paradise, the splendid city of the Ineffable God.

XXX. I have said that,—pregnant states aside, and even to a great degree then, for the mother is aided in all her mystic work by the husband and father if he be a man, and loving, gentle, kind and forbearing as he should be, and not fly at her in fury and anger, because she fails in some essential things,—the ethereal, magnetic vehicle, with its load of soul-born love, can be by the persistent will projected upon,

and made to effectively operate on, almost any though not every human being. There are those that a given person's magnetic effluence will no more touch than water will a duck's back; it rolls off, and never contacts at all. In such hard cases the attempt had better be abandoned, for two reasons: first, it cannot succeed, owing to organic differences of constitution; and second, if it could it would be effort thrown away. But the same power and force can be directed upon ourselves by ourselves, either upon an afflicted member of the body,—from brain to heel,—or upon the internal viscera, as in cases of dyspepsia, liver trouble, kidney difficulty, heart disease, cancer of stomach; above all, the pelvic viscera of either gender when disordered, as most are; gravid uterus, ulcerated, originating frequently in lacerated, vagina; ovarian disease, vulvular congestions; inflamed prostate, or febrile testes and vaginitis,—all these are reachable by the force named, exerted in the manner specified in a preceding section, but which are worth repetition. Direct the attention toward the cause of anxiety,—a person, sick or well, generally, or to a specific point of body, mind, morals,—and strongly, yet calmly, desire, wish, will, the love-cure to be effective; but a few trials will be needed to ensure absolute, if qualified, success; an assuagement will assuredly follow, nor is the genuine cure far off. It is a scientific application of the mother's power over her babe, exerted on a wider scale.

XXXI. But what's the use of anything unless used and enjoyed? There are thousands of married couples living in a very bad and unhappy state, simply because they won't fairly try for any other; and so magnetic will-force is of no account, whatever, as a force per se. It must be exerted to be available. Then, and not till then, it, and the love borne on it, is one of the most powerful instrumentalities on earth. Witness the many undoubted cures of disease effected by those who go about laying on of hands; for although some of them are charlatans, yet others are not, in proof of which behold the results following their practice. But wives and husbands neglect this matter, and suffer in consequence. People find one another growing cool—from causes already set forth herein,—and instead of checking that coolness, by trying to, they fly off at a tangent, set up a domestic growlery, create innumerable excuses for a fuss; grow sullen, morose; and contrive, by every earthly means, to render matters ten times worse than ever; when a timely and persistent resort to the aid of the great magnetic law would speedily correct all the trouble, which, in married life, nine times in ten, originates either in outside or inside magnetic exhaustion; or in domestic passional satiety, and excessive nervous waste, which creates disgust on one side, antipathy on the other, with a grilling fire of discontent between the two. Now this, to some, may be an unpalatable truth, yet true nevertheless. And here, as well as anywhere else, let me say further, that a fair share of obedience to the supreme law of cleanliness, sunshine and ventilation, will go a great way toward preventing magnetic exhaustion, and put a stop to that same satiety and disgust, with all their attendant and overcrowning horripilances. Some people bathe too often, and I have seen those whom I did not believe had bathed five times in sixty years.

If a wife finds her husband growing cool, let her attend to her dress, manner; smiles instead of frowns; sugar, not salt; honey, not vinegar; and place her will steadily, strongly, persistently, upon him, at the same time sending forth her woman's love, sympathy, and magnetic force of magnetic love. The man don't live who can resist it! His love will revive just as surely as that heaven exists. But she cannot work this magic charm in anger, jealousy or indifference. Let her remember this, for it is the grand true secret of fascination—was learned from the birds, and has worked miracles in human life. The same principle obtains among unwedded lovers!

When wives dress up and put their best foot forward to please their own households, as they do for outsiders; when the husband dons his best coat and pantaloons, boots and hat, cane and gloves as often and readily, to walk out with his own wife, as—when away—he does to do the same for somebody else's, the world will be a good deal better off than it is to-day.

Men's lives will be happy and pleasant when they learn: 1st. That a woman is a woman—not a softer sort of man. 2d. That wives appreciate forbearance. 3d. That occasionally a woman's organization becomes so deranged that she needs sympathy, love, tenderness and great patience on his part, for she cannot help her vagaries. Bread thus thrown upon the waters will return a harvest of love ere many days. 4th. A wife is a truer friend, even if homely, than the most beautiful outsider that ever lived. 5th. Take your wife into your counsels; the place of amusement; walk, talk, and be pleasant with her. Attentions pay large interest. 6th. Never bring all your troubles home to saddle them on her; and 7th, and last, Study your wife, and adapt yourself to her; let her really be your other half; for lo! ye twain are one flesh. No matter what mothers-in-law, or any relation, may say or do. Remember that ye are one, and "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave (only) to his wife," if she really be such in soul and spirit, as well as in law, gospel, and appearances.

Any mother, can, if she will, produce offspring that shall be superior to either parent, by avoiding all disagreeables of whatever kind or nature. By believing she shall and will produce a superior specimen of the race, and by firmly resisting discontent, anger, jealousy, hatred, and all evil—dwelling only on that which is true, beautiful and good.

Women suffering from affectional perversions, resulting in the trains of evils known as "female complaints," have a positive means of rejuvenation in the will, in the cultivation of the purer attributes of their nature observance of the law of soap and water, and a firm determination to be no longer slaves to drugs, anger, selfishness, the doctors, envy, or anything else calculated to unbalance them. Thus mentally they can heal themselves, become healthy, and gain the new life, energy, and power.

We now pass to the consideration of one of the most strange and aberrant phases of love—if love be not a misnomer as applied to it—with which the mind has to grapple during its search into the mazy labyrinths concealed beneath the human form.

XXXII. If it was possible for me to look upon this broad world and broader universe with the jaundiced eyes of some zealot, full of bile, gloom, bitterness and bigotry; if I were capable of believing that God is not all good; if I could imagine a yawning gulf, and it peopled with tortured souls, whose agonizing shrieks for sudden death were answered back by the exultant shouts of jubilant fiends, with a King Devil at their head,—which I can't—but if I could, then would I believe that from that pit, clean back of the shadow of God, came trooping forth a score of superlatively horrible gorgons, destined by the mandate of the chief fiend to desolate the earth, and torment mankind, among which, one, always clad in rays of light, yet sweltering with venom at its heart, stands among the foremost. I mean that awful thing for which in English there is no name, but which ever and always assumes the garb and mien and office of the bright, heaven-born angel, LOVE. In other of my books I have named this pestilent thing Vampirism.

Now the name is familiar to everybody, because, in the first place it pertains to a monstrous leech which inhabits tropical waters; fastens on to whatever has sentient life, and never lets go until the last drop of blood is sucked out, and the victim topples into the arms of death. Secondly, the same name is applied to a huge bat inhabiting dark caverns in Oriental and other lands, darkness and gloom being its natural habitat; and when man or beasts travelling along that way chance to fall asleep, this bat of Hades stealthily approaches, and gently, soothingly, flaps its huge wings, croning and droning its wierd sing-song the while; thus fanning its victims, until a deep, comatic sleep falls upon them, so hard and strong, that not a stir is made while the bat opens a vein, and drinks its fill of living gore!

When the awaking comes, the eyes open in another world than this, for mankind, never at all for beasts.

The name in the third use is attached to certain peculiar, fantastic beings,—half human, half demon, of Oriental and German story. These beings emerge from deep darkness in the middle of the night; open new-made graves, take out the bodies therein, eat the flesh, and then, the horrid banquet over, stealthily return whence they came, surfeited to plethora with the dreadful repast. But it sometimes happens—so goes the legend—that no new-made graves offer their temptations, and still the ghouls must live; wherefore they gain access to houses and drain the veins of whomsoever they possibly can. These harpies are, however, vulnerable to shot and death; but if you kill one, be sure to bury him five feet or a fathom, beneath the solid earth; and be sure you run a stake through his breast, with a cross on top; and if possible, at a cross-roads; for if you neglect to do this, and the vampyre's body remains above ground, just as soon, and as surely as the moon's beams shine upon it, just so surely will its life return and it go scot free to continue its ravages through successive lives and deaths. All these horrid things, whether creative of nature in some of her dark moods, or whether some of them are the offspring of perverted imagination, the reality, if of life or of legend, alike are all bad enough, and we turn from the bare contemplation of each with a shudder, begotten of horror on the body of disgust; and yet, fearful as they are, not one of them, or all combined, can equal the horrible reality—the absolutely unmistakable genuine, living human ghouls, right in our very midst; devouring gorgons, who are everywhere about us; who go up and down our streets, and in and out before us, clad in fine raiment; faces decked with smiles; and who only enter our houses, and partake of our hospitality, to betray our trust, and fatten on the lives of us and ours—for where of the male gender their sole aim is to gratify their own infernal morbidity of passion at anybody's expense whatever; and the wives and daughters of our friends become the prey of wretches, for whom no punishment is too severe;—doubly-dyed vampires, from whom conscience has forever taken its flight, and to whom gratitude is unknown. The ghoul originates in such marriages as have no love to cement the union. The father is a coarse, selfish, material surface man, without tenderness, affection,—anything wholly human; and his wife, if not as cold as himself, is probably just the opposite, and from the altar to the grave never realizes the least love:—nothing but selfish passion,—is a woman who yearns, and vainly, for what she cannot get,—true love; and the consequence is that her child comes to earth with yearnings never to be gratified: love-hungry from eternity to time, and through time all the way back to eternity again! Now, when he or she thus born, encounters those of opposite gender, who are full of love, they cling to such with the tenacity of death itself, until they sap out the full soul, and fill their empty ones. What care they even though desolation, despair and death follow in their footsteps, and all their tracks are blood spots from hearts that they have broken? For so long as these leeches get their fill, no matter what evil betides those upon whom they feed,—and whom they ruin. These ghouls have no principle, declare love with like fervor to every one they meet; and having ruined them, blasted their happiness, destroyed their peace of mind, shipwrecked families, violated daughters, debauched honest men's wives, they brag of it, and send fiery clouds of remorse and shame, to crown the victims of their rapacity, and coarsely brutal lust. Their crime is fiendish. I conclude this section by briefly recapitulating the *res gestæ* of it, which may be thus summarized:—

Many people of both sexes often experience a terrible attraction toward another, that resembles, but is not, love. On the contrary, it is a fearful, monstrous passion, and they almost vainly struggle to escape it. Such persons are vampyried; and a vampyre is a person born love-hungry, who have none themselves, who are empty of it, but who fascinate and literally suck others dry who do have love in their natures. Detect it thus: the vampyre is selfish, is never content but in handling, fondling its object, which process leaves the victim utterly exhausted, and they don't know why. Break off at once. Baffle it by steady refusal; allow not even hands to touch, and remember that the vampyre seeks to prolong his or her own existence, life and pleasure, at the expense of your own. Women when thus assailed should treat the assailant with perfect coldness and horror. Thus they can baffle this pestiferous thing—which is more common than people even suspect; in fact, an everyday affair. Many a man and wife have

parted, many still live unhappily together, some aware, but many unconscious, that the prime cause of all their bickerings and discontent is vampyrism on the part of one or the other. It causes fretfulness, moodiness, irritability; a feeling of repugnance arises toward the one who should be most dear; and eventually positive dislike takes the place of that tender affection which should ever grow more and more endearing between those who have given themselves to each other. This dislike becomes in many cases so strong that the parties cannot endure each other's presence; and separation becomes inevitable, neither, perhaps, conscious of the true cause. This is sometimes owing to an inferior development of amateness, sometimes to debility, lack of vitality, the consequence of a feeble or shattered nervous system; and in either case the cure is to be found in less frequent contact, separate rooms, health, and mutual endeavor to correct the fault.

XXXIII. What vast hosts, what tremendous throngs of what are called husbands, and notoriously what almost infinite numbers of married women find home a real hell on a small scale instead, and all for want of mutuality, domesticity, sympathy, and, above all, reciprocity, that is the impartation and reception each by, to, and from the other, of the mysterious thing known as magnetism! And many such there be, who, realizing nothing but the worst kind of blanks in their lottery of life, actually long for death, or anything else, to mitigate or change the current horror of their lives. People, too, make great mistakes about this self-same mystic magnetism. They imagine it to be either all physical, or all mental, when, in fact, it is both; and this subtle fluid, or emanation, is the absolute connecting link between soul and body, matter and mind, and, ultimately, between man and the Deity. Thus in a few lines is solved a mystery which has puzzled the world for centuries,—that of the subtle something which was, and is, the connecting link between the two. There is a magnetism or effluence of soul, arising in, and flowing forth from, the persons of either sex, who are, by nature, endowed with large, open, free, sensitive, generous souls; and this sphere is deeply charged with mind, love, and all else that distinguishes noble from ignoble souls. Nor does this magnetism depend at all upon size of brain, or mere physique; for it abounds as much among the small people, intuitive and physically weak, as it does among those who are materially opposite in construction. Hence a man or woman of this sort, if the partner be loved, will be able to parent offspring every way perfect, and, physically speaking, better than themselves. There is but little danger of such persons going to the bad, because all their natural tendencies are upward and advancing, not retrogressive, barbaric, or descending; for their soul-magnetism charges their physical, and it is full of life, energy, emotion and goodness; hence, whoever comes within the area of its action is benefited, not injured; and this is an imperative, universal rule.

XXXIV. But there is another, and to some extent, more powerful magnetism than this. And I may here remark that it is a generally conceded fact that illegitimate children are nearly always smartest, as compared with the fruits of honest marriage; but are they the best? Doubtful, as a general thing. They are smarter, fuller of nerve, dash, élan, because struck into being at passion's highest tide; but their moral natures and principles are almost universally, woefully deficient; and of all the famous bastards of history not one was ever noted for goodness! True, they all have a very large measure of personal magnetism, and mental force; but let it never be forgotten that goodness alone is absolute power, and, therefore, the best is always greatest, even though the good man make less show than the more volatile and estimably gifted son of earth; wherefore, he who would beget the noblest sons and daughters must do so under the dominance of a calm and steady love, within the pales of those barriers which society has erected to protect itself from barbaric savage principles and peoples, individual as well as aggregative.

XXXV. There is another sort of magnetism, rich, full, voluptuous, Websterian, which originates in body, not in soul; and it flows in copious streams from the persons of such as have it, suffusing everything and everybody with its warm and vivifying power. It is charged with passion, enthusiasm,

volcanic fire; and while it warms others is very apt to burn. It comes of full veins, large lungs, livers, good digestion, steady nerves, fulness of habit, appetite and spirit, and always more or less wins influence and marked distinction for its possessor. Aaron Burr was a good example of its nature, character, and power. Now mark this: The ghoulish wins and ruins, because affectionally and in love he is a perfect vacuum; and silly, female butterfly women rush to him, and get their wings scorched like any miller at a candle, because the empty gorgon draws upon their fulness. They think to find reciprocation, but attain utter exhaustion and ruin instead. On the other hand, the physically magnetic man suffuses the bodies and souls of his victims with his own magnetic fulness; the woman, or man, as the case may be, is drawn to him or her, and while he or she is there to keep up the incessant play of aroral forces, both are happy; but when the parting time comes, and the lesser person no longer has the full one to draw, drain, or feed upon magnetically, then heart-aches and excruciating pangs follow upon one side, and, generally, a magnificent indifference and don't-care-much-about-it-ness on the other.

People with debts of gratitude to pay name towns, counties, lakes, rivers, ships, inns, horses, and boats after their benefactors and friends. I never exactly follow precedents, yet have a little bill to pay, and do it by christening a hitherto nameless crime. I allude to the horrible one committed by a species of human ghoulish differing from either of the others just described. The Dentonite,—for such is the name I give the awful sin—is soulless, and altogether void of human feeling; I mean he is not immortal any more than a mongrel cur-dog is, and his lack of soul impels him to seek to supply the dreadful want from young girls, whom he will remorselessly violate and ruin, even if cool deliberate knife-butchery aids him in his fiendish crime—as is often the case; and terrible, awful, outright murder ends the dreadful tragedy. I can conceive no worse horror than that, nor give it a more befitting name.

XXXVI. My investigations into the mysteries, philosophy, and rationale of the human being, and its loves and passions, has led me to the inevitable and irresistible conclusion that Force is of body, nerves, and muscular organization mainly; and that real Power lies in the soul alone. Now, by the term power I do not mean, as some have misunderstood me in the past to mean, the mere genital powers common alike to man and brutes; but I do mean that irresistible energy latent in all souls, and developed but in an exceedingly limited few. I hold that no power, such as is here intended to be understood, ever comes to man through the intellect. I affirm that the Baconian adage, "Knowledge is power," is not wholly, but only partially true; for I here repeat, Goodness alone is power, and goodness inheres not in brain, but in heart, metaphysically speaking, or on the emotional side or department of man's intricate and involute nature; wherefore, I lay it down as an axiom, that power can only come to, and be developed in, the soul through Love; not passion or lust, look you, but Love; the underlying, primal fire-life of the immaterial soul; the invisible being that constitutes us man or woman; the fire-energy subtending the very basis of our being and, indeed, of all else that exists outside the Eternal Flame itself, the unimaginable Lord God of the Infinite Universe, that most mystical Heat which fuses all things, subtends all existence, and which is the formative floor of the worlds now rolling in silent majesty through space, cushioned upon the Æther, the very breasts of the mother side of God! Now, the true sensing of that higher, deeper, inner love is the beginning of the road which leads the soul into, and invests it with, real power in the loftier degrees; for Love, I maintain, lieth at the foundation. And it is the very synonym of life and strength, and lordly will, and clingingness, and truth, and real development; wherefore, I lay it down as another immutable truth that the true-love conjugation of man and wife is the loftiest and most sacred prayer to, and imitation of, God, possible to any creature in the whole vast realm of matter and mind, spirit and thought. Thus, in proof: how often it happens that a loving couple continually grow more youthful in soul, fruitful in happiness, and joyous in habitude, instead of servile, decrepit, warped and prematurely wrinkled, as in the cases of those to whom the wondrous realities of love are as thrice-sealed books! Why? Because they who thus truly love, in their sacred, spiritual passion, strike out this divine spark; partake of that celestial fire; replenish themselves

with the quintessence of life itself; grow better, and spiritually stronger, and more beautiful, ripe, morally wealthy, calm, hopeful, attuned to this upper music; pass the brutal lands untouched; walk unharmed amidst moral malaras, and draw down to their souls, as copper-rods the lightning, the divine fervor and fire of the aerial spaces, the far-off heavens, and become baptized of the Holy Spirit, and earthly protégés of the supreme Lord of Glory,—our God.

Now once in a while couples do love each other, and from the product of such unions, what few civilized people there are take their rise and departure; and thus the world is saved by God's fiat, just as one honest man, and good, was declared sufficient to prevent the overthrow of Sodom.

The world owes its salvation to the accidents of Love; but by and by, what are now exceptional cases will become the universal rule, and then farewell human Boyhood, and welcome glorious Manhood.

Couples not loving each other are mutually exhaustive, and, as a consequence, fret and fume, worry the life out of one another, and wear their very souls threadbare and to shreds, so that here on earth they amount to but little, and after death enter the ethereal realms in a state of immortal leanness, wizzenness, scranniness, requiring, perhaps, ages of time, or, at least, a long lapse of years, before they can ever reach a condition of soul-fatness, or celestial plumpitude. We can gain much by truly loving!

XXXVII. Light is the shadow of God! Deity is never to be seen, for He ever recedes from telescopic or visual scrutiny. But He is always to be felt; and whosoever feels for God is sure to touch and find him! for when we feel for him, he invariably comes forth and whispers to the soul: Here am I! But the inscrutable Being dwells within the Everlasting Shadow,—behind the Everlasting Flame; for He is the Eternal Fire! and the quintessence of All Heat; not the heat of combustion, but its opposites, like unto that which is evolved from within our souls when we truly Love. Men gazing upon solar light have been struck dumb with the tremendous conception that God was concentrated Light, and that to find him they must rush into the intolerable effulgence, the awful brilliance of all the focal spaces! But they erred. The amazing glories they beheld and conceived, and which they confounded with, or to be the very God, was but the dark shadow shielding him from view in the penetralia of mystery! Man, not God, is concentrated, focalized fire,—a condensation and crystallization of God's Nervous Fluid; and even thing, especially the human soul, is a form of that fire. But man, as we know him here, is not the only self-consciousness in being; nor is this the best or worst of worlds. There are, and the Ærial spaces abound with, multiform intelligences, having their conscious origin in Æthereal realms, as we have ours in matter. But as the divine Fire is the base of all alike; and as love and inter-fusion is the destiny of all, it follows that there is one common point where the sub-human, human, and ultra-human can contact each other and meet; and this point is that of interblending, for that one point everywhere, and in all things, is the only one thing common to all which exist as living entities anywhere.

It follows again that the higher the motives urging us when that universal duty is accomplished, the more powerful is the prayer it really is; the higher it reaches; the more it brings us en rapport with the blessed ones of the purer Æth, and the greater rain of goodness, power, health, life, mystic enjoyment, and all possible good it calls down upon our heads to saturate our souls. But there are grades of these ultra-human orders, towering away from our place and position in the eternal scale, in series vast, inconceivable, of Orders, Societies, Grades, Hierarchies, to an unimaginable Eterne: and other series descending to an equally unimaginable deep of the opposites of what we call goodness; and these, too, meet us on one common ground as the others; and can and do, when we give lust the rein, instead of love, ascend from the depths to us. and infuse us with strange ills and evils. The White Magic, which I here reveal, teaches how to rapport the good. The Black Magic of Africa and America (Voodooism) rapports us with the denizens of hell; and crime and wretchedness as surely flow out from the one



affiliation, as the good flows forth from the other. I have made this revelation here, because it will do good, and afford a new held for the explorations of such as are interested in solving the tremendous problem of evil, its nature and origin.

XXXVIII. I have already told the world herein and elsewhere—[in "Soul, the Soul-world, and Homes of the Dead;" a reprint and enlargement of the original volume "Dealings with the Dead"]—that the seat of human consciousness is in the brain,—that it is a polar world or globe of white diamondesque fire in the human head. It is subject to two states, a positive and negative, masculine or electric; and a feminine, magnetic, or womanesque state. In its intellectual or male mood, it thunders forth its edicts from its throne in the brain, the central point of the head. But in its most awe-inspiring, creative and mystic moods, its fiats are given forth from another seat within the body. The brain is its throne of Force; the pelvis its seat of power! In sleep, especially that which is healthful, therefore dreamless, the soul sends a fibril of fire—an incandescent railway, from the corpus callosum to the medulla oblongata, down the spinal marrow to right back of the stomach; to the solar plexus,—the great storehouse where the servants of the body bring all the treasures they have gathered during the wakeful day, from the various laboratories,—stomach, intestines, ovaria, nerve-ganglia, lungs, liver, testes, arteries; and there the soul charges the fine aroma with its own life, and sends them back to become parts and portions of the living being; it imparts life-fire to every section of the human frame. After this the soul sometimes sends a filamental cord out into the air, above the earth, and on that ladder of light mounts the azure, and scans and contemplates distant scenes, and occasionally unfathomable mystery itself! Hence all dreams, could we translate them, have a fixed and determinate meaning.

But there is a farther revelation to be made right here. If human interblending occurs while weary, half asleep, vexed, anxious, distrustful, suspicious, thinking of money, or in an excited, passionate or mental state, two things are likely to occur, i.e., pregnancy,—in which case the child is sure to come here and stay here, die here, and go to the other world, and remain there, for centuries perhaps—half asleep, vexed, anxious, distrustful, suspicious, and mentally or otherwise excited all the livelong years; for although the woman builds up the child, the father invariably imparts the bias, because:—

XXXIX. In the beginning of the marriage every fibre of his body sends a spiritual—material portion of itself to the left half of the prostate gland, and his spiritual, emotional, soul and mind send corresponding portions of themselves to the right half of the prostate, and at the exact instant that these all meet at that point, the nervo-vital muscles spasmodically contract, and the procreative fluid passing through, takes with it the prostatic exudations, and the immortal being is thus charged with a joyous load of heaven, or a grievous burden of intolerable horrors. But impregnation may not occur; yet the fluids thus charged, and discharged, are absorbed in great measure by the innumerable mouths and duels of the vaginal parietes, and she absorbs his physical, mental and moral poisons as surely as if the husband was freighted down with syphilitic virus;—only that the one eats away and cankers her flesh; while the other corrodes her soul!

Men are proverbially, in these matters, careless of possible consequences, and this is a source of terrible dread to their wives; to such a degree, that fear paralyzes their passional nature; and on their side there is, and can be, no response; finding which to be the case, the average husband grows crisp and cranky, offish, petulant, downright angry; all of which she feels, and discord and misery reign beneath that roof.

Well? Reply: By an effort of the will the male can prevent the prostatic flow; and, secondly, the wife by becoming mentally positive at the crisis, and willing that she ought not, must not, will not conceive, cannot; or that she will not absorb that which will impair her mental or physical health—cannot so

absorb it. Hence she is safe, whenever she wills to be!

XL. Power, true power, can only descend from heaven to true loving souls, because power is feminine, and woman represents it, albeit she is practically ignorant of the fact; and a man has yet to learn that the seeds of power descend either through the feminine channels of his soul, or to him through woman. All great men have been made so through women, either by their mothers, or by some woman whose love made her will and wish him to be good, great and happy, during the sacred prayer of holy, loving wifehood. I have already alluded to the ability of a woman to utterly ruin any man her soul loathes and hates, under precisely the same circumstances; for it lies within her power to make or mar the best man living. I have seen it tried, in both the make and the mar, and with results magnificent in the one case, and insufferably poignant in the other. Thus man, by love all the time, but especially then, can wholly modify woman's character, and kindle her ice to a gentle, constant and invigorant flame. But carelessness and ignorance on the part of many millions of wives, in some sense, make them responsible for their own miseries; for they all have the ability to resist the depleting effects of pestilent vampyrism, and avoid all the diseases, disasters and ailments, mental, moral, physical and emotional, thus engendered; and also to wholly transform the nature and character of almost any man, no matter how coarse, inconsiderate, careless, indifferent or mean.

In declaring these new and weighty truths I victoriously plant the white banner over the frowning ramparts of the social world. Why? How? Attend:—

XLI. Because almost everywhere in this broad land marriage practically exists as a repressive system; it is all head, and the man is that head, while the wife is but an appendage, and by no means either partner or equal; and, so long as such is the case, things will not grow better, because happiness is what every one seeks for, and if not found at the fireside at home will be searched for elsewhere. Now I want to stop all that by showing the law underlying human weal as it has never been shown before on earth. The system of marriage should be one of absolute equality and partnership between couples. I want to help along that system; for the one now in vogue practically drives enormous hosts of people to heaven across lots, over steep-down gulfs of social and domestic horror. I am teaching all to avoid such. On the marriage question, as mainly discussed at present, there is too much everlasting gabble on the horrors of deformity in all parts of the social machine; but I seek to make people purer, nobler, truer, and draw, not drive, them heavenward by appeals to the good, the true, and the beautiful latent within them, and which, when active, brings bliss to every beating heart.

XLII. Too many marriagees concern themselves about mourning; I wish them to be deeply, continually interested about joy. They think mainly concerning how to make the best of a bad bargain; bearing life's crosses; abiding with befitting patience to the end, and all that; while I am teaching them how to make a bad bargain an exceedingly good one; how to neutralize the social poisons by wholesale—and the worst of them are generated at home; and all through the triple white magic of Love, will, and persistent trying; that is, to cure their ills by the constant exercise of common sense, which, it seems, after all, is a very uncommon thing, judging by the stupid way in which nine married couples out of every ten totally ignore its clear and plain behests; for common sense is the genius of the average mind, and is an excellent guide to go by.

XLIII. I have said, and it is true, that the other, the feminine, magnetic, and, therefore, superior pole, or polar dwelling, of the viewless soul of human kind, is in the genital system of each sex respectively; whence it follows that in all nuptial unions, where true love reigns and rules, governs and controls, the entire beings of each party, the entire soul of each officiates at the banquet, and the celebration; wherefore, both the positive and negative powers and forces of each party assist at the—in the—

incarnation of the new soul, if a new soul is then and there called into outer being, to run the gauntlet of time in its race to the fields of eternity; and all such generation is holy; and, it being a genuine marriage, none but truly human children are called into the world.

But where no love inspires the parents, only one of the two grand forces of their souls officiate either in, or at, the generation of their mutual offspring; and such children are death-sure to be deficient in some quality, and to pay through lives more or less angular, limited, and bitter, for the sins of their parents, and their profanation of the holiest of all human sanctities, and violation of the grandest and deepest law of the human world—that of Love; from such conditions it happens that the lands are teeming with half-men, half-women, and abound in human weaklings. "Illegitimates" are exceptional in brilliance, because at least some tolerable measure of Love, and a great deal of Passion, obtained when they were called into earthly existence.

Apply the principle herein laid down, and it is not hard to see the reason why inferior-brained, but strongly loving and loved women, become mothers of mental-moral millionaires, while brainy mothers give us children born to intellectual penury. Men with comparatively small cerebral capital and calibre, but whose love-nature is large, full, open, generous, almost invariably become fathers to their mental superiors; while per contra we all know that great talent, and actual genius seldom produces anything higher than a very low grade of mediocrity. Their children are notoriously below par—and PA also. These truths may be new and novel, as are many of those to follow herein, but they are assuredly destined and commissioned to revolutionize the world of thought on these subjects, nevertheless and notwithstanding.

XLIV. The negative or brain pole of the soul, so to speak, is Thoughtful. Its mission is to scan, search, explore, investigate, reason, understand, know. It is en rapport more or less perfectly, with the intellectual and knowing universe; that is to say, it is masculine and electric. Now an electric man "progresses," stores up, advances toward, and captures knowledge, facts, things, ideas and principles; and only give him time, and he will become an encyclopædia on legs, for all that's knowable he feels bound to find out. But the positive pole or sphere of the soul being feminine or magnetic, is in direct contact or rapport with the very soul of being itself;—the foundation fires of the universe—with all that vast domain underlying increase, growth, generation, evolution, emotion, heat, expansion, energy, power—the sole and base of being, the arterial blood of God Himself—measureless Love—the primal fire-flow of the whole vast realm of universal existence, whence the female is nearer God than the male, and God is far more female than its opposite; for it is in him, as in the human, a far less labor to create than it is to gestate and bring forth. God struck the universe into being by a single fiat of his Imperial Will; but it took even him billions of centuries to gestate and bring forth man; just as a man occupies one second of time only, to plant a monad in the uterine soil, but it takes woman forty odd weeks to prepare it for its uses on the earth; or it takes man one second to begin a work, which occupies all the energies of woman's soul and body about twenty-six million seconds to complete what he began! Hence one good mother is worth at least fifty millions of male drones, without love to guide them heavenwards; and her influence for good in the universe, bears the same ratio to his worthlessness, as a general rule; and right here I desire to impress upon my readers, not only the tremendous value and importance of any human soul, and the awful consequences of destroying human life at any stage; but to enforce upon them the absolute necessity of marriage and parentage,—for every child, no matter how imperfect, is eventually a positive gain to the universe; and every female who goes to the grave childless; every man who fails in his duty to himself, God and nature, and dies without prolonging his human line, commits a grave offence,—so grave as not to be easily forgiven.

Thus it is readily seen that through Love man seizes directly on all that is, and is in actual contact and

rapport with all and singular every being that feels and Loves within the confines of the habitable universe. But an}-amount of brain or learning he may have affiliates him to a very few at most, because all sentient creatures love and feel, while comparatively few can think and know. Love forever against the world! The positive throne or seat of the soul, in the male, is in, near, and about, the prostatic gland, with three radii extending to the connected viscera, whence it happens that emasculation injures the very soul itself.

In the female, the major force of the soul resides in the uterus, with three radii extending to the right and left ovaria and the connected viscera, whence it happens that illness or injuries there have the most baleful, injurious and debilitating effect upon every portion and department of her being and nature. We often hear the phrase "A fine specimen of a woman!" "A magnificent woman!" but such terms are never applied to any mere bundle of brains, but always of those of fine physical presence, geniality of demeanor, and magnetic fulness, indicating Love within the soul, whether it be well and highly cultured or not. Now it is possible for a man to grow fat who is lean, or lean who is fat, by pursuing steadily Bantingism—I believe they call it—or its opposite, as the case may demand; and I know that a lean soul can also grow fat, and non-magnetic people reverse their states. The mode I have already herein pointed out, hence need not again recur to.

XLV. Do not forget that herein and elsewhere I have declared the great truth that true manhood and womanhood are more or less en rapport with one or more of the upper hierarchies of Intelligent Potentialities, earth-born and not earth-born. I believe there are means whereby a person may become associated with, and receive instruction from, them. More than that, I believe in what I may call will-magnets, or talismans; that it is possible to construct and wear them, and that they emit a peculiar light, discernible across the gulfs of space by those intelligent powers, just as we discern a diamond across a play-house; that such are signals to the beholders; and that they will, and do, cross the chasms to save, succor, and assist the wearers, just as a good brother here flies to the relief of him who shall give the grand hailing-signs of distress. This is provable.

This grand mystery of the will, properly cultured, is the highest aid to man, for it is a divine Energos, white, pure magic, the miracle-working potentiality which cometh only to the free and wholly unshackled human soul; while to woman it is the only salvation from marital vampyrism, the shield and buckler of her power, and the groundwork upon which must be builded the real rule of her influence in the world and at home. The reasons why will be readily seen by recurring to the basic propositions of the divine science, which declares that God, the soul of the universe, is positive heat, celestial fire; that the aura of Deity (God-od) is love, the prime element of all power, the external fire-sphere, the informing and formative pulse of matter. The deduction is crystalline; for it follows that whoso hath most love—whether its expression be coarse or fine, cultured or rude—hath, therefore, most of God in him or her; the element of time being competent to the perfecting of all refining influences, over the ocean of Death, if not upon the hither side. Conversely put, the statement stands thus: whoso most resembleth God, therefore, hath most of love, goodness, and the elements of power. God is not a libertine! Now these latent energies I claim to here give the true knowledge of, that all may understand the laws of love, will, and ethereal force, and the principles and modes of their evolution, and crystallization in the homos; the result aimed at being the elimination of the gross, and their orderly consolidation into personal power. I hold that Love is, ever was, and eternally will be, absolutely pure. Paste is not diamond, though they resemble somewhat, nor is Love ever anything but its own transcendent self; yet normal passion is divine, because through it alone God gives true men to the great man-wanting world. There can be no such thing as unholy Love; nor good badness, nor bad goodness.

XLVI. Silence is strength, and the silent lip and steady head alone are worthy. I do not believe in the, to me, absurd dogma of human equality; it is the demonstrable negation of all human reason and experience; is a hypocritical, cruel, and delusive falsehood; puts people out of their element, and into wrong positions; it never was, will, nor can be, true; for "aristocracy" of some kind always rules, is always a unit in interests, while "democracy" is always ruled, and is eternally at war with itself, and clashing about its own interests, which interests it perpetually injures and destroys. But it is true that some souls are nobler, better, higher, finer, richer, riper, rounder,—these seven,—than some other souls, and are worth immeasurably more, whether weighed or plumbed in God's scales or man's. For some souls are young, green, acid, acrid, bitter, imperfect, and non-poised,—these seven,—and such stand for æons of ages gaping, on the highways, at regal souls rushing across the deeps toward Achievement; here, there, now, then, up the streets of the worlds, and down the corridors of heaven. Splendid, "aristocratic" souls, who will circumnavigate eternity while the others are wondering, "What next?" and, "Did you ever!"—new souls, just created, requiring a thousand or two of ages to get their eternal sea-legs on, before being able to steadily walk the decks of the eviternal ship of centuries and power, or compete with those who, living now, yet have passed their ordeals long before this civilization had taken root in the mouldy soil of scores that had preceded it.—Men who make and govern circumstances instead of allowing circumstances to govern them.

XLVII. True Passion is but one, and a minor mode, of Love's expression; its offices are triplicate; and when people understand that one grand secret, farewell to social, domestic, and all other ills; and it is this grand secret I have, for long years, been teaching, somewhat, not fully, in all my books, on both shores of the oceans that girdle the world. I know that brains and intellects differ, but hearts and affection are ever the same; that through these last man can attain unto Godness, and woman reign queen and equal, where she now serves as drudge, toy, and legal and illegal—something worse; that woman, as such, has most of love crystallized within her, and for that reason is entitled to stand the peer of the best man breathing God's free air; not by reason of her beauty, accomplishments, wealth, or any other accident, but because she hath the womb,—the perfected laboratory wherein she fashioneth, and alone completes, what it took God, Nature, and Man, singly and combined, to only begin; and that, too, so badly, that the wonder is, that swarming hordes of murderers do not throng the world's highways where civilized man now walks. But so infinitely great an artiste is she, that from the worst of seed she has raised many a splendid human tree; redeemed the race from savagery; fostered and cultured art, science, religion, and all that renders earth habitable, and that, too, under all sorts of repressions and bad conditions; assuredly entitling her now to a chance of trying what she can do, under favorable circumstances, who did so well under the bad; and I hold this to be the strongest argument for woman ever made since the world began; and I advance it only as one of the external reasons I entertain, holding in reserve others as much stronger and more cogent than these, as a chain-cable is superior to a child's slender whip-cord.

XLVIII. I further hold that there are Æthereal (spacial) centres of Love, Power, Force, Energy, Goodness, and for, and of, every kind, grade, species, and order of knowledge known to man, and whereof he knows not anything; and that it is not only possible to reach those centers, and obtain those knowledges, but that it is achievable by a vast number, who now drone and doze away life, die half ripe, and wake up, when too late, to find out what fouls they have been, necessitating what it is not the present purpose to reveal. In the present instance it only remains for the purposes of this Declaration of Principles, to draw a brief comparison between my system and the very best that can possibly, truthfully be said of any single one of all the others now extant anywhere. They are divided into two parts, one of which proceeds to totally ignore the body, mortifies the flesh, and renders life truly a semi-graveyard operation from birth to baptism, from that to death. The other allows the utmost limit to lust and license to the elect, and roundly berates all others outside. Vide Mormonism, Perfectionism,

and Islamism, and contrast them with their opposites in belief, as the Shakers. But current systems, as a general thing, bend all their energies toward the salvation of men's souls, and, in spending time in trying to get souls into heaven, lose sight of the bodies, which, practically, may go to the other place, of so little account are they. They believe in crucifying the flesh altogether, and generally effect that very thing for the soul. They wholly lose sight of a fundamental principle of human nature, which is to take delight in doing the very thing it is sternly forbidden to.

The people of a town might not, if let alone, leave its boundaries once in ten years; but you just make a law that they shall not leave it, and that town will be empty in less than a single day. Again: Said landlord Boniface, "Traveller, you must go further to pass the night, for my house is full, and I have no place to put you." Says weary traveller, "Don't say so; don't say no; poor me! How can you serve me so? I'm so fagged out I can't walk another step. I'll put up with anything rather than go on." Says Boniface, "Poor, weary man, I pity you, and on one condition you can stay; there is one room with two beds. The one nearest the door you can sleep in; the other—at the far corner—is occupied by a lady, who must not be disturbed in any way. You must enter it on tiptoe, without a light, go quietly to bed, and at daybreak quit it in the same manner. Do you agree to these conditions?"—"I do;" and he was shown the door, and again strictly cautioned. But, by and by, there was a sound of devilry by night, and that weary, wayworn traveller lifted up his voice and yelled aloud; and his voice went flying the descending stairs, and his body, with protruding eyes, and hair erect, came speedily following down, down, reaching the lower floor just one second after his voice. "O Lord!" said the traveller. "What's the matter?" asked Boniface. "Why, that woman's dead!"—"I knew that before," said landlord; "but how did you find it out?" Just so. Human nature is strongly perverse, and this incident suggests the query that were social life and marriage based upon consent and attraction instead of what they are based on, there wouldn't be a hell on earth or anywhere else, in less than one hundred brief years—brief to God, and to immortal man.

Finally, to conclude this section, I admit, and triumphantly, too, that in the cultured, or magic, because magnetic, will, I find a remedy for very many of the ills besetting us on the earth, especially in our marriage matters in the false society of to-day; and furthermore, that by obedience to law, herein set forth, the elixir of life may be found, and the human stay on earth be prolonged a great deal beyond the storied threescore years and ten.

Let us now proceed to the consideration of a phase of the matter in hand, never before fairly treated upon, or even touched by those who assumed to discuss it, by reason of its recondite nature. It being my highest ambition to do good while the frame lasts, I possibly may achieve it better in essaying the unravelling of the knot alluded to, than in any other way.

Men are often seen whose *actione currente* is wholly feminine; but a far greater number of females are found who have ail the yearnings proper only to the opposite gender. Understand me. It is the proper function of man to impart, to give, to enforce, to generate, to beget his kind; and of course the impelling sensations are peculiar. It is the proper function of woman to reverse all this—to receive, respond, provoke passion, accept, exude, gestate, and to have all the sensations proper thereto. But thousands have the characteristics of their proper sex, physiologically, with their normal sensations, impellant or *nervo-vital* action, and instead have all the latter characteristics of the reverse gender. This abnormal state, so very common, results from their mothers wishing and hoping that the unborn may be of one sex, while nature determines to, and does produce its opposite; wherefore such girls will love like a man; such boys love like a woman, and of course can never be satisfied in this life on that very account. The upshot of it all is, that urged on by an irresistible impulse, such persons resort to unnatural methods to appease the quenchless thirst; assuage the yearning appetite,—hence we have onanists,

masturbationists, pederasts; those who associate with four-footed beasts, and in other respects sink to very infamous levels—even to those horrible ones, to name which I fairly shudder, and therefore will not.

When a woman is pregnant, her whole desire should be that of giving to the world a perfect specimen of her maternal work, allowing nature to determine the sex; and then we shall behold no more such improperly constructed human beings on this fair earth of ours; wherefore we shall be rid of agitators of the "Sexual Question."

XLIX. In announcing the law and fact that the subtle element called magnetism is the connecting link between mind and body, the flesh, sinew, bone and muscle, and the incorporeal viewless soul of man, I declared a new truth, or rather one newly discovered. True, it has been suspected that electricity, in some of its subtler forms, was that link, but I am not aware that the subtler element, magnetism, was ever even suspected to be such link. Body is the seat of the senses; soul is the seat of the deeper faculties; for Emotion, Love, Sympathy, Memory, Fancy, Judgment, and a hundred other human attributes belong to the region and domain of soul, spirit, mind,—the invisible man within,—and the vehicle of their display and action upon, and in the outer world, is magnetism. Proof: When we are in perfect magnetic rapport with an individual, that person can be made to imitate our action, think our thoughts, do as we do, and be for the time our exact counterparts; but we may be in absolute electric contact, and not one of these strange results will follow. Observe these facts: cohabitation, love not being the spur, is a magnetic halfness; with love, it is a magnetic circulation, that is to say, pleasure results from a nervous current rushing along the nerves of each, and mingling in chemico-magnetic union in and at the termination of the nervous filaments radiating from every portion of the two beings, and converging to a point at the respective vital centres of each.

There can be no mutual joy unless such nervous currents do flash along the nervo-telegraphic system; nor can we experience any pleasure, whatever, either nerval, gustatory, or in any other manner, unless such currents do thus pass; and, moreover, every true, or even false human joy, must first be in the soul, before the body can participate. We cannot lift a board till we bend to it, and brace the muscles to the task. This is the principle of Posism: i. e., placing ourselves to do the work, receive a blow, shock or impression. We hate, and all our external features array themselves—involuntarily—ever to materially express the metaphysical emotion. Now for the application of this principle to the subject under consideration.

L. It would look foolish for one to verbally protest burning love, while the face betokened its deadly opposite, or actual, stupid indifference! If the heart means love, and the lips assert it, the voice, manner, eyes, and genial glow, must express it also, if one expects to be believed. Yet in spite of the notoriously plain truth, there are thousands who talk love, while face, feature, voice and conduct give the lie direct to all the lips have spoken; and yet the speakers marvel because their story is not credited. Such persons, too, may honestly mean just what and all they say, yet, failing to pose themselves to the requirements of the case, fail also both in winning credence, and retaining what of love they have already won. Counsel: If your lips speak love, always pose your features to the natural language of the passion or sentiment. For the expression of feature, the soft and flowing modulations of tone, the mellow cadence and inflection of the voice, tells the immortal story of the heart quite as plainly, and far more eloquently, than can possibly any collocation of mere words, which any one can marshal to his or her aid; and soft and gentle tones will do more for errant, faulty husbands and wives than all the protestations or verbal storms that one could utter in a century!

We have societies for the protection of beasts; and need a larger one for the protection of human beings

in certain vital respects. It ought to be just ground for instant divorce wherever and whenever a human male forces unwelcome embraces upon any female, whatever. The beasts of the field don't do so. Why should men? More than that; it ought to be a criminal offence in the eye of the law; and as such, punishable, for any human male, under any circumstances, whatever, to force the inclinations of any woman, whatever, or to exact or seek wifely offices or concessions, except when she wills and ordains that such may be. Make this a law, and we shall have less work for sextons in digging graves for "Mrs. so and so," at any age between sixteen and thirty-five. The common sense of mankind knows full well that he is no man, but only a satyr, who demands what cannot be granted, save with a shudder of unutterable horror and disgust; pangs past endurance, or at the risk of health and life.

The action of the muscles is as clear an expression of a passion, and the mental states behind it, as are the tones which utter it; for "Actions speak louder than words" is not only a truism, but an absolute and unqualified truth itself. Wherefore if you mean love, look love from top to toe, and all over!

LI. You never saw a sick man, really, desperately sick, whoever denied the existence of a God. It requires a fine stomach, keen appetite, and excellent digestion to make a first-class sceptic. Why? Because conditions of body effect changes in the soul's feelings; and the play between the outer and the inner being is mutual, for the soul affects the body for good or ill quite as much as the body affects the invisible soul. Married people are either not aware of this double-acting law of the homos, or else wilfully ignore its heavy meanings. They live a cat-and-dog life, because neither reasons that some physical disturbance unhinges the soul, or that some metaphysical derangement unfits the body to express what the soul itself may be completely full of. Thus, a woman suffering catamenial pains, or some other ill, is apt to be rather Novemberish externally, even while July really reigns deep down in her sweet, but ruffled, soul; and a man, worried to death with worldly cares, is not always either in mood or condition to lavish tenderness even upon the children of his loins, or the wife of his bosom, all of whom he loves beyond his then-capacity of expression. A person in certain physical states is insane for the time being; is fully willing to curse God, and die; yet a dose of opening medicine would unbar the gates of his soul, and within two hours that self-same man would bless God, and live.

And a wife in certain magnetic and mental states, the result of physiological causes, would fly at a man and scratch his eyes out, when, next day, after a good dose of senna, she would love and caress him half to death.

At this writing I am suffering from partial paralysis, partly the result of a severe fall,—a mere matter of twenty-five feet through the trestle-work of a bridge, upon a not very soft pile of rocks at the bottom, sent down there by the savage threats of two converging locomotives, one behind and one before. But that injury I could have recovered from, by reason of the strong resilient energies of my constitution, had it not happened that for months before, then, and months afterward, I was continually laboring with brain, hands, and pen,—bad enough,—but was also subjected daily to violent and continued affectional and mental emotion; cause: "A woman at the bottom of it;" and that sort of excitement is quite sufficient to bring on paralysis, without the help of any locomotive that ever screeched over the "Middle Ground,"—a place in Toledo, where more ghosts of mangled dead walk than upon any surface of equal area in the entire universe.

As physician, I have treated many cases of disease which the patients attributed to scores of causes other than the right one,—affectional trouble. Merchants, bankers, men of large business, are almost invariably, and inevitably, stricken down in the midst of life and hope, by apoplexy, paralysis, chronic dyspepsia, stone, gravel, or embolism; not alone by reason of their business activity, or even nervous exhaustion, but because they do not loosen up, change their modes of motion, and devote more time



to the homestead, social life, and "fun." Business, the infernal demon-god, is all in all; passion but a spasm; love, a myth, an unrealized dream, its joys still more unreal, vague, phantomesque, until at length nature wears out, God insulted, and he sends the Angel of Midnight to drop the curtain, and change the scene.

Aphrodisiacs are certain preparations—most of them outright infernal—which excite the amorous or passional appetites of the human being. There are long lists of them; and many years before this book was written, its author discovered the best six tonics the world had ever seen, or has yet. I refer to the Protozonic Remedials. And I have known hundreds upon hundreds of people, who lived so close to the dollar-counter, that nature withdrew her smiles from them, and impotence, dead, sterile, horrible, became their lot, and for years they had never known love in its physical aspects unless under the forcing power of some disastrous stimulant. To these the protozones were blessings, indeed, and once more the mad-house and apoplexy were left behind,—not because they were remedials, but civilizers; humanizers, fitting the wasted nerve, balancing the tottering brain, restoring the primal conditions upon which human happiness in the social arc depends, not being mere chemicals, but alchymics or conveyers of spirit: soul. But what a state of things is that wherein men, otherwise sensible, so far forget their duties to self, home, wife, society, and God, as, in the mad chase for wealth, to sacrifice Manhood, Love and Paternity. Paternity! just think of it! what a glory, and what a joy, compared to which all the wealth and honor earth can give were but hollow shams and empty mockery! while Parentage, Fatherhood,—above all Imperial Motherhood, is a diadem which even gods might well aspire to. I have seen women pass along the streets who gave token of their coming pain and glory; and I have seen things shaped like unto men laugh and giggle as they passed along; the doers of God's finest and greatest work; the incarnators of regal soul; these unappreciated martyrs of love, and victims of man too often beside.—and I have felt like rushing upon, and tearing the heartless scoundrels to pieces; for if there be a transcendently glorious thing on earth it is a mother. And I, Paschal, the writer, here say that I took off my hat, and did homage to even pregnant woman I ever saw; and I would do it, were that woman no higher than a common troll, so highly and devoutly did I, do I, adore and worship Motherhood. There, that's my soul!

But if these laughers, these careless husbands, knew the truth I now reveal in the next few lines, they too, like myself, would laugh, but with royal joy, instead of coarse derision. It is this: 1st, most seekers after domestic bliss, like him who builds from the roof groundward, begin at the wrong end. It is to be found in soul, not sense; spirit, not form; heart, not dress; and love, not passion. 2d. A pregnant woman, judiciously loved and treated,—not spoiled and pampered, or kept at a dead level of life, love, temper, feeling, passion, ardor, fervor, labor, rest, but made to develop her womanhood,—will, in every ten days, add more soul, strength, fervor, beauty, compactness, energy, power, and force of character and genius to her baby than she could in all the forty weeks of gestation if neglected in the above respects; for she will knit more greatness in it every hour she lives; and each step or stage of gestation will be carried one or more degrees toward perfection. The only difference between a genius and a human ninny is, that one is finished up as the work goes on. He is well kneaded, and needed, too; well risen; well baked, and, therefore, is well flavored; well done; will keep well; give excellent satisfaction all around, and will be longed for, and wept over when gone, just as children mourn the good things that have passed away forever.

LII. Paralysis, caused other than by physical injury, is the result of over-emotion; too acrid states of the blood and fluids—(often removable by continued catharsis) and by nerve-embolism, as well as that of the blood-vessels, consequently the system is not supplied with a proper amount of vitalized pabulum. Paralysis more often results from affectional troubles than anything else, and the only cure is their re-arrangement, accompanied with phosphorized cordials, and phosphoric food, to which may be added

the daily pouring over the head and backbone of at least two pailfuls of hot water, as hot as can be borne, alternating with ice-rubbing of the spine, or rhigolene-spray baths; this will cure it nine times in ten, when mentally caused; and would have saved Napoleon III., and perhaps a disastrous war, had his physicians been wise; but they were not, and suffered him to eat, drink, smoke, and libertinize to excess, until at last his constitution, enfeebled by amatory outrage in his early life, refused to respond to desire; his embolism increased; fistula attacked the perinæum, involving the entire pelvic system, necessitating castration at the knife of the surgeon, and ending at Chiselhurst, in fever and death, but a few months after,—and the crisis hastened swiftly by the keen anguish resulting from the consciousness that he, the great emperor, was no longer a man, but only a eunuch or human stag. This fact of his loss occasioned the "Decheance" act of the French Senate;—for they would not be ruled by either a woman—or a castrato.

Barrenness of woman results from similar causes; and so also does the four kinds of male impotence, now abounding even-where to a frightful extent. These are, 1st. Lack of muscular force; 2d. Inability to elaborate the vital fluid; 3d. Inability to retain it at all; or to retain it if, and when, elaborated; 4th. Inability to vitalize it by reason of trouble in the prostate gland. Hitherto the medical people have recognized but one form of impotence, whereas there are no less than four, each, of course, requiring quite dissimilar methods of curative treatment.

LIII. Nothing goes on either in soul or body without some sort of expenditure. We have a mental, moral, and affectional digestion as well as a physical one; and we all know that unless we excrete the superfluous matter of the food and drinks we take, dyspepsia comes in, and finally we grow dull, sleepy, and stupid from the accumulated phosphates, acid or alkaline, lime, carbon, etc., urea, uric acid, etc., and death soon comes tapping at the door; but who ever suspected that it is just as necessary to void mental, moral, and affectional wastes, and thus prevent soul-dyspepsia, or cure it if established? Yet such is the case. The mind that would be healthy must cast out of it all it cannot appropriate, assimilate, and transmute, else mental, moral, and affectional diseases set in, and psychal debility is the result, terminating in a complete deadening of all these higher qualities which par excellence make us truly human.

LIV. Now he or she who dwells mainly in the brain is subject to enormous nervous waste: and the blood, charged with refuse brain and nerve-rust, rushes to the kidneys, and there unloads its bad freight; but all servants get tired, and so do the organs named; so that after a while they cease to drain and sift so perfectly as of yore; consequently the alkaline phosphates and urea are not all discharged, but a portion is poured back into the circulation, until finally every inch of the physical body is poisoned; and a healthy soul cannot healthfully act through poisoned nerves and tainted fluids. The kidneys begin to suffer and give out; the supra-renal capsules change their fibre, and no longer act as storehouses for the kidney-life placed there daily by the watchful soul. The bladder goes next, then the testes, prostate, ovaries, or uterus follow; and before you know it, the man or woman is a splendid wreck. Wherefore follow Solomon's advice, and remember two things: 1st, that there's a time for work and rest and sleep, and amusements and converse and amorous diversion; next, that all work, and no play, makes Jack a dull boy; meals, sleep, love-seasons, all should be as nearly as possible orbital or periodic in their motions, just as the day, night, winter, spring, and autumn in the world without. In a little while nature, will assist, and each season will come in full force at its proper time, just as eclipses occur, and green fields smile again.

Surely married people will understand this delicate, but very important suggestion. Hundreds of people, consulting me as physician, have benefited by that advice, and by resolutely sleeping apart, as a custom, have begun to realize a domestic felicity they never before imagined to be possible. Nay, it is

absolutely necessary in all cases where perfect restoration does not follow every night's slumber.

Reader, you have one hundred and sixty bones, and five hundred muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds; your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter; it beats seventy times a minute, four thousand two hundred times per hour, one hundred thousand eight hundred times per day, and twenty-six millions seven hundred and twenty-five thousand two hundred times per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale twenty-three thousand gallons a day. The average surface of the air-cells of your lungs supposing them to be spread out, exceeds twenty thousand square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds. In the average American man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed ten millions in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varied from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about one thousand seven hundred square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains three thousand sweating tubes, or respiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making the aggregate length of the entire surface of your body of two hundred and one thousand three hundred and sixty-five feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.

Now in any act which requires more than a normal drain, every atom of this magnificent machine is injured, and its life jeopardized. But in sexism, true and normal, and false and perverted ones also, yield up a portion of the life of every particle of the being; also when we sleep with nervous or organic incompatibles. In righteous conjugation what one gives out is instantly replaced by the other, and perfect rest and equilibrium follow the natural shock. But in the false rites, what of life goes out, stays out. There is no return in kind; no change given for the golden coin of life recklessly thrown on the counters of lust!

LV. The bitterest matrimonial discontents arise from the half-unconscious misconception that happiness, not growth, is the end of marriage, and the forgetfulness that human nature is universal. It is impossible for two people thoroughly to know each other until they have been tested by the exigencies of a united life. If then a radical antagonism of temperament is developed, which makes the union oppressive, why should the discordant souls be kept together? What is to be gained by holding them in the bonds of hatred? The remedy cannot be found in the abolition of the civil contract of marriage, leaving them free to repeat again and again the disastrous experiment, because that has been tried and failed. Now it seems to me that there should be schools of marriage; that is, institutions with professorships, expressly to teach the laws which alike, everywhere, underlie human happiness. As it is to-day, pretty faces win male stupidity, and disaster invariably follows. Above all, our system of nervous life, the good food poorly cooked, the way we eat, drink, sleep,—all are axes laid at the roots of the tree of domestic life!

There's not one sound man in five hundred; nor a woman in a thousand, who does not have the doctor's care for ills resulting from this false life. The food we eat, and what we drink, act upon our souls, our emotions, and our loves, quite as much as upon our mere bodies; and I had rather have one meal cooked by a good, loving old mother, than all the hotels of earth, with golden plate, could furnish; because such food is seasoned with goodness.

LVI. I am satisfied that sleeping together, and too frequent yielding to the impulses incident to the chemically fevered state we are in, produces a peculiar nervous exhaustion which, if long continued, always results in a chronic morbidity closely verging upon actual insanity,—indeed, in most cases,

upon some points, it is insanity itself; for what else can that state be called which sees nothing at all but ill, dark-omened shadows continually floating over the sky of life; and which beholds, in the wife or husband, nothing but demons or gorgons; chatters about him, or her; exposes faults, magnifies mole-hills into rocky mountains; and only breathes venom, spite, and malignant hate, upon one sworn at the altar to be loved and cherished till death 'did them part. This is sheer madness; down-right insanity; and in that mood what worlds of wrong are daily done, and that, too, by people in whose hearts angels slumber, and long to be awakened, that their wings might fan the fevered brow, and lull the weary souls to rest. This insanity has its rise in satiety, and non-reciprocity in the more intimate relations of husband and wife; and is akin to that which falls like a leaden pall sooner or later upon the onanist and debauchee.

Owing to the imperfect marriages of to-day, and the few past decades, millions of half-children, or unsound ones, have been born: crooked, angular, violent, unreliable, impulsive, vagarious, and constitutionally morbid, with a powerful bias toward unquestionable insanity. Passing along the streets it is easy to pick out people thus born: their faces and heads betray the unmistakable brand of incipient lunacy; and it requires but little provocation to fan the latent embers into a glowing and terrible flame. The average insane head is smaller in all its dimensions than the sane. The latter shows, also, less irregularity of outline. The left anterior quarter of the sane head is usually larger than the right, while the right anterior quarter of the insane head is almost always larger than the left. Many insane people show a decided projection in the right frontal region. Now mark the conduct of our friends thus organized.

LVIII. But why are they insane? What's the actual—not theoretic—but purely scientific facts of such cases? Reply: Magnetic and amative depletion act upon some people precisely as starvation acts upon everybody. When the stomach can no longer get food, the body begins to consume and feed upon itself; first it absorbs the fat, and we grow lean; then it attacks the muscles, and we become skeletons; next the liver goes, and we become cadaverous: their the mucous surfaces are called upon; and at last the serous plates are attacked, and the grave closes over a bunch of bones only. In the case of the sexual pederastic, Dentonian debauchee, when his lust alone drives him to either excess or sexive horrors, there is no return, and his passion consumes his body. First, the nerves become strained and tensioned beyond endurance, and one after another gives way; then the muscular cords are slackened: then the testicular glands decrease: then the prostate: then the marrow of the hack-bone softens and yields its fat to feed the fearful fire, creeping up till it reaches the brain; then the substance of the brain goes down to death's hot furnace; the soul shuts itself up, moodily waiting its time of flight, and when it acts at all is compelled to do so through diseased organs and perverted channels; hence, all it does is distorted, outre, queer, abnormal. The man is mad—and—let the curtain fall; the tragedy is ended.

LVIII. When teaching those who were desirous of mastering the principles pervading the books, and constituting the soul of the system evoked and elaborated by him whose pen scores these lines, it was the custom for him to address them in these following words, or their equivalents: First, the mystery of Life, and Power, Seership,—in its loftier, not merely its lesser meanings,—forecast, endurance, insight, far-sight, longevity, silent energy, mental force, magnetic presence, and impressive capacity, lie in, flow out of, pertain to, and accord with, the she or mother-side of Deity, the love-principle of human-kind, and the sexive natures of the complicate homos. Outside of its sphere of operations all is cold and deathful; within its mystic and magic circle dwells all there is of fire, latent and active, actual and metaphysical; all there is of energy, procreant power, physical, mental, spiritual, and all other; and it—Love—is the master-key unlocking every barred door in the realms that are. Remember, O Neophyte (and reader of this book), that I am not dealing in mere philosophical formulæ, "recipes," or trashy "directions," but in, and with fundamental principles, underlying all being. Fix this first principle firmly

in your memory, and roll it under the tongue of your clearest understanding; take it in the stomach of your spirit; digest it well, and assimilate its quintessence to, and with, your own soul. That principle is formulated thus: Love Lieth at the Foundation (of all that is); and Love is convertibly passion; enthusiasm; affection; heat; fire; soul; God. Master that. Second, the nuptive moment, the instant wherein the germs of a possible new being are lodged, or a portion of man's essential self is planted within the matrix, is the most solemn, serious, powerful, and energetic moment he can ever know on earth; and only to be excelled by correspondent instants after he shall have ascended to realms beyond the starry spaces.

LIX. If a man actualizes that moment while under the dominion of animal instinct, or human lust alone, then the effect is losing, unmanning, degrading, to both himself and her; murderous toward the recipient, and suicidal to himself. It means hatred, disease, and magnetic ruin to both; its influence for evil spreads over a wide area on earth; feeds and sustains barbarism; nourishes the monstrous Larvæ of the middle kingdoms of the æred habitats of disembodied beings, even when no progeny results. But if there shall, then he and she generate misery, crime, and possible murder as the heritage of that child. If, on the other hand, low be the prompting angel at the hearth-nuptial, then strength, goodness, truth, harmony and sweet melodies of life ensue to the twain, and are insured to the offspring God shall give them. Third, at the very instant his seminal glands contract to expel their treasures, at such instant his interior nostrils open, and minute ducts, which are sealed at all other times, then expand, and as the lightning from his soul darts from the brain, rushes down the spinal-cord, leaps the solar plexus, plunges along the nerval filaments to the prostate gland to immortalize the germinal human being; and while the vivific pulse is leaping to the dark chamber wherein soul is clothed in flesh and blood, at that instant he breathes in through the inner nostrils one of two atmospheres underlying, inter-penetrating—as the spirit does the body—the outer air which sentient things inhale. One of these auras is deeply charged with, because it is the effluvium of, the unpleasant sphere of the border spaces, where is congregated the quintessence of evil from every inhabited human world in the entire congeries of soul-bearing galaxies of the broad universe; else he draws in the pellucid aroma of divinity from the far-off multiple heavens. It follows that as are the people at that moment so will be that which enters into them from the regions above, beneath, and roundabout; wherefore, whatsoever male or female shall truly will for, hopefully pray for, and earnestly yearn for, when love, pure and holy, is in the nuptive ascendant, in form, passionate, affectional, divine and volitional, that prayer will be granted, and the boon be given. But the prayer must precede.

Discoïd reigns in marriage-land to-day, and one principal cause is, that while the magnetic tide is at its height, and before the soul withdraws its power from the pelvis back to the brain-seat, they part company, and the spiritual auras and vital air escapes into the external world, instead of being stored up and absorbed by the woman's spirit and soul.

XL. The consequence is that the evil forces take hold, with deadly grip, upon the very roots of their triplicate being, because in acting as they do, they defy, annul, prostitute, violate, and disobey, the very primary law of human existence, and voluntarily seek to defeat God Almighty's great purpose, underlying their creation.

LXI. Balzac says: "He who begins with his wife by a rape is a lost man!" I say, it is next to impossible that she ever can love him after, as before! and I say this after a large medical practice of not less than thirty years. But most "Men" (?) not only begin thus, but keep it up—the fools!—and their name is legion!—till hatred, horror and disgust either kills her outright, or suggests an evil from which every true human shrinks.

LXII. Abortion at any stage from conception to birth is—Murder in the first degree. It effectually kills the child, demoralizes the mother, destroys her moral and physical health, while living, and after death dooms, irrevocably dooms, her and her assistants to the perpetual society of murderers beyond the grave, from which doom there is no appeal. So beware of the crime.

LXIII. Circumstances may demand non-increase of family; therefore, avoid all risk forty-eight hours before, and one hundred after the Catamenial period. Avoid all risk after a return from a journey or temporary absence; and

LXIV. After the make up following an unpleasantness, tiff, spat or downright family quarrel, because the reaction creates not only increased affectional and procreative energy, but also a peculiar liability to the risk of unwished-for parentage, then especially.

LXV. Mental, moral, physical and domestic trouble, mutual magneto-vital exhaustion are easily preventable between couples if they will but sleep apart, have hard beds, good ventilation, never sleeping in day-worn under-clothes, and each magnetizing the other at the seven magnetic points of the human frame—sides, spine, throat, head, breast, and over the stomach.

LXVI. Superior men, whatever their rank or calling, are very attractive to women, as a general thing; therefore such men—as they are almost always very licentious—have great need of watchfulness and prayer; considerable prayer—but more watch!

LXVII. The true nature of any wife is quickly changed for the worse by the pigness and private brutalisms of their husbands; and "can't a man do as he likes with his own?" requires a universal No, even if ownership of the wife is conceded, which it isn't.

LXVIII. When a husband's private conduct, unreasonable demands, etc., has estranged the dear love, so precious to every genuine man, there is but one way to change it back, and that is forbearance, self-restraint, care, gentleness, reciprocity, Love. It is best to eat only when one is hungry. But why force an unwelcome feast to you, horror to her, except she be ahungered as well? If she be not in sympathy with her husband in all respects, it means death to her affection for him, in time, if not at once; and he is a poor bird who foolishly ruins his own nest, and how many human birds do it!

We are triplicate beings—soul, spirit, body. Our loves and passions may be of either one, two or all three of these. If our love be only of soul it is too fine and ethereal for this lower world, and for all practical purposes is useless. If it be of spirit only, it is too vague, unsubstantial, unthoughtful, and physically unsatisfactory. If it be of body only, then lust is regnant, with hell all around, and crime swelters in the air. If our loves be of soul and spirit only, then we are bereft of the power to become Energies in the world, because we lack the material force to either make our mark on each other, the world, or to give good physico-vital constitutions to our offspring. If our loves be of soul and body, we are isolated from the rest of mankind, and are lone pilgrims all the way along. If they be spirit and body only, we are extreme—either all transcendental affection, or downright animal passionists. It is only when our loves are triplicate that we fulfil our true mission, and realize the supreme joys of existence.

The marital office and function is therefore material, spiritual and mystic. The Christian world knows much about the two first, but nothing whatever of the last. This book of my doctrine only contains it, for it alone declares and establishes the fact that the marital function is unquestionably the highest, holiest, most important, and most wretchedly abused of all that pertains to the human being. Its offices are so vital that I hold as cardinal, indisputable axioms, that

LXIX. He who is diseased or unsound, pelvically, is not a true man while thus; that his soul is barred out from the heavens whither all souls repair during sound sleep, and that his immortality is not certain till he does become sound. Woman everywhere is subject to the same law and penalty.

LXX. We hold that any over-passional, inconsiderate male human is no man, and that such a husband must necessarily destroy the best wife ever given by God to the son of man; and

LXXI. An over-passional woman can easily destroy and ruin any husband on the earth, and totally unfit him for combat with the world.

LXXII. Children are the gifts of God. They will not come unless the message is sent for them during the wife's lunar season; hence any artifice to prevent conception, save such as are based upon time, will, and her moon's changes, are diabolic, inhuman and dangerous to both the man and the woman, souls as well as bodies.

LXXIII. Giours and fools think to avoid all disaster through the murderous habit of incompleteness of the conjugal rite. But they are mistaken, both the wife and husband, for such folly begets hatred, disease of bladder and brain, nerves and soul in him, and a corresponding host of evils in the wife. Why?

LXXIV. Because it is not merely suicidal and unnatural, but is also a conjugal fraud, among whose results may be reckoned dyspepsia, insanity, paralysis, and impotence on his side, and uterine, vaginal, and ovarian inflammations, ulcers, leucorrhoea, and prolapsus on her side, physically, and hatred, disgust and ruin on both sides.

LXXV. Too few husbands respect the modesty of their wives; forget that drapery, perfumes, beautiful trifles, are powerful adjuncts; do not know that it is impossible for a wife to love him unless she is won, not forced, to compliance; that he can never hold her soul, and she be made to realize the natural God-intended joy of conjugal association, except by those affectional and magnetical caresses and endearments which to the wise husband suggest themselves. Above all let none be careless of modesty; for whoever cannot blush is lost!

LXXVI. Too frequent exercise of any power, quality, or faculty is ruinous. This is especially true of marriage matters, which are only productive of two results—hell or heaven. For the true and holy rite is ascensive, and leads to health, happiness, delight, longevity, gracious, celestial and glorious joy; or descensive, leading to the lowest depths of social, moral and domestic horror, on which sad rocks too many souls are wrecked.

LXXVII. Love between husband and wife should last to the brink of the grave; but it don't. With careful obedience to these rules, and judicious food, drink, and occasional baths, it will. Doctors, clergymen, merchants, lawyers, people of letters, all whose minds are constantly on the stretch; also, women of like mental culture, are all more or less deficient in vital energy, and all will speedily reach primitive vigor, endurance, and elasticity of spirit and body, only through the natural methods herein set forth.

LXXVIII. Conjugal love never stands still. It either increases or diminishes, and husbands and wives both injure and mar it by heedlessness.

LXXIX. She who yields to a libertine is sure to be despised by him. He who patronizes a harlot is worse

than a beast, and either are unworthy of the forms they bear, for no beast sins against beast-morals, as humans do against theirs. . . . Whoever yields to passion not love-founded is not only a fool but a suicide; for love-passion builds up the human soul, but mere lust absolutely wastes soul, and every one guilty of the folly knows this from experience, for a debauch lessens the entire volume of power. Whoever is false to a true wife or husband contracts the malaria of the Shades, and is sure to bring home the subtle poison, and lay the broad foundation of domestic Ruin. Sexual faith and purity is the price of power; just as Love is the sole base of immortality. All people no do have souls.

LXXX. Both husbands and wives will grant as a boon, when either would refuse to accord a rite claimed as a right. Nothing is lost, but everything is gained by the persuasive mood. He comes too near who comes to be denied. Insistance is brutalism. Ask in love—be sure to show it; if you're true, she's sure to know it. Slow paces last the longer. Unless there's mutuality, a little, but growing pandemonium is kindled.

LXXXI. Govern yourself, then you may rule a kingdom, and then your mate.

LXXXII. Nothing but love can keep a man faithful, and not that always, unless he finds greater solace at home than abroad; and that's just it. They too often do, and that's her fault; for unless he does she's never sure of him.

LXXXIII. A woman must have love—must love and be loved—in all its true meanings; ought, of course, to have and exercise it at home, but if she don't have it there she will elsewhere; and he who imagines he can keep her true, in heart, at least, without loving her right along, and right straight from his to her soul, is an egotist, a fool, and dolt! Lost love seldom returns. It can only be won by truth, assiduity, and genuine manhood.

LXXXIV. An idle wife may be successfully tempted; so may a dressy one, or one subject to flattery. For such to be tempted is to fall. She will forget everything but a slight to her love—not passion; but a man will forget a slight to his love, but never forgive a sin against his conjugal rights. Ought he?

LXXXV. No power can tempt a woman against the man she loves, and whom she knows loves her in return.

LXXXVI. No rite of marriage gives ownership, but equality. Proprietorship means despair to her, dishonor to him.

LXXXVII. A woman in love can be wholly trusted, but not so with a man.

LXXXVIII. One sheep-killing dog will ruin all the other dogs he comes across, if you grant him time; and one loose woman will corrupt five hundred innocent girls or wives in six months if you but give her the chance to do so. It is their chief delight.

Finally I commend these twenty-eight points to the study of mankind, as also that portion of knowledge which is yet to be taught you here[in]after.

LXXXIX. The entire social, conjugal and domestic worlds to-day, are in an uproar, chaos and revolution.

It is deplorable that so much ill-will, sickness, discontent, hatred, sadness, insanity and wretchedness



exists among the married of to-day. But it is true, and domestic happiness is the exception to an almost universal rule, at least among the people of every sort and section of this nation, and scarcely anywhere else, in such frightful forms upon the globe. Husbands neglect their wives and practically hate them; wives the same, and universal domestic chaos reigns supreme. The worst of the matter is, that both wives, husbands, and society at large attribute the bad state of things to wrong causes, for the fact is, that the real one lays right before their very eyes, yet they will not see. Such a state of things cannot exist among Oriental nations, or the dark-skinned people of the world. Were it not so serious a matter, one would laugh at the absurd and puerile folly that permits the reign of such social non-concord for a single day, when its causes are so palpable, and its cure so easy. As things exist, wives are defrauded, husbands do not love them, and wives fail to hold their lords in affectional duress. How few, indeed, know how, or even care to accomplish health and happiness at home; and yet, it is in every man's power to make his wife love him, and in every wife's to make her husband worship God through her. On my soul, I truly believe, that if my rules were followed, the social millennium would be close at hand. No strictly good human power can dwell in, or be developed by any man who is sexually unsound, imbecile, puerile, weak or impotent; nor in any woman with fallen womb, leucorrhea, ulcerated vagina or passional frigidity. How, let me ask, in God's Holy Name, can you expect home, happiness or heaven in a family where the wife never, from the altar, where she swore her life away, to the grave that closes over her fretted corpse, never realizes the slightest marriage joy, or anything else than utter and profound disgust? How can a man be constant, faithful, good or great, who is in a sense, compelled to run after harlots because his wife is concentrated ice? You can't expect perfection from conditions themselves imperfect! But there is a clear passage and open water out of this Polar sea of marriage land.

XC. There cannot be a doubt but that the "Philosopher's Stone" of ancient and mediæval lore, and the "Elixir Vitæ" Water of Life and Perpetual Youth, so vaguely hinted at by old writers, and which constitutes the burden of the celebrated book "Hermipus Redivivus" or the Sage's Triumph over decrepitude and death, means this identical triple mystery, which scarce any one practically knows, but which all should learn, and which every physician and divine in the land ought to be compelled to teach their subjects under heavy penalties of neglect, because it is the secret of sustained youth, grace and beauty; it is the gate of power, and the crown and signet of ineffable human glory; it unveils the throne of Will, and taps the fountains of excessive joy; it is the Jemschidgenie of Persian story; and he or she who knows, appreciates diviner and celestial bearings of life and its meanings, becoming indeed a child of the Infinite, and no longer a stranger to the Father's face; and they alone who have it, are able to reach that magnificent sweep of clairvoyant vision, which, leaping from earth at a bound, scans the unutterable glories of space, and beholds the rain of starry systems as we view a gentle summer shower.

XCI. The great source of crime, illness, wretchedness, and suffering has been traced to its one single source, and that is, the abuse, improper use, and mismatching of people in their loves, conjugal relations, and sexual incompatibilities.

It is proven that these bad conditions are frequently the result of organization, and sometimes spring from incompatible, electric, magnetic and chemical relations between couples. That absolute separation is the only cure for some who are wretched in their married state, or inter-relationship; while attention to health, and a fair amount of try is a certain cure for other cases.

XCII. The body of man is a mere conglomerate of earths and metals, gases and fluids wholly material, but penetrated and permeated in every atom by imponderable elements essentially electric in their nature. Thus beneath, and lining our eyes are ethereal organs corresponding thereto; beneath our limbs, heart, lungs, brain, in short, all our parts are corresponding electric organs, and the totality of these

constitutes the ethereal, spiritual, death-proof man or woman, and when dissolution occurs this inner man or woman oozes out of the material structure, becomes self-conscious again, and takes its place among the countless armies of the departed, but neither lost or dead; and this internal, ethereal man, woman or child, can be contacted by us in the flesh, by conforming to the laws governing such contact, and the observance of a few simple rules.

XCIII. A passionless man or woman is a human nonentity. It is only when we are wholly man or woman in the higher, holier, and also physical sense, that we can reach the loftier and more significant heights of any sort of power whatever; therefore, those who would cultivate those loftier instincts, and gain mental wings wherewith to scale the heavens, should at once attend to the business of regaining perfect health, mental, physical, emotional and passional. Presently great-hearted love and blessed compassion will nestle in all our hearts, and in this glad, prophetic hope we may all be happy yet. We are none of us ever wise except when merciful. Let us all be so, for only then can we be perfectly human—only then become vessels for the influence and effect of God-ness. Never yet did man come to the absolute conviction of Soul and Immortality, but he also came to that of God and Prayer; for, say what you will, both are and ever will be positive realities in the universe.

In Love alone lies the boon of IMMORTALITY! INJUSTICE reigns to-day.

Sad are the times when wedded wives decay,  
And brothels flourish, and Cyprians bear the sway;  
These are the times! their scarlet banner waves,  
And honest wives, neglected, fill up a million graves!

"When woman's eye grows dull,  
And her cheek paleth,  
When fades the beautiful,  
Then man's love faileth;  
He sits not beside her chair,  
Clasps not her fingers,  
Twines not the damp hair  
That o'er her brow lingers.

"He comes but a moment in,  
Though her eye lightens,  
Though her cheek, pale and thin,  
Feverishly brightens.

He stays but a moment near,  
When that flush fadeth,  
Though true affection's tear  
Her soft eyelid shadeth.

"He goes from her chamber straight  
Into life's jostle;  
He meets at the very gate  
Business and bustle;  
He thinks not of her within,

Silently sighing;  
He forgets, in that noisy din,  
That she is dying.

"And when her heart is still,  
What though he mourneth,  
Soon from his sorrow chill  
Wearied he turneth.  
Soon o'er her buried head  
Memory's lights setteth,  
And the true-hearted dead  
Thus man forgetteth."

But it won't be so when both sides have found out, as a rule and law, that no happiness is direct, although joy may be—but always reflected; in other words, that to be happy, and loved, we must first love and render happy some other soul. This is the eternal law of Love's equation, and is as absolute, rigid, and unalterable, as are the laws of number, reflection and gravitation.

We all need, at times, a little, and occasionally a good deal of, coaxing. We are a perverse set, and oftentimes refuse to do the very identical thing others want, and we ourselves are aching, dying, to do, simply because some witling has not sense enough to coax us; and many a good man, and better woman, has been suffered to gallop straight into the jaws of death, right into the mouth of hell, for want of a little, gentle persuasion, even of the blarney sort; especially is this true of men, even quite as much as of the other sections of the human being.

I believe the only physician who has been known to condemn exercise was Cardenus, a physician of Milan. He exclaims against using any exercise that can fatigue a man in the smallest degree, or throw him into a sweat, or accelerate his respiration. He gravely observes that trees live longer than animals, because they do not stir from their places. About the same time Asgill, a French writer, undertook to prove that man is literally immortal, or rather that any given living man might probably never die, if he used sufficient prudence, and a forcible exercise of the will. He complains of the cowardly practice of dying, considering it a mere trick, or unnecessary habit.

XCV. I copy from my manuscript of the Ansairctic Mvsterv, a medico-religio, and mystic composition of mine upon the same general subject as this book, but which, as it expounds certain very delicate facts and principles, adapted only to the mature, and therefore for private study—the following paragraph—stating, before I do so, that while alive and able, such of my patrons and patients as need that now widely famous letter, can write for it; but in no case will it be sent save under seal, as a private message from physician and teacher to patient and pupil; and genuine candidates for full, true, noble Man and Womanhood:—

"Wherever you see a rich, jouissant, beauty, spirit or power in a boy or girl; wherever you behold force of genius, you may rest assured that the conception of which they are the result, occurred when their parents both loved and were impassioned. Au contrarie:—whenever you come across genuine meanness, lean, weazelish, deceitful, slanderous, lying, scrawny, white-livered people, grab-allish, selfish, and accursed, generally, you may safely wager your very life that such beings were begotten of force, and were mothered by passionless, sickly, used-up wives, without the slightest danger of perilling your stake!"

XCVI. The best people on earth see the most trouble: while the heartless, dry and mean go on to success swimmingly, and never feel a soul-pang from the cradle to the grave; yet, nevertheless, true men and women are never failures! Sham ones always are! because the good influence survives, the bad dies out. The good, when they enjoy, do so intensely; but the bad, coarse being's life, in all its phases must be on a par with—him or herself: and there's as much difference between the joys of such as betwixt the Dundreary skip of a fop and fool, a ninny, or idiot, and the joyous romp of a gushing-hearted, brainful girl.

It has been my lot to encounter a great deal more of human pinch-beck than the solid soul-ful gold; not that I have not known some noble and glorious people among the radical classes, I for years associated with; yet, as a general rule, I found it unsafe to trust to the honor of those who were extreme in the business of world-bettering; they are a bad breed; and Diogenes' lantern is still needed by whomsoever travels among them.

A happy man never writes a book! This is my twentieth! But I might have been happy had I kept away from the world-saving "Philosophers." Here and there I have met a real lady or gentleman, such as that king of nature's nobleman, Jesse B. Fergusson, of Tennessee—God bless his green and pleasant memory!—and latterly a few others of the same State; but among professional reformers—and I speak only of such as I personally know, I found a few golden ingots, and a plentiful surplusage of brass ones—born malcontents who take to world-saving, themselves needing it most by far. Such people as preach divine charity and all that, yet constantly yelp and howl down to the bitter depths of death, slander or disgrace, any and every human being whom they cannot use at will, or who disagrees with them. They are magnificent demonstrations of the sublime truth of the philosophy I teach, viz., that as was a person's anti-natal circumstances, so will his or her subsequent life be. If begotten in lust, alone, then that will be their bias from the breast to the grave; if of "authority" backed by brute force, on the body of half-dead compliance, then such will go through life, biting, barking, snarling, growling, making all sorts of trouble; incapable either of generosity or appreciation, and scattering discord wherever their scandal-scattering footsteps fall;—generally, long, lean, lank, slab-sided human halfness, one or more of whom infests nearly every neighborhood. Thus in close juxtaposition with nature's noblemen, I have never failed to meet men of souls so contemptibly small as to make one ashamed of the form one wore. Who would naturally have dreamed, surmised, or indeed have ever suspected there was the slightest connection between Love and Slander? yet there is. Read this scrap, which I cut from a paper many years ago, and then to the proof:—

"The slanderer is a pest; an incubus to society, that should be subjected to a slow cauterization, and then be lopped off like a disagreeable excrescence. Like the viper, he leaves a shining trail in his wake. Like a tarantula, he weaves a thread of candor with a web of wiles, or, with all the mendacity of hints, whispers forth his tale, that, like the fabling Nile, no fountain knows. The dead—ay, even the dead—over whose pale, sheeted corpse sleeps the dark sleep no venomous tongue can wake, and whose pale lips have then no voice to plead, are subjected to the scandalous attacks of the slanderer—

"Who wears a mask the Gorgon would disown,  
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of stone!"

"I think it is Pollock who says the slanderer is the foulest whelp of sin, whose tongue was set on fire in hell, and whose legs were faint with haste to circulate the lie his soul had framed.

"He has a lip of lies, a face formed to conceal,  
That, without feeling, mocks at those who feel."

"There is no animal I despise more than these moths and scaraps of society, the malicious censurers—

"These ravenous fishes who follow only in the wake  
Of great ships, because perchance they're great."

"Oh, who would disarrange all society with their false lapwing cries! The slanderer makes few direct charges and assertions. His long, envious finger points to no certain locality. He has an inimitable shrug of the shoulders, can give peculiar glances—

"Or convey a libel to a frown,  
Or wink a reputation down!"

"He seems to glory in the misery he entails. The innocent wear the foulest impress of his smutty palm, and a soul pure as 'arctic snow twice bolted by the northern blast,' through his warped and discolored glasses, wear a mottled hue.

"A whisper broke the air—  
A soft, light tone, and low,  
Yet barbed with shame and woe!  
Nor might it only perish there,  
No farther go!

"Ah, me! a quick and eager ear  
Caught up the little meaning sound;  
Another voice then wreathed it clear,  
And so it wandered round,  
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,  
Until it reached a gentle heart,  
And that—it broke!"

Now observe that it is inflexibly true that every slanderer, of whatever gender, is nearly always a long, lank, little, lilly-livered, tucked-up, wizenish being, without any plumpness, either of body, spirit or manner; they are invariably disappointed, unloving, three-cornered folks, without the slightest love save that of self; and when modern spiritualism came along thousands of such rushed into its ranks, disgraced the cause and themselves, and foisted their miserable twaddle upon the world as true supernalism, when, in fact, spiritualism really had nothing to do with it whatever. As at present constituted that ism contains, within its ranks, three, nay, four, sorts of people, ist. Those who hail it as the demonstration of human continuance beyond the grave, and the celestial harbinger of the good time coming. These people are true supernalists; and among them have I ever found sympathizers, and people fit for the heaven they seek. 2d. A large class of social revolutionists under various leaderships, who, accepting the facts, are eager to push on toward the realization of the promised good time. These two comprise the army whose iconoclastic blows right and left are demolishing some of the idols of the Past; but they are builders yet, and it remains to be seen what sort of edifice they will give us in lieu of those now crumbling before their fierce artillery. 3d. A smaller class who cling to old traditions; insist upon tying this century to the old dead ones, and fastening their faith about equally on the Bible and the manifestations. The fourth class is made up of malcontents; always making trouble, never satisfied; having, here and there, an able leader who has his hands full all the time. The rank and file of this trouble-making army wouldn't pass muster at the gates of heaven; for a more ungenerous, malignant,

back-biting set was never developed by any civilization earth ever saw. Born of loveless parents, they rush through life striking alike, hap-hazard, at friend or foe; discontented from the nipple to eternity; full of malice; steeped to the lips with cruel, cool, cobra-like venom, they are never happy save when slandering their betters, picking flaws in others' characters, and in stabbing in the back those whom they dare not face. Beware of such! They abound, and like some snakes, not on legs, are dangerous. I have already described them physically, so that they will be known when met. I owed this duty to mankind; and I now proceed to pay my little Bill.

XCVII. Reduced from competence to nothing, by the terrible Boston fire of Nov., 1872, I went to Ohio from necessity, and finding materials at hand, in great abundance, made it my especial business to study the workings of the organic law of sex, as displayed in the product of marriages, accomplished at periods varying from fifteen to sixty-five years anterior to 1873. One remarkable case was that of a man in Ohio, a long, lank abortion, whose nature constantly impelled him to find fault with everything and everybody—even himself, or rather Itself; nor was it ever happy, except when going up and down retailing slanderous tales and scandal concerning whoever failed to suit it, come or go at its beck and call, and do humble homage at its feet. Now the fault is not altogether theirs,—these unhappy ones,—for they had no hand in their own make-up (save in that they usually make no effort to correct their shortcomings), but is that of their progenitors. We have no right to run the risk,—of being guilty of the insensate folly of parenting such monstrosities,—for such they are, and moral abortions beside; nor to parentage at all unless mutual love, esteem and respect be the prompting spur.

People of that grade are usually one-sided, angular, not to be depended on, and generally passion-driven; or rather you may set it down as incontrovertibly true, that wherever you find one of the class alluded to, there also will you find a devout disciple of Onan. I once lost the "friendship" of a male human being of a slightly different type from the above, yet still a monstrosity. He had fed me for months in exchange for information marketable at far higher prices than he paid—still I was grateful; and one day he proposed that I should aid him in a cruel scheme; but I preferred to go hungry, ay, starve outright, rather than comply with his demands; because I well knew that to do so would be conniving at an outrage against an innocent child, in the first place, and at his own destruction and probable death, in the second; hence my pity for her made me foil him; and my friendship for him caused me to defeat his well-cherished plans. I knew I should transform him, and his household, too, into bitter enemies of mine; yet still I determined to do right, no matter at what sacrifice or pain to me; and at once decided to protect a young thing, and save him from himself, by in no manner lending either knowledge, power or influence, to do an evil deed. Magic powers, too, he wanted,—he, an old man, of eight and sixty!—to enable him to compass the ruin, or "marry"—just think of it!—a mere child, of but a few months over fifteen summers,—fair to look on; a hundred weight of beauty and glee; simple, heedless, joyous as a morning bird, carolling its sun-greeting roundelay; and he coarse as rag-carpet; brutal as a Kaffir on the war-path; lecherous as a satyr; one-third human, two-thirds goat; nearly two hundred pounds of rough, uncouth, unwashed feculence, whose presence anywhere was a sign hung out, warning passers-by to "keep to the windward." And yet this man had a great, rich jewel of goodness, away down in the inner deeps, and that it was which, as will be hereinafter seen, urged him to sacrifice all things in the vague hope of achieving one certain, but tremendous guerdon,—the salvation of his own soul; yet he knew not what he was striving after. I did; and so instead of helping him wed her, I cautioned the child against it, because I knew such a step meant inevitable death to her within a few brief, lust-harried, agonizing months; for the gentle Adonis had confidentially boasted to me of his intentions, yhet he said that, passionately a moderate man was he, and that, save under extraordinary circumstances, he would be content with—what may God protect even a woman of the wilderness from! Finding some Power working against him—for I had taken a woman and a man into my confidence, to enable me to save the girl from the horrible fate threatened her, the old "man"

desired me to use certain magic spells, common among the people down South, and other lands I wot of, to enable him to gain control of her, to be used for awhile, as only a human beast can use God's image in female form—and then, utterly ruined, to be cast aside as a loathed and loathsome thing forever, with a bagnio close by, and a darkly rolling, sullen river, in the near distance! For the life of me I was so stone blind as to be wholly unable to view the matter as he did, and so—well, he lost the game; for a young man honorably wooed and won her.

XCVIII. I missed many a good meal by doing as I did. but I kept my manhood unsullied, by defeating a wrong. To this day I hold his own written letter requesting me to disgrace myself, and tarnish my soul, by an infamous deed in furtherance of his abominable and abnormal passion, said letter being written that I might clearly and distinctly comprehend his meaning. That man thereafter hated me with fifty thousand horse-power, in which he was natural, because all animals are rendered furious if their lusts are defeated.

Not only do individuals in their conduct proclaim the cat-and-dog lives led by their immediate progenitors, but it often happens that whole classes in a community do the very same thing; for instance: Once I went to a "Religious Picnic," of the "Reformers," and while taking a drink behind a tree.—it was whiskey, too, a beverage plentifully provided and dispensed by the saints, most all of whom Were excellent judges of the article,—and at the earnest solicitation of a particularly reverend brother, I tried it on; and as it passed along the tube leading to my stomach I experienced a sensation, only comparable to a desperate encounter between two infuriate ironclads, going on simultaneously with an electrical storm, a couple of Vesuvian volcanic eruptions, and four typhoons, all going on in my internal man, until I gasped for breath, and mine eyes resembled a pair of exceedingly large peeled onions, or two burnt holes in a blanket: which experience satisfied me once for all, and led me to wonder if that was the best brand of Reformer's whiskey, what could be the quality of the article served out down below. I failed to see wherein whiskey was a high moral motor.

While trying to catch my breath, I overheard one saint counsel another to get me to orate, and both spoke of me in such opprobrious terms as would have fired me with indignant anger without the additional damnable stimulus of the rankly poison draught. Ten minutes afterward, against my will, I took the stand «and spoke my piece, just as we Randolphs are accustomed to, and dealt out justice to my traducers; for doing which, and differing from them about what constitutes manhood, the leading saints proposed to silence me, demonstrate their sainthood, and end the dispute by cool, calm, deliberate, premeditated Murder, by drowning me in the river hard by. They did not attempt it, because when they proposed it my hand slid round to my hip-pocket, and cowards seldom attack a well-armed man. This experience satisfied me that, until people are really spiritual, it is best to be always prepared with carnal logic to withstand their material arguments. I have alluded to these things to make a point in my book, and not because the savages who proposed to murder me are worth the slightest notice, but solely, only and for the express purpose of making two remarks; the first is this: that the world needs something better than it has now before Reform will be a thing of heart and conduct, instead of empty words as at present; and second, to point out the characteristics of certain salacious and other self-assumed "Reformers." Of course, your pseudo-philosopher is never a full, round, genial, or generous man; but will invariably be found, on close examination, to partake largely of the hang-dog, sneak-thief, and lecherous look. They are generally moderately tall, thin, spare males, who, as a rule, have larger, but more ill-shaped and angular, heads, than either large, fat, or little-bodied men. The same holds true of females—such as delight in breaking up families, creating scandal, and ruining other people by slanderous tongues or innuendo. Husbands, wives, be very chary of entertaining guests of either sex thus made up; else you may expect moral poison and ruin to remain after themselves have departed. Theirs is the vampire build, and that sort of influence is theirs, seven times in every eight,

where they have taken to the business of world-saving. In thirty years I have conversed with scores of such and found, exceptionless, that their ideal of love was that which better men stigmatize as unhallowed lust and fiery passion, unredeemed by the faintest spark of manhood, womanhood, or genuine goodness. They all declare for a "central, solar, or pivotal love, with planetary loves revolving round it;" that is to say, a main one with "outside" indulgences to keep the cosmos in order; which means, in plain Saxon, that man is but a featherless rooster, entitled to one queen-hen with a flock of lesser chic-a-biddies to relieve her during incubation. I should not like to lionize, but would assuredly glory in canonizing that species of foul fowl; such people can see no higher use for certain organic functions than to fill their own places after death, or to gratify their morbid natures.

They cannot imagine anything else, nor even dream that through the offices of monogamal, conjugal life, the soul itself may be enormously intensified and expanded, and the evolution of mighty thought itself go on at a more rapid rate, taking higher flights, skimming deeper oceans, and, consequently, the mental, psychal, emotional, and creative powers of the human spirit be enhanced a million fold. This is all Greek to these harpers on a single string, and that a base one. Some of these people call themselves physicians, and pass their time in inventing "preventives," embracing "shields," "pellets," "plugs," excoriating and tanning "washes," and a hundred other infamous abominations to entrap the suffering, and enrich themselves. Let all henceforth know, not only what is set forth on this point elsewhere herein, but that the man who wishes to spare the partner of his joys, who, poor soul, always runs the risk of death every time she yields, not to please herself, but to bless the man she has called husband, can, by will, restraint, and firmly holding his breath, when so disposed, prevent the inhalation of the monad or germ, and its descent to the prostate, and, also, by will, the flash of fire from his central soul, which alone, and only, can render fruitfulness possible. They never dreamed of that, yet it is as certainly true as truth itself! They cannot see these splendid things, because their visual range is groundy, while these lofty truths are at their base anchored in the substance of the human soul, and held there by a cable, Love, whose other end girdles the Infinite God!

Man deals with masses; woman with individuals; and the Great One deals with, protects, comforts, solaces, and, through pure love alone, redeems both. Would that these revealments might reach every human heart, even though mine own is aching and breaking the while.

XCIX. Said Lewis Kirk, "An ounce of heaven, a pound of hell, makes life. Not many ever experience mental pain—mind-suffering—in its keenest sense. Financial trouble!—Pshaw!—is nothing!" and as times go, the first statement is correct; for none but those who are conscious of soul, can experience soul-pangs;—and it is these who turn in any direction for relief, and fall victims to the abominable quackery of the would-be world-reformers,—a class which sprung into notice with Fourier and Graham, and which, since the advent of Spiritualism, has increased to an alarming extent all over this land. Their hobby is "Sexism,"—a thing of whose basic principles they are as ignorant as they are of who built Baalbec. These tramps scour the country, victimize honest men's wives and daughters; and even have the effrontery to enforce their odious embraces upon decent women, on the infamous and filitry plea that they, the lady-victims, require a change of magnetism—forsooth!—which change themselves are the very ones to triumphantly effect. Hoodwinked by psychologic power, deluded by specious sophistry, anxious for relief, ready to make any sacrifice to obtain it, women, by hundreds, fall into the accursed net, and are ruined; for no matter how secret the deed may be, her soul knows the fact, feels the weight, and suffers untold agony in consequence, and all because of salacious wretches who ought to swing by their heels, if not by their necks, at the nearest tree. I can have some pity for those who fall for lack of strength to resist temptation; but none for those who ruin by a "medical theory!" These people find a woman ill with gravid uterus, leucorrhœa, or ulcerated vagina or womb, whereupon they proceed to the most infernal exposures, inspections, and tactual manipulations,



conceivable, and utterly horrent to any sensitive and delicate woman; the upshot of which is she takes his stuff, and grows ten times worse than ever, because wholly bent on svmptomology, they are ignorant that all these troubles are physical expressions of internal, mental, emotional, affectional or spiritual states half the time; and that ulcerations proceed from lacerations,—or brutalisms on the part of the he head of the house. They do not realize that disturbances, originating in spiritual commotions, can only be cured by administering spiritual remedies,—that is to say, operating upon the soul as well as upon its physical garment—flesh, blood, bone and nerves. How this is accomplished, has already been set forth herein.

C. It is my intention, if I live, during the years I spend on earth, to devote my time to teaching such as desire more light on the matters which have been the sole study of my life. Ostracized by those for, and with whom I had labored since 1848; met with ingratitude at every step, I gladly accept the ostracism of the many for the good companionship of the few; yet not so few after all, for day by day the ranks of the discontented army, who have been content to follow where impulse led, has grown thinner, and our Brotherhood of Thinkers has increased correspondingly, until at last we, of Eulis, know we have but to let the world know that our doors and hearts are open, to welcome acolytes by thousands. Neglect, slander, vile prejudices, contumely—all have—in this trial of six and twenty years—though ranking millions armed with staves, crying, "Crucify him! crucify him!"—proved signally unequal to the task of defeating a single solitary man, and that man the penman of this book,—Paschal Beverly Randolph!—the sang méele!—Proud of his descent from the kings and queens, not of Nigritia, but of Madagascar, to say nothing,—to say nothing of the Randolphs, nor their rise from Warwick, the king-maker! Listen to one of our wild melodies, and then say if such blood should bow and bend before the ignoble crowd whose only patent is that they boast the lineage of the seashore sorcerers:—

#### MADAGASCAR SONG.

[Translated by Sir John Bowring.]

Trust not—trust not to the seashore sorcerers!  
In the times of old the sorcerers came  
To our island and were thus accosted:  
"Land is here, so tarry with your women;  
Be ye good and just, and be our brothers!"  
Thus the sorcerers promised—we believed them.  
Soon they overturned our walls—erected  
Threatening fortresses, which poured forth thunder  
In their fury; and their priests would give us  
Other unknown gods than ours to worship;  
And they spoke of services and obedience.  
Better die! The fight was long and bloody.  
They were masters of the murderous lightnings,  
And our multitudinous hosts they scattered ;  
All were scattered—all—our people perished.  
Trust not—trust not to the seashore sorcerers!  
More invaders came, yet bolder—stronger.  
On the seashore they their banners planted;  
But Heaven fought with us, and they were conquered!  
Heavy torrents fell; and mighty tempests,  
Storms and poisonous winds o'erwhelmed the stranger.  
They are gone—are dead; and we, the living,

Live to know that we are free and happy.  
Trust not—trust not to the seashore sorcerers!

I did not follow the counsel thus given; and lo, the terrible penalty I paid. My crime was rete mucosmal, and for that scarce a lecturer or paper devoted to "Reform" but had its fling at me, even to the extent of abusing my dead mother, who went to heaven nearly fifty years ago. But I bided my time! Veni! Vidi! Vici! Hundreds of "Lecturers" and thousands of "The faithful and unco-Godly," most of whom I never saw, considered their labor incomplete, and their speech imperfect, unless they could soundly abuse my mother's only son. But what did it avail—in the end? They were compelled to borrow, or rather steal, my thought, and pass it off as their own; and I have cut out of their articles and speeches thousands of lines, and hundreds of thoughts, which I had first given to the world! It is a terrible crime to be by God constituted differently from those who see light in the same thought you do, yet feel the pulses of manhood throbbing in your veins;—and sure to be hated on that account. I am a Sang M  lee; and not less than twelve strains of blood rush through my veins, yet have I ever met insult all the way along of life, because I dared to be myself! But triumphantly have I done that same thing, "and all despite my good Lords Cardinal," from the early days till now,—Selah! For the fault of the Infinite, if fault it was, to make me of an unfashionable cast, have I been almost crucified, and have suffered, as it were, a thousand deaths. For the Madagascan tinge on my cheek, not its volcanic fires in my soul—Fires which held the cowards at bay for five and thirty years—have I been doubly wronged, by these and them and those, who, when help was needed, gladly availed them of my brain and speech and pen, to devoutly damn me when the fights were won! Driven by the flaming sword of mean prejudice from all noble occupation and employment, by those whose pallor, alone, not Soul, or Honor or Manhood, or nobility of character, made them strong, and gave them warrant to invade my rights, and darkly slander me,—and invariably behind my back! lacking manly courage to do it to my face,—cowards, all, whom I felt and feel were, and are, as far beneath me as the floor of space is below the loftiest Turret of the Immeasurable Temple wherein God resides! Attacked with bitter and envious malignity, ever without the chance of reply,—by tongue and pen,—still I survived; and—despite them all. Treated more like a beast of the jungle than a human being; they exhausted all logic trying to prove me a nobody,—themselves the only real thinkers; and in seeking to justify their own outrage, really vindicated me! They thought it better to denounce and slay me, than to afford me a fair, free field to contest in the matter of Mind!—heaping abuse and contumely on me all the while, yet what availed it all? I became a Power in the world! What are they? I took to Mirrorology, and they did not like it, because it enabled me to laugh their isms and practice to utter scorn!—just where and as, I hold them to and in this hour! But their hostilities—in all these years —drove me back upon God and my own soul; and I prefer being called all the names the discontented could or can apply, to being counted among their malign confraternity, because my Philosophy taught me to forbear retaliation, seeing they could not help doing as they did, being abortions, badly begotten and worse brought forth—constitutionally mean,—physico-worshipping fathers, half-murdered victims for mothers. My science told me just what to expect of them; while my vision disclosed images of pool-haunting newts, when seeking for figures to represent their souls; and, en passant, it was partly because I advocated Oriental Magic, in preference to their mesmeric and similar revelative methods, that I was hated. I could not help it, for I believe in God, and even so do I believe and know that those dark ovoids, in proper hands, are capable of enabling a true soul to scan more mysteries in a week than they can in a lifetime, with all their fantastic methods combined—Mysteries forever and ever beyond their reach; for we know where we go after death; they but guess at it.

Oh, how I have yearned for everlasting death, in view of the pitiless, remorseless persecutions, insults, wrongs, heaped on my head by thousands whom I never either harmed or even met—envious, jealous, sordid! I pitied them, and longed for lasting rest. It is not so now, for the victory is mine, and I pity and

forgive them all,—in the same spirit in which an elephant pities and forgives—a bed-bug!—for I regard all slanderers as most people do that delicate and deliciously odoriferous insect. During the year 1874 I propose to give the world a test of the powers of Vision of the soul when under the sleep of Sialam,—that upper clairvoyance which comes never by mesmeric roads, nor drugs, fumes, ethers or spiritual circles, but ever by the three principles, through the aid of the Vast Ovoid elsewhere treated of herein. [If I die there is another—a selected chief of Eulis—who, in time, will finish what I leave undone—at least, such is my hope.] Because I know well that weak and impatient ones or mere wonder-seekers, fail with them, as would an Ashantee with a transit instrument; but others, a goodly band of royal seers! succeed, and are able to accomplish loftiest things of seership, not alone by visions in the oval, but from the point d'appui of mental crystallic, ascensive, penetrative, and comprehensive grasp, reached by steadily gazing on their dark and glorious faces. It is only unripe ones who fail; malignant quacks and folly-driven fanatics who, too low in the sensual scale, too gross in mental and physical tastes and habitudes to appreciate aught of pure spirit, unsullied thought, and the vision that flights immensity, and laughs at towering mountains, and roaring, intervening oceans, of either water or space, denounce through malignant envy and the spiteful jealousy of the Naga, what is forever beyond and above them. These are beneath notice, and their spite and hatred, as their regard and praise, are of equal weight and value,—less than that of the shadow of an atom!

Mesmerism and other methods of reaching psycho vision were but the guide-boards pointing to this, the surer, purer, better, than all others on the globe beside. Many a man has become a libertine, and many a woman fallen low, low, low, from the temptations and facilities afforded by animal magnetism; but in all the broad world no soul has been degraded, but all uplifted, through this Old-new, New-old Sight of the Soul. I expect to produce the Sequel to "After Death," and "Dealings with the Dead," in a volume concerning "BEYOND THE SPACES." Through the Sialam Slumber have I been educated; and I honor and pæinize the glorious bridge that enabled me to keep the human bloodhounds at bay, and to span the unfathomable ocean of Eternity!

CI. The saving, that to the pure all things are pure, is not true, for filth is filth to everybody, and you can't dress it up, or sugar it to the acceptance of any but a born idiot or fool; nor can an unholy deed, suggestion, or thought, be right, no matter what subterfuges of sophistry or false logic are brought to bear to prove it so; wherefore, the slang of these pseudo reformers, stripped of its glitter, is insufferably offensive to any health-loving soul in all the lands. It can never be right to defile the bed of a husband or wife, even though their lives be cat-and-doggish; nor can it ever be right for any one to love one and hold another in unloving, legal duress. Let them fairly, squarely, part company before either hangs out the Sign, To Let. Be off with the old in honest style before going on with the new!

We people of the world are born to trade in equivalents. If we give love we want it in return. If we labor for and protect even where there's no love whatever in the case, yet still we have the right of being respected, and you shall not live on my earnings yet respect me not, and have dalliance elsewhere. For if you yield to another, you and that other must abide the consequences. That other must care for, feed, clothe, labor for, and protect you; for I am not bound by any law, human or divine, to keep a corner in that I work for, for others' uses!—and, by Heaven, I won't do it! If you do the bad thing then let's part, for you no longer command my respect, nor are entitled to the results of my labor, or deserving of my homage or esteem in any degree whatever. Equivalents is the Eternal law! Remember and abide by it!

Now here is another new revelation: Pleasure, like light, has two modes and motions; 1st, wave; 2d, linear; one in rays, the other in billowy undulations; one like beams from a candle or star; the other like the swelling of the ocean waters. The pleasures of Lust or passion alone, as in unloving union, or the sin of the Onanite, is always Electric, non-responsive-aloneness, non-mutual; therefore, like lightning,

destructive. It is keen, sharp, cutting, incisive, and shocks the body and soul to the verge of death. It is wholly selfish, and results from the rush and escape of just so much nervo-vital life, wherefore, of course, is self-murderous, because the electric loss is not compensated by a magnetic inflow from a loving opposite. It is linear. But when pleasure results from a meeting of the electric currents of the male with the magnetic flow of the female, in the nerves of each, as in the touch of loving lips, the two currents spread out into waves, which flow all over the vast nervous network of both, until they die out as they roll upon the foot of the throne whereon each soul sits in voluptuous expectancy. In the one case all joy is local; in the other, it is diffused over both beings, and each is bathed in the celestial and divine aura—the breath of God, suffusing both bodies, refreshing both souls! But this holy experience cannot be had where habit has blunted the nerves of each; excess has destroyed impressibility. Rest, Repose, Slumber and Activity, Wakefulness, impressionableness, are the equations of the eternal sexive law,—and all others as well.

Let me restate the law in clearer terms: 1st. The joys of Love are consequent upon the rush of nervous fluid along the nerval fibrils, filamental cords, or wires of the system, centring in the vital ganglia of either sex. When it flows alone it is electric. When it contacts on both sides it is magnetic. 2d. The fulness of Love-joy depends upon the plethora of vital life and nerve-aura stored up in the ganglia of the system, but especially upon the greater or less stock magazined within the mystic cripts appointed of Nature for that purpose. 3d. The conditions essential to the maintenance of any special power of either soul or body, especially of Love and its offices, which involves both, are: Regular remission, voluntary cessation of its activities for a period more or less protracted, and whose term depends upon, 1st, the amount of force expended in other directions; and, 2d, upon the recuperative energies of the individual. 4th. In order to reach the highest possible affectional life, there must be lengthened terms of inaction, during which period the forces accumulate; the nervous magazines expand; the filaments grow stronger, more conductive, and sensitive at the same time; while morbid inflammations cease and normal appetite succeeds to insane physico-passional burnings,—which latter are unnatural, while the former is healthful. 5th. The intimate relations between soul and body render each at times the tormented victim of, and martyr to, the other; hence Love-offices are never in order save when each mind and each body agrees with the other, and the four combine and unite to one common purpose. Otherwise disastrous results inevitably follow; for loveless union is like a money-lender,—it serves you in the present tense, lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjective; rules you in the future, and puts a period to you in the end; whereas Loving union wafts you up to Godness; ripens you; increases the bulk of soul and adds immeasurable joys to the sum total of life. Therefore take care your love don't perish in the using of it! 6th. Remember that the human soul is a musical instrument played on by the fingers and the breath of God, wherefore see to it that it be kept in tune so that none but finest symphonies are evoked; for it is only then that you can realize either the true stress or strain of being. Forget not that the soul is a Republic; that each organ and faculty is one of the States; and that to insure the common weal each should conspire to one common purpose—the happiness of all.

7th. Life without love is perpetual death! To be truly human and purely good, we must love. To be strong, something must lean upon us; and they who live apart, isolated lives, are dwelling in the midst of viewless horrors, ready at any moment to take form and lash their souls to frenzy. We were born to love; to beget our kind; to bear children to the world and God; and failing therein, we defeat the very purposes for which Deity launched us into being.

CII. Ever since I began to write on this prolific and most vital theme, I have persistently, constantly endeavored to prove that the overstocked condition of the female labor market, and the preponderance of the female over the male element in society were fruitful causes that led to the increase of the Social Evil; and I now write to show that there are operating, right here in our very midst, the most wicked

practices, tending not only to an increase of this evil, but sapping the very foundations of the morals of society.

It is a startling fact that the number of marriages is diminishing; the number of divorce cases increasing, there being forty-four on the docket of the Supreme Court for one term in a single county in Connecticut, the State of "blue laws" and "steady habits." Another startling fact is, that among the native element of society the number of births is less than the number of deaths in many sections of all the States.

A wicked and fearful extravagance in the mode of living, rendering marriage and housekeeping so difficult, is one cause of the decline of marriages. The poorer class must ape the style of the rich, and they make a great display when they marry. Being unable to come up to the standard, they remain single, and plunge into sensuality and vice. It is estimated that in New York City, and the surrounding suburbs, there are more than two hundred thousand females, and quite as many men, living, openly or in private, lives of shame and sensuality. The same causes are operating in New York to-day that led the citizens of San Francisco, years ago, to form vigilance committees, and for the same purpose, viz. to correct intolerable evils, and to purify the political and social atmosphere. Marriage and employment would have a tendency to check this fearfully growing evil. The better portion of society must look to it, or this element in their midst will rush by a pathway of ruin to restore the equilibrium, for they cannot wholly escape the dread influences and effects.

There is the revolting sin of foeticide, or infanticide, the tendency of which is to ruin both soul and body, sunder, the bonds of pure love between the sexes, and send our most promising young women and wives into premature graves, spreading a gloom dark as night over hearts and homes that should be bright with health, joy and happiness. It is trying to checkmate the Infinite God.

There is a plan whereby much of this evil may be obviated. I am aware that it has been tried, but never in right-down earnest in these States; or under municipal surveillance. I refer to the establishment of Matrimonial Bureaus, under sworn commissioners, and direct care of Public authorities. So far all such affairs have been in the interests of money-seeking panders and procuresses, and to afford better facilities for supplying men with victims and mistresses, and bagnio-keepers with ruined girls. There are scores of thousands of both sexes without any chance of finding mates, and they are rushed to ruin through "Personals" and blind advertisements; and in trying to sail toward honorable marriage, run straight upon the reefs\* of social vice, and are forever lost. No one wants to lie bad; no one sighs for harlotry or libertinism; and no one prefers a life of shame to one of honor and respect; hence it is the duty of the State to take measures to prevent all such false steps, and establish bureaus wherein women, and men, too, may find suitable mates, and establish decent, comfortable homes, instead of filling bagnios, gaming-hells, jails, prisons, syphilitic hospitals, and premature graves. All of us have human hearts and human feelings, and we were created duo-sexed expressly that we might commingle our natures. The soul needs love just as much as the body requires food. Love-starvation the nostalgia, or homesickness of the soul—is the most terrible evil that can oppress the human spirit. Reader, think how dreadful must have been the suffering that inspired these lines—the requiem of a breaking heart:—

"Out from his palace home  
He came to my cottage door;  
Few were his looks and words,  
But they linger for evermore.  
The smile of his sad, blue eyes  
Was tender as smile could be;

Yet I was nothing to him,  
Though he was the world to me!

"Fair was the bride he won,  
Yet her heart was never his own;  
Her beauty he had and held,  
But his spirit was ever alone.  
I would have been his slave,  
With a kiss for my life-long fee;  
But I was nothing to him,  
While he was the world to me!

"To-day, in his stately home,  
On a flower-strewn bier he lies,  
With the drooping lids fast closed  
O'er the beautiful, sad blue eyes.  
And among the mourners who mourn  
I may not a mourner be;  
For I was nothing to him,  
Though he was the world to me!

"How will it be with our souls  
When they meet in the better land?  
What the mortal could never know,  
Will the spirit yet understand?  
Or, in some celestial form,  
Must the sorrow repeated be,  
And I be nothing to him,  
While he dims heaven for me?"

And yet just such wails arise heavenward every day in the year from literally thousands of bleeding spirits.

CIII. I do not envy the feelings of those guilty of breaking up love-matches, or tyrannically ordering what shall or shall not be. If there is a hell, hereafter, it seems to me that all such ought to go there, at least for a summering, if no longer; yet there are those who ruthlessly destroy others' happiness, because they have the power.

"My wife was not my wife, but always her mother's daughter!" has been the story ever since mothers-in-law came in fashion; and it is my opinion that more families have been "smashed into smithereens," to emote a Hibernicism, by that awful power, than perhaps any other single cause in the list, yet they think they do no harm; forcibly reminding one of the "Moral man" of the Russian poet, NEKRASOV:

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"A strictly moral man have I been ever,  
And never injured anybody—never.

"I lent my friend a sum of money he could not pay,  
I jogged his memory in a friendly way,—

Then took the law of him the affair to end;  
The law to prison sent my worthy friend.  
He died there—not a farthing for poor me!  
I am not angry, though I've cause to be.  
His debt that very moment I forgave,  
And shed sad tears of sorrow o'er his grave.  
A strictly moral man have I been ever,  
And never injured anybody—never.

"I sent my slave to learn the art of dressing  
Meat—he succeeded—a good cook's a blessing;  
But he, too, oft would leave his occupation,  
And gained a taste not suited to his station.  
He liked to read, to reason, and discuss;  
I, tired of scolding, without further fuss,  
Had the rogue Hogged—all for the love of him;  
He went and drowned himself—'twas a strange whim.  
A strictly moral man have I been ever,  
And never injured anybody—never.

"My silly daughter fell in love one day,  
And with her tutor wished to run away;  
I threatened curses, and pronounced my ban;  
She yielded, and espoused a rich, old man.  
Their house was splendid, brimming o'er with wealth;  
But suddenly poor Mary lost her health,  
And in a year consumption wrought her doom;  
She left us mourning o'er her early tomb.  
A strictly moral man have I been ever,  
And never injured anybody—never."

CIV. Probably when animal loves die out, and spiritual Loves succeed them, as a general rule, the true civilization we hope for will come along. Society must outgrow the possibilities of evil, and change its impudicities; its scabrous practices; its practical polygamy and polyandry; its infernal saturnalias of Lust, for their exact opposites, and then, but not till then, will all the sexive horrors take their departure from the world. We, who ourselves, Men of Eulis, beholding the curses and contrasts of the present civilization—this thing that shines so bright, yet nurses Murder at its breasts,—this thing that glitters with the Beauté du Diable,—strive by lifting the veil to show the concealed horror; and to warn mankind against it. We believe not in any form of concubinage or libertinism, but we do not use the same weapons against them that others are accustomed to. We propose to make every man and woman master and mistress of themselves, and enable them to detect the paste from the diamond!

CV. Of late years there has run a chain of peculiar crime the whole length and breath of the United States, from Maine to Texas, Boston to San Francisco. It appears as if the arch-fiend of Lust, himself, had invented this new enormity. I allude to the systematic rapes, by terrible violence, or by drugging, of young children,—girls of from five to fifteen years of age, and generally by hoary-headed, scoundrel lechers, rheumy-eyed, filthy, wholly disgusting in every conceivable sense. Many of these awful crimes are the work of demonized men, acting from sudden impulse upon their own responsibility; but there is every reason to believe that an atrocious gang, with its head-quarters in New York City, and having its

laws, rules, countersigns, and pass-words, with branches here and there all over the vast country, and members in nearly every considerable city, town, and village in the land. There are papers which advertise their regular meetings; albeit in a blind way, so that none but the initiate can understand. The principal idea that forms the soul of this infamous band is this: Young girls are by them supposed, while pure, and preceding, and just subsequent to puberty, or their natural advance into womanhood, to be endowed with the power of prolonging the life of him who shall first, by means foul or fair,—if it be possible that such an horror could—which it cannot, never can be, fair,—succeed in debauching her. It is supposed that two-fifths of her allotted term of life will, by the deed, be transferred from her to him; and that the life-stock thus obtained, can be, and is, shared by all others of the band, on the principle of magneto-vital transfusion, not of blood, but of Nerve-aura. Thus a band of forty would gain an average of one month's continued life beyond the allotted term of each, as the result of one outrage—but which they term by a gentler name. It is to this band that is to be attributed eight tenths of the child-rapes, which, by their ultra horror, so frequently shock the nerves of the people of the world. They are all sworn to secrecy, and the traitor is liable to sudden death by murder, the pistol, knife, or poison, at any moment. Perhaps their secret had never leaked out but for the confession beneath the rope, and in view of the fire that awaited him, of the wretch, whose summary, and I almost said—Righteous,—taking-off a few years ago, by an infuriated mob in the "West, is still fresh in the public mind. The crime, like that of Onan and the Pederasts, I regard as worse than murder, because it has none of the terrible motives for, or provocatives of those awful deeds, or ordinary rape: for this latter is seldom aided by the cruel knife, nor the dreadful climax crowned with inhuman butchery, as the latter nearly always has been.

Lust seems to be having a Saturnalia in these days; and in 1873 of the Christianic Era, a male human, through the Public Press, boasted that he went about the country seducing men's wives on "Principle"!! declaring he did no wrong! Onanism is mainly a physical disease; but the other crimes, including the boasting libertine's,—meaning, one Moses Hull, the author of a shocking "Personal Experience,"—are the deliberate actions of lost and conscienceless human souls! in other words, of human brutes, not yet immortalized.

CVI. In September, 1873, I attended a convention of ultra Radicals in Chicago, led by a noted agitator, with whose courage and persistence in advocating her views I was particularly pleased, and took my stand on her side, because of her sex, and a persecuted member of it besides; and not because it was, is, or ever could be, possible for me to view the social question from either her standpoint or that of her confreres; I do not, cannot, never did, believe in Promiscuity, as some claimed that woman did, but which I heard her emphatically deny,—a little while before either that convention closed, or some peoples' eyes were opened—as mine certainly were, through an incident that occurred in the hall. However, on the ground of her gender, her championship of Fair play for woman; her splendid attack upon the unjust and unequal Taxation laws, and because of her right to a fair and candid hearing, I maintained in Chicago, as in Boston the year previous, when the same woman was up for office—stout battle in behalf, not of her peculiar doctrines, but of human responsibility, individualism, and the sacred right of Free discussion; and I would have stood by the side of any other human being under similar circumstances, even though, as in this case, nearly every one of her points of doctrine were and are quite dissimilar and antipodal to those I hold upon the same questions. I defended her right to a fair hearing in her bold, iconoclastic attack upon the wrongs of woman, and the injurious marriage system of to-day. I by no means could see it right for one man or woman to share the favors of another's wife or husband,—for I was barbarian enough then to have Sickled him who should victimize a loved and loving wife of mine; and I would have justified any other man or woman in the same procedure then; I justify them just the same to-day; and hope to till I pass away,—provided always that she was not to blame,—assisted not at her own disgrace.



At that convention I uttered no word either for or against "Social Freedom;" confining my speeches to the three points above named; but I hailed that woman and every one else's declaration of belief and confidence in sanctified monogamic marriage; and their denunciation of unbridled license. A few days before I went to that convention I had heard of, and read, the unqualifiedly infamous and infernal recital of "A Personal Experience;" and I went there expressly to measure swords with the thing in human shape who published it; but the coward and braggart dared not show his polluted front; for Mr. Moses Hull was not there to defend his peculiar views and practice.

My command of language is limited; nor could I find words bitter enough to express my opinion of him, who gloried in profaning the very holiest shrine at which Manhood worships and renders grateful homage—that of the family; and I then, and now, would justify the wronged husband who should kill him. My intentions became known by the injudicious gabble of a confidant; and others came and persuaded me to bottle my lightning against him for the time being, lest it kindle a fire not easily extinguished.

On the same day I learned that the foes of Free discussion were preparing a coup against the female leader. She was a woman; I a man; the duty was plain: I would have a hand in the battle, and stand up for fair play until there was good skating upon ice five feet thick on the lurid lakes of Gehenna! I took my stand, and committing the author of "A Personal Experience" to the care of God and his own conscience, fairly and deftly threw that bone of contention entirely outside of the rather warm arena; but in doing so purposely allowed myself to be misunderstood by many people in the conclave, and throughout the nation. I sought in my speeches to make two points only; they were these: 1st, the individual nature of the human soul; its actual life, its personal responsibility and destiny; and, 2d, I declared my belief, and here repeat it,—that a female adulteress or harlot is no worse than a male libertine or voluptuary; that neither is beyond the range of pardon; and that I could, and do, alike pity her who "falls" from force of circumstances, poverty, presents, opportunity, importunity, and organization; and him who, distracted and rendered passion-mad by a billowy expanse of beautiful, snowy, palpitating bosom, loses his seven senses and follows straight in old Adam's wake.

In the Chicago conclave, as in all my works, I pleaded for the female outcast, and held that she who through misfortune stepped aside and became a mother ere a bride, should not be held in less esteem than him who brought the trouble to her door. That it is but fair to remember our own weakness, and give the helping heart and hand. I think so still; and it was in allusion to what the leading woman of the convention said on that very point that I uttered the memorable sentence: "I will stand by this woman (naming her) in the utterance of such views until there's good skating on ice five feet thick upon the Lakes of Tophet!" and so I would, and wherever or whenever a wrong is to be righted and human justice dealt out as God's eternal is.

CVII. It is impossible for me to denounce as an unmitigated scoundrel and villain, any human being whose misconceptions of Manhood and human duty and obligation lead him to trample upon what most of us regard as holy; for we may not know the hidden causes underlying his actions. He is certainly a strange man who can justify his own or another's proceedings when lust is alone the prompter,—to first seduce every woman, married or single, that he can, and then publicly boast of it! Impregnating other men's wives; compelling men and women too to remain in ignorance as to the paternity of a given child, if such should be the issue of the "Passional attraction;" forcing an honest, hard-working man to support his harlotized wife, and the wandering "Lover's" bastards, and he, the "Wanderer," laughing at the man he has dishonored, and the wife he has degraded!—forgetting the last victims while in search of new ones; repeating the ghastly crime everywhere; encouraging his own wife to play the role of common cyprian; and scattering possible discord and desolation wherever his

salacious footsteps fall! Supposing such a being to be sane, then such a thing in human shape, who would deliberately win the favors of any woman, save a very common courtesan, and then brag of it, to her shame and his own dishonor, is too small a specimen of the genus homo to be tolerated in society calling itself civilized. Savagery is his status, and to it should he be relegated. But a civilized man of such views and practice is not sane; for he gives incontestable proof of being the victim of chronic prostatic inflammation, undoubtedly of Onanistic, but more likely of Pederastic origin; and thus being sexually mad, is a semi-responsible cerebro-prostatic maniac, to whom the universe appears as one grand discus or yoni and himself the aspiring priapic-phallic godling!

But there! I have done with him; this thing named Moses Hull, having thus handed him and his ilk down the ages, and that's enough! That crime, and the other, child-rape—which latter I call Dentonism—after the most wretched and contemptible thing that ever wore the semblance of a man,—Hull excepted,—I regard as the worst that ever existed within the confines of civilization, and in calling the attention of the public, but especially legislators, thereto, I amply redeem my promise, and have fully paid my little Bill!

I never did, by speech or pen, advocate any of the peculiar social theories broached and ventilated in that, or any similar conclave—for reasons already herein and elsewhere set forth in my various writings: and yet, because I held my peace upon the main questions at issue, and in spite of the fact, I was held to have sanctioned and fully endorsed all the radical utterances there made; to have upheld what I have fought all my life long,—the total abrogation of all marriage; and to have espoused the doctrine of connubial hand-fastening, or temporary marriages, and I know not what else of absurdity the foes of Fair play and Free discussion chose to invent and fashion in fantastic garb out of whole cloth to suit their own peculiar fancies. As I suffered by distortion, so did others, and yet the sun actually rose next day!

Love's Alchemy—The Marrow; Res gestæ; Summing up.

CVIII. Human marriage, being triplicate,—material, mental, emotional,—has three offices, clear and distinct. 1st. Its functions are humanizing and perpetuating; 2d. They are refining, elevating, a means of soul-growth; and, 3d. The purpose it serves is a mystic one, for beyond all doubt the ultimate of the human is deific—a fusion mingling, interblending—at-one-ment with the Omnipotent God; what came from, must return to, the centre; and he who would be nearer God is he who loves the purest.

CIX. The test of all Love is its self-sacrificing unselfishness; and all amative love is false, unclean, abnormal, unless it be based upon the non-physical; it must be builded of respect, affection, that which is mental and spiritual; else it lasts not.

CX. Woman loves easier than man, and it is easier broken, unless its roots are grounded in her very soul; then it is next to death to give it up. When a man loves in right down earnest, and from the feminine side of his soul, it, all other things being equal, ever-masses, overweighs, any love modern women—Society people, I mean are capable of. But take the two and probably the loves will balance each other, with this eternal fact in woman's favor; she is self-sacrificing, and her love, when it is love, is untainted with earth; is never external, never merely sensual.

CXI. Woman can conceal, dissemble, pretend love,—not a spark of which she really feels,—to perfection; and hoodwink any man she chooses to play upon; but a woman with her eyes open cannot be served the same way by a man; for love, if it be real, tells its own story. More men love their wives than wives their husbands! He cannot make believe half as well as she; for the lady can coolly kiss a

man with the intent of playing upon him at the very first chance; embrace him, with a load of deceit in her heart. But when a man loves he loves all over. Blast it, and you destroy him. But in these days love as true and solid as that is exceedingly rare indeed!

The undetected and unconvicted adulterers exceed the uncaught ones five hundred to one. This result from the non-understanding of the real and radical differences existing between true soul-love and its mere passional and magnetic counterfeits—which are fifty times more abundant than the other.

CXII. No wicked person can truly love and remain wicked. That is the redemptive, salvatory and alchemical power of the divine principle! True-heartedness is the corrective agency of the great human world and human soul. Without it we are ships on the stormy deep, with a wild rush of angry waters threatening to submerge us at any instant! With it, we are life-boated into fair havens and secure anchorage! With it, we arise into bliss and blessedness; without it, misery is our lot; for it is the telegraphic System wherewith God engirdles the worlds! From Him it goes; to Him it returns, bringing up from the deeps the poor forlorn ones it finds there, and stringing them like beads to hang round the neck of the ineffable and viewless Lord of infinite and superlative glory!

CXIII. At first Love springs up and surges in our souls, a new-born and strange power, which rules us with a rod of iron. At the start it is vague, general, diffusive; and we are glad without knowing the reasons why, like unto the babe quickened en utero; and we are irresistibly urged to centre it on some one, some reciprocating soul; and unless we do, wretched are we! If we fail so to do, but expend its forces here, there, everywhere, anywhere, we speedily cease to be truly human; but sink till we are the bond slaves of pernicious, debasing, demoralizing habit, from which there may be deliverance, but a very troublous one. We must love one; for unless we do the measure of our life on earth is unfilled.

CXIV. The new soul descends to man; by him is bequeathed and entrusted to the dear mother's care, during those mysterious forty weeks. By her it is robed in flesh and blood, and during the wonderful and thrice holy process she needs all the vital life that he can spare; and it is his bounden duty to impart it in every possible form, from the gentle caress to the kind word and act of tender gallantry. She knows when she requires magnetism, and she is to be sole and supreme judge of when, and where and how that vital power shall be imparted! Do not forget this.

An hour's rest on his loving shoulder at the eventide, just as they sit by the open casement, is sometimes of more value to an unwell woman, than untold gold and diamonds would be at another time, and under different conditions.

Moreover. I have no patience with the puerile jargon of the "Physiologists." to the end that the great climax of connubiality ought always to cease from the conceptive moment till after lactation;—that non-intercourse should be the rule, and rigidly enforced, all of which I regard as stupid nonsense—prefixed with a dash and two d's,—because we are human beings, not mere animals; and both the mother and babe require that magnetic life and vif which only the father and husband can supply.

There is a very curious thing right here: Instances are numerous of a wife descending, subsequent to conception, to other than the father of her child. In such case, the second man determines the shape, quality and calibre of the unborn infant's soul! The woman has no right to wrong any man in that style; for she ranks but as a cyprian, and the child is essentially an illegitimate; because, whereas, the husband has given body to his offspring, the other supplies it with the elements of spirit, and the babe will be more like him than its own father! because spiritual laws are of stronger force than physical! Don't forget this!

But the husband has no more rights in this respect than his wife; because wherever he goes he is sure to bring back a non-assimilable, foreign, magneto-vital influence, which neither his wife nor child can appropriate and absorb; and thus he warps the babe's soul, if not its body, and infuses an aura into the very marrow of the being of both his dependents, which is injurious to all, and may crop out in physical disease or mental ailment, in after years, by the hair-graying conduct of his angular child!

When babes and children have trouble, they cry themselves to sleep; when men and women have trouble, slumber flies their weary eyes. Now when men are careless concerning the substance of this paragraph, they indicate a bad state of puerility; for of all human duties, the grandest is that of fathering those who shall be superior to ourselves. "But how? Suppose an inferior woman to be already pregnant, how shall I, her husband, correct the faults of haste, imperfect organization,—in a word, suppose the child to be has been launched into existence under very unfavorable conditions; how shall I correct the bad bias; and what shall I do that it may come to the world a far better and nobler being than if things ended just as they began? Tell me this, O man of Eulis, and I—I will thank you on bended knee!"

Well put, my questioner. Now heed thou well the reply thereto: —1st. Remember that in her condition your marital offices are never in order save when she determines they shall, aught to, or may be. 2d. That if offered and accepted at any oilier time, a direct injury results to the mother and her unborn child. 3d. Wherefore Infrequency is the true policy to be pursued, if you hope for good results. 4th. Remember that consummation is threefold:—of body, spirit, soul. That then the greatest streams of magnetism flow from husband to wife, and wife to husband. That said Magnetism is a vehicle conveying the states of the soul, body and spirit; and through it, then both the mother and the child may be blessed or cursed; poisoned or purified; filled with divine life, or charged with the quintessence of horror and hell!

Well, do you see the point? do you understand your duty? and do you perceive that, if by restraint you add vigor to your entire being; and when she invites you to share it with her, you do so, wishing, willing, praying that untold good, unnumbered blessings may follow, and result therefrom,—that they will come, just as sure as God reigns? If you do not so perceive it, it is high time you did. Were you an initiate of Eulis, you would find out more on this wonderful point; but as it is, take what I herein give you, and God grant you may profit by it.

CXV. Love, and love only, can secure the devotion and heart-fidelity of a woman, and any other sort is not worth having. When a woman loves, even if unreturned, she is a heroine: but if returned, she is happy, which is a great deal better than heroism!

CXVI. Married people ruin their homes, even though loving ones, by unwise and untimely association. It should never be a matter of course, but ever and always a dual inspiration; otherwise it is detective.

CXVII. Woman and man are not equals. They are diverse compatibles; each contrasts and opposites the other,—offsetting in all ways. The two, together, constitute the being called man. Either alone is but an incompleteness,—a halfness. Neither owns the other, but are joint interestants in the social compact. The idea of ownership is what has made marriage as it is to-day,—a jangle, wrangle, tangle,—anything, everything, but what it should be. It were well if we would each of us constantly bear in mind that we conquer oftenest when we stoop to do so; and that more is to be gained by graceful sacrifice than stubborn reliance upon reserved rights.

CXVIII. The second purpose of marriage is the peopling of the Spaces; its essence is spiritual. In true

marriage there is a mutual infiltration of soul, whence it happens that nature, in slowly moulding each to resemble the other, proclaims that marriage real and true; but not all the ceremonies on earth could fuse a couple of natural antagonists. If these likenesses are not observed, it is a pretty sure sign that there is but little love coursing round that homeside, and still less flowing through the channel of their lives.

We do not want to find ourselves growing away from each other; but in fusing natures and blending spirits, to coalesce with our opposites, effecting a chemical union, admitting no separation, and the only solvent of which is the grand Alcahest—Death:—And if the marriage be perfect, even death is unable to change it.

Reader: don't be a fool! don't lavish your love on one who talks, but never acts it. I, the author of this book, tell you that if your heart is overflowing with affection, you are in all the greater danger of first filling some empty, bladder-like being, with your own soul's sphere, then falling desperately in love with it, only to waken from the dreadful sleep to find him or her a diabolic sham, and yourself wrecked, ruined, prostrate, helpless, broken-hearted, deserted, and wretched beyond description. Prove all things, especially proffered Love, and when you find it real, give rein to your soul:—But not till then!!

CXIX. When a couple are alike, equally choleric, mental, physical, frigid or the reverse; passive, positive, magnetic, electric, tall, slender, fat, active, indolent; then such are constitutionally, temperamentally, and in most other respects, non-adapted to each other; and if they are not careful, there will be more down than up, discord than its opposite, in that family. But, where such persons have already cast the die of what passes current in these days as marriage, there's wisdom in seeking to create or build up an artificial harmony, which care and time will render habitual, natural and permanent; because Habit becomes even stronger than nature, as witness the use of narcotics, which all are disgusted with at first. If people will but attempt in thus making a second nature, the barrenness, usual in such cases, will be obviated, as well as the premature senility and impotence resultant; for that both these effects are often owing to such causes is as clearly established as any other medical fact, albeit the sufferers are not always aware of the reason.

CXX. In all males of the human species the personal, physical charms of woman, based upon desire, is the central attractive point, round which all desires cluster. His better, nobler, higher love comes afterward. Reverse the case for woman. Her love never has that rise. She takes to the better side first—his social, mental, moral, spiritual manhood; and only after the lapse of time, frequently a whole year, does she awaken to the realization of the purely sensuous or passionial; and uncounted thousands there are who never awaken thereto at all from the altar to the grave. If all such cases he is an unwise man who does not by careful and assiduous attention, by every delicate and tender means, seek to establish the natural equilibrium; by all true human methods arouse the dormant power in the breast of her who shares his lot and life.

CXXI. Prior to the actual marriage the husband loves deepest, most intensely and devotedly. But after that, his ardor cools, and a revulsion of feeling, amounting to dislike, is almost sure to follow; in which he is the exact opposite of woman; for it is then only that she begins to cling to him with a depth and fervor surprising to him, astonishing to herself. Wise is he who then gives her reason to make that love permanent, solid, lasting, even to the brink of the grave.

Men, all males in fact, love fiercest before marriage; all females, subsequent thereto. It is the Law. But a man must so comport himself at these primal interviews as not to wound her sensitive spirit, or cloud her life with gloom, dread, fear, suspicion. First impressions last the longest!

CXXII. Man's Love is never a steady stream, or constant force. He, so to speak, packs it away in the presence of other "Business," and gives it an airing now and again; but woman reverses all that, and loves right straight along from the start, every day and all the time, provided she loves at all. Whatever she may be about, no matter what, her love is the sole theme of her life, the only occupation of her mind; and she takes good care to give it air every hour of the day; and a fair return, in kind, amply repays her for many an hour of mortal anguish. If she fails to get it, God help her! for her life is but a lingering, painful, torturous death. It is even so with man. If he loves,—as I have loved, My God!—and after long months of toil awakens to find his idol but a phantom; that he has been embalming a doll in his own heart and loving it, but getting no return, what wonder that madness comes, and the wild beating of his heart and throbbing of his temples drive him to the brink of ruin, until he stands toppling on the cliffs of suicide, doubtful whether to leap or not; and only saved by the Omnipotent hand of the interfering God!

CXXIII. Lust ties man to the outer walls of human life, and keeps him there a prisoner feeding upon the poorest of husks. But Love frees him from many a gyve and thrall; gives him the freedom of God's gardens of joy; feeds him with the bread of life; opens the gates of heaven; and admits him to the companionship of celestial Verities and divinest life and truth. Without love we are, indeed, poor hermits in the world!

CXXIV. People plunge headlong into perdition and social gehenna by rushing into each other's arms too often! Passional excess generates disease; Love cures them; and all the kidney difficulties and nervous disorders extant are but the physical expression of the morbid and unhealthy states of the love-natures of their respective victims.

Those who love can never prostitute themselves or each other, in any way.

It is just as impossible to kindle fire with ice as to long deceive a soul that loves. But, ah, God, how terrible is the awakening to the fact that all this time you have been lavishing your heart's best treasures on a dead stock! Then—in her case, comes leucorrhœa or gravid uterus,—not physical ailments, but the outward sign that there's love trouble in the soul, and love the only remedy. In his case insanity more or less pronounced, and enduring.

CXXV. There are periods when love insists upon passional moods. It is its natural appeasement. If not yielded to, a frightful train of ills are sure to follow, and madness may end the cruel scene.

CXXVI. Jealousy quite as often springs from magnetic incompatibility and impotence as from love-estrays; and it brings on heart-pain, dyspepsia, liver and Bright's disease, prostatic, urethral, vaginal, ovarian, and other fatal troubles, long before the allotted span of years run out.

CXXVII. Doctors tell us that actual marriage will cure some diseases of woman. But a diseased woman is not fit for it; and actual marriage in diseased states of either party is—monstrous! The doctrine is nonsense, pure and simple. Magnetism may do. marriage no! But facts are facts, and the thing occurs. If love underlie it, well and good; if not, then not. It is disastrous. But if good results follow, it is Affection that works the miracle, nothing coarser! And more wives are injured in that manner than sextons can find spades to dig graves for!

That is a very poor sort of love which always exacts but never gives! "She prated of Love all day long, and neglected by one single act to prove her truth," is the story of many a man's life. "He says he loves

me—but just look at me; does love waste one as I am wasted? My God! Let this bitter cup pass from me!" is the daily cry of millions of "Married" women!

I'm tired and sick of dead babies! They ought to fill out the term of threescore years and ten; but they don't; and those who escape the sewers, sinks, drains, and being carried out with the tides, or being snugly put away in a cigar-box and stuck in a hole in the garden, are mighty uncertain of a safe deliverance from measles, scarlatina, croup, paregoric, or Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup! Ah, but isn't it a soother?—soothing mam a one to a sleep that knows no waking! But these dead ones are not all the oil-spring of the riff-raff, or haul-handed servitors at labor's shrine; but many a hundred of them might lay claim to aristocratic lineage; and I have quite enough experience to satisfy me that those who do, or who wink at, such deeds, are, many of them church-goers, full of deadly piety, who, behind the scenes, revel in debaucheries dreadful enough to shame a Satyr. Not a few of them are "Reformers," in public preaching perfect purity, but in private practising promiscuity, and the very ones—if male—with whom no decent, respectable woman could be alone with ten minutes, save at the absolute certainty of being insulted by the most villainous proposals.

In my Medical practice, and that of Teacher, three classes of persons mainly sought relief or counsel: 1st. Wives whose daily life was a living death; whose "homes" were tophets in petto; and whose "Husbands"—sic?—in one respect treated them worse than they did the dumb brutes in barn or stable—poor, waxen-faced martyrs, worse than sacrificed and slaughtered on the altars of a legalized sensualism, so low and mean, selfish, exacting, as to even shame the beasts of the field; and these wives human! 2d. Men and women whose hearts and souls yearned for affection which they found not; and which they were denied by those from whom they had the right to expect it!—people who were either fretting to death under the awfully galling yoke of a bad marriage; or who wanted advice to guide them to the desired haven—and heaven, of Marriage, as God intended it should be. 3d. But by far the largest class of callers and correspondents must be reckoned that vast mass of people whose entire gender-nature had been broken up, or down, and demoralized until they had become mere phantom men and women, incapable of realizing the sublime meaning of the words Sex and Marriage; and so disordered and diseased that Hope itself, with folded wing and fouled anchor, perched upon a bleak cliff on some island far away. O my God! what utter horror and blank despair have I seen gleam from the eyes of thousands!—victims all,—to vampiral depletion; nervous and vital exhaustion; impotentia, barrenness; diseases of uterus, vulva, ovaries, kidneys, prostate, heart, lungs, brain—the terrible personal hades outgrown from society, society, society, with its falses and shams; its money-marriages; its deceit and hypocrisy, denouncing the Wrong with the breath, but with act encouraging concubinage, cyprianism, libertinage: and by its repressions, fashion, style, display and airiness discouraging marriage, and fostering thereby the solitary vice now desolating millions, and decimating all the fair lands I make the solemn statement and declaration that a cry fair percentage of that third class were from the dignified, wealthy, respectable, Christian, aristocratic, and even reverend stratas of society, not of this country alone, but of all civilised lands, including Cuba, Chili, Brazil, France, Spain, China. Australia, Japan and England. In fact, the demand for sex tonics and invigorants is not only simply enormous but almost universal, and all springing from violation of the Love-laws of our common human nature. Of course, such a demand for such medicines speaks in thunder tones against the causes producing it, and equally loud against the private habits of us of the world. But the facts exist; and even the dreadful syphilis in modified form rages in the blood and bones of unnumbered thou sands—not only of guilty debauchees,—who are scarce to be pitied!—but, alas, in those of innocent wives and prattling infants! What are these half murdered ones—of both the latter classes—to do? suffer and die like leprous dogs? or are they to reach forth and make desperate efforts for physical salvation? If the latter, then all legislators should at once look to the enactment of laws suppressing quackery; making syphilis a criminal offence; hanging abortionists; squelching "flash" papers, and legalizing all unions

based on blind trust on one side and villainous libertinage on the other; and punishing re-unions elsewhere as it now punishes polygamy outside the favored Mormon and Perfectionist churches, institutions or bagnios, "Religious" and "Theological." Shame on the Press—the First Estate of modern nations, that it hesitates to launch its thunders at the class of wrongs just cited, and hurl them forever into hades!

"Firm in the right! the Public Press should be,  
The tyrant's foe, the champion of the free!  
Faithful and constant to its sacred trust,—  
Calm in its utterance, in its judgment just,  
Wise in its teaching; uncorrupt and strong,  
To spread the right and to denounce the wrong!  
Long may it lie ere candor must confess  
On Freedom's hordes, a weak and venal Press!"

It is generally admitted that there's something wrong in society, but what the cure is or shall be is not so apparent. One class of people advocate "Social Freedom" as the panacea, whatever that may mean. Before I went to, at, and until the last day of, the Chicago Convention, elsewhere alluded to, I thought I knew the correct meaning of the terms. I find I did not; and therefore look in other directions for the social cure. Spoiled cheese, and cheese spoiled, are the same to me; nor for my life can I now see the difference in the moral grade and status of a cyprian or libertine on the pay-rolls, and the same, impulse and passion being the spur and motive. The cheese smells equally bad in both cases!

It wouldn't be a bad thing to make it a punishable offence for any M.D. to call syphilis by the nicer name of scrofula, thus fooling honest wives, and screening recreant husbands—even if they are well paid for their white lies! For in these days that scourge burns the bodies of unspotted virgins, in the shape of furor albus, womb complaint, etc., inherited from infected mothers. The evil is bad enough if it stopped right there, but it don't; because, in the first place, it brings on pruritis,—vaginal itching; creates morbid desire, and subjects girls as pure as snow to the almost dead certainty of falling victims to the first graceful, smart, and salacious scoundrel that comes along,—a scoundrel and victim too, it may be of the same inherited-fluid ruin coursing like streams of fire through his swollen veins! In the second place, these girls are to become wives and mothers; these boys husbands and fathers; thus the curse is injected into the veins of myriads of the yet unborn—children doomed before birth to endure a life of perpetual ill-health and morbid unrest; to know nothing of real happiness from the breast to the tomb—to which latter they are likely to be rushed prematurely by suicide, resultant from insanity begotten by the beings who parented them. Again I repeat Syphilis is a crime, and should be held as such.

CXXVIII. Love is multiple in form and mode. Sometimes it will endure and suffer long. At others it will die as if lightning-struck; but the "dying" sort of affection is not worth tying to! Never!

Irish Love is gallant, but non-lasting, and is more affectional or amicable than ardent and amative. Negro Love is diffusive, hilarious, sensual. Oriental Love is sad-eyed, dreamy, vague, skyey, poetic, rapt, heavenly, divine, but not keen, or passionate. Spanish Love is fiery, ardent, impetuous, terrible, scorching, consuming; tender, but not enduring. German Love is parental, maternal, filial, domestic, dead-level, and mainly physical. It has no Italian heights; no sunbursts; no mountains or valleys; no anguish; no great joys; no hill-tops crowned with glittering sheen. French Love is superficial, lascivious, and, when youth is gone, a thing of memory, not of fact. English Love, like its food and architecture, is solid, lasting, nourishing, life-prolonging, good to have, but has no extremes. Scotch



Love is domestic, but mealy. Northern Love is like that of the felidæ—catty, scratchy, periodic, poisonish, often downright brutal, and never tender, delicate, or refined. Yankee Love is fitful, uncertain, changeful, passionate, moody, seldom more than superficial, because the Yankee faculties are all engrossed in the one grand object of American life—dollars and dimes, dash and display. Western Love I know but little about, and, judging from what I saw in Ohio, is so-so-ish, not deep; cool, calculating, and seldom drives its victims to suicide, because only the heartfelt sink to despair!

Lastly. Southern Love is volcanic, chivalrous, gallant, true, tender, jealous, safe when earnest, devotional and devoted, genuine and manly. The well-bred Southerners are the true ladies and gentlemen of America! I never met but one mean man among them in all my life (and he was descended from a French family, born in Limerick, or the Cove of Cork). They have less sharp intellect, perhaps, than the northern people, but more Soul; hence, while subject to fevers, amative weakness they are free from!

CXXIX. An old man should be very careful of the intimacies of wedded life; he should change his amative for amicive ardor; because all old people are more or less troubled with Embolism,—a clogging of the veins, nerves, arteries, muscles—all the viscera, with the limy, chalky, carbonaceous, calcareous refuse of the body—such as the organs cannot get rid of; and the accumulation means a cessation of physical joys and vigor, and ultimate death. When Embolism prevails to a considerable extent, the orgasm is a dangerous thing for that man, and death stands close by whenever he forgets that he is no longer a youth. But if such will insist on being foolish, they should first get rid of the Embolism, and cleanse the body of all superfluities in the shape of phosphates, alkaline or acid; dissolve the clayey refuse, and evacuate it at once, else some time he may, in repeating youth-like follies, so shock and shatter his nervous system as to rob him of what few years remain to him on earth. This cleansing process is quite easy of accomplishment, as I have elsewhere stated, and while alive, am ready to instruct about. And this point suggests another closely connected with it:—

CXXX. Self-venery is more often a disease than it is a vice or crime. In either case the fault or habit is easily corrected, cured, and broken. All that is necessary is to exhibit medicines that will repress the amative appetite, and for awhile seal up the ducts. The waste being stopped, of course strength accumulates, for the rich, vital life is retained, assimilated, and the diseases of nerves, brain, and pelvic viscera disappear before the returning march of vigorous and triumphant health.

CXXXI. I cannot resist the desire to repeat my warning against the ruinous and suicidal policy of "conjugal frauds," that is, carrying the marriage to a point short of completion; but I have additional reasons. They are these: The shock to the nervous system is at least ten times greater in such cases than in the normal rite, or even its dreadful counterfeit; and I never saw a case where it had been a habit, that the man was not terribly injured, cerebrally as well as nervously. In all such cases Sanity was a diminishing ratio; and the brain injured almost beyond the power of reparation. The natural office must be naturally fulfilled, else the strain on the blood-vessels of the pelvis is so great, that premature impotence is sure; while that upon the cerebral arteries means insanity, paralysis, brain-softening, spinal disease, apoplexy, and death! Unless both realize what God intended, ruin, sooner or later, is the inevitable result. In cases where the sensuous equations are not alike, the more rapid nervous action can be retarded by an effort of the will, and God's design be accomplished, not frustrated. One-half the sudden deaths of middle-aged men result from this cause!

CXXXII. Many husbands, by various means, have so impaired their personal vigor, as to be semi, if not wholly, impotent; but instead of imputing it to the right cause, they attribute it to some fault on the other side of the house, and poor she leads an unhappy life in consequence. Now this is all wrong; but

the cure quite easy: 1st. He should occupy his own chamber solus. 2d. Breathe deeply. 3d. Be much in the sunshine. 4th. Drink no liquors. 5th. Bathe often. 6th. Eat solid beef, and unsifted flour—no potatoes at all; and in four weeks he will recuperate all his lost energies, and be a man again; for while he remains a weakling and a passionnal imbecile, he could not be happy with the best and fairest wife that ever was fashioned by the master hand of Omnipotence!

CXXXIII. It often happens that from some occult reason there is a great deficiency, even to the extent of horror and disgust on the part of some ladies; whose lords not realizing the enormity of such conduct, lead lives of insistance, and reap crops of passive, yet enforced compliance on the part of their—victims, shall I say? Such men should realize that it is in their own power, by delicacy and kindness, to change the morbid to a natural state; so that what was shrunk from with loathing, will, in six months, be accepted as natural and right, and be fully reciprocated—with a little noble and forbearing trial, and some patience; yet the reward is ample; and oh, how delightful! to feel that she regards you as a saviour from yourself! instead of as before,—a little domestic tyrant, bent on mischief, careless who suffers so long as you—do not!

CXXXIV. True Manhood, and all that it implies, proclaims itself in nothing so well and fairly as in the tones of our voices. When we are right in that respect, the sounds are clear, deep, round, full, sonorous, melodious, with an underlayer of music ringing out bell-like from our very souls. It then shows that we are right both at the emotive and brain centres of our duplicate being; but when they are cracked, shrill, sharp, acute, squeaky, false, coppery, gongy, it indicates little power and less Soul; for it is morbid, and its possessor is better fit for almost anything else than holy, honorable, God-sanctioned marriage!

CXXXV. Soul-vigor, and what it implies, depends to a great extent on Lung capacity, and that generally indicates good digestion.

No great act or mighty thought can originate in, or be accomplished by, one who is deficient in the foundational quality of absolute manhood. Just so long as we are morbid in that department, that long we are demoralized all over, inside, outside, head to heel, and soul and body.

Sexive health and purity is the price of power. We cannot have it on any other terms whatever; wherefore Truth to one love builds up the entire being; while any departure therefrom, any degree of promiscuity, beats the soul's wings to the ground, cripples its energies, lays it low, just as summer torrents lay low the ripening grain. As a thinker, I regard that as one of the most important of all truths. In nothing is this rule more imperative than in the cases of such persons as desire to cultivate the inner powers of the being; for any passionnal excess or "Variety" as certainly disarms the soul, seals up the spiritual eyes, blunts the inner power of perception, and ruins the capacity for psycho-vision, as that water and fire are antagonistic. It is said that one cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time; and it is equally certain that we cannot cultivate the better and loftier powers resident within us, and at the same time give a loose rein to the carnal passions of our nature.

CXXXVI. The force of Genius is the force of Gender, and both are the force of Destiny! No man or woman can be truly great unless their amatory natures are well developed!

In my medical practice I first cured people of innumerable diseases myself, and then taught my pupils how to do likewise, by, firstly, secondly, and lastly, getting them right sexively; after which dear old Nature carried them straight up the hills of health! When a man is full of vigor he scorns to do a mean thing, because he feels himself so much a MAN. You pick out all the scoundrels and drivers of hard bargains, and that portion of their nature will be found missing; no color in their faces, no manhood in

their being; too mean to live; too miserable to die!

On the other hand, when a lady's periods are sweet, pure, regular, she's mighty apt to be very pleasant company to whoever chances to pass by that way; and her very smile is a ray of sunlight straight out from heaven! But just as soon as the fleurs blanches appear, she begins to sour right away; and a woman in either state should forever be held apart and sacred, for she is no more capable of wifeliness at such times than is the weanling crawling on the floor. Why, every one can see at a glance.

CXXXVII. Death is but the beginning of some people's real trouble; and marriage is generally the commencement of everybody else's; for there's so much morbidity afloat that people are perverted before marriage, and remain so afterward. Such can never avoid slander, scandal, backbiting; but take thereto as ducks to water, because the foundations of nobility are sealed up; and neither man or woman thus characterized can live at peace with any other of God's creatures on the footstool. Such wives either fool their lords, or make home too hot to hold them. Such men neglect their wives, and general chaos reigns supreme. Now if such would but take pains to revive and cultivate the true instinct, the road to happiness would open straight before them.

CXXXVIII. When the skin of the face, hands, arms, is loose and flabby, it is a sure sign of three things: kidney, bladder, vaginal, urethral, brain, or uterine trouble; originating in affectional disturbances; of chronic discontent; and of the need of cure by affection. Let this be done, and they who would love and be loved breathe deeply, and the physical ailments will disappear. Promiscuity can never do it. I have heard doctors recommend it; but I have no patience with them or with that other ilk who contend for "Variety in Love." To me they are but human toads bent on besliming the morals of mankind. I defy any sane man to love the wife whom he knows shares with another favors to which he alone by their mutual troth is entitled! Public opinion sets in strong tides against such doctrine; and although it is sometimes pig-headed and wrong, yet in this it is unquestionably right: because no true, genuine man or woman is willing to, or capable of, sharing the love which ought to lie exclusively their own. Lecherous human halflings advocate the doctrine; but it is always on their side of the house, at the expense of some one else's wife or daughter! It is simply monstrous and impossible for healthy people to be happy in "Variety."

CXXXIX. People who have no charity toward those who, by pressure of circumstances, place, opportunity, or magnetism, step aside and commit a social fault, will upon analysis be found not overly sound at heart, secretly unprincipled, and woefully lacking in the basic elements of genuine man or womanhood.

Prudes are not perfectly clean in all corners of their souls.

Those who demolish bagnios are usually bagnio-patrons! Rakes and libertines have less mercy than their opposites; while those who say a good word for the fallen are the ones who know how it is themselves to be spat upon, maligned, lashed, scorned, neglected; and that too by those unworthy to latch their shoestrings! while they who hate the opposite sex give proof positive of foul personal habits within the secrecy of their own rooms!

CXL. Men often like their wives, as household conveniences, yet never really husband them; and that's exactly what every woman wants but don't get—as a general rule! Now if there is one fool greater than another, it is either the wife who submits to such treatment, when she has her remedy in the exercise of the three principles named elsewhere in this book; or the husband who expects that a neglected wife can really love him, and honestly be sorry when he dies!

CXLI. Virtue, not its opposite, is the normal state of man ' Affection, not passion, is what we crave and yearn for; and finding are blest. When we go astray it is more from the pressure of circumstances than the natural inclination of our souls. Most of us were born wrong, and inherit tendencies not good for us; still in the cultured will we have a never-failing remedy.

The heart's allegiance must first be turned aside before the body yields to passionate breezes blowing from off the home-shore; wherefore I hold it better to not try to break the bad connection by force, but by the applied will rewin the straying one to love's arms again.

CXLII. The essence of Marriage is consent. Ceremonials merely publish the fact; wherefore it should be the law of every land that he who finds a woman worth seducing, and does it, should, by that act alone, be compelled to maintain and acknowledge her as a lawful wife, unless she sees fit to waive her undoubted right to claim and hold him as a husband. The fact that a man has done such an act should in law bar him from marriage with any other woman. Such is the way in which I look at it; and if society would but adopt the idea there would be fewer libertines, and some millions less of ruined girls and forlorn prostitutes.

She who robs a woman of her husband; or he who ruins a confiding girl merits a season in Tophet, and if I were Brahm would get it—sure!

CXLIII. The more familiarities a single woman permits a man to take, the more he is sure to undervalue her, and the less she respects and honors him. It is natural for him to despise one who allows too great freedoms. So also within the sacred pale of wedlock: the very first immodesty on either side blunts the edge, takes the bloom from the peach, lessens them in their own and each other's eyes, and is the beginning of folly which often ends in the divorce courts, the brothel, bagnio, or the grave! Modesty and circumspection build up tottering loves. Their opposites bring disrespect and finally dissolution. I say these things here, because I have long known them to be true.

What a pleasant thing it must be to a sensible and sensitive woman to have, whenever her heart prompts her to express affection—her better half meet her with a storm of coarse and disgusting passion,—the base idea of which must be perfectly withering to her soul. Poor She!—one of thousands!—how ardently must she long for death, and dread even heaven itself, if there is marrying and giving in marriage away over in the upper Land! And how such a woman must try to be a Buddhist and long for nihility rather than continued life. But then such states are begotten of her—their, deep unrest, causing them to long—as have I ere now—for whole eternities of sweet and restful sleep. But then women capable of such yearnings are immortal; will survive death, and, let us believe—their longings will be appeased, their pangs assuaged over there where it is certain they, like myself, will at last be understood; for such seldom are on this earth, and at thirty odd, it is too late to hope to be while in the flesh.

Helen, a loose one, caused the wars of Troy, and from her down the lane of ages, men, and women too, have practically adored body, and worshipped Lust and Fashion, openly or sub-rosa; and until some decimating scourge, originating in Lust, shall sweep the earth—as it will within a century!—of six-tenths of its human denizens, the same wild worship will continue as before.

CXLIV. How very seldom married people praise each other! yet nothing on earth goes so far toward rejuvenating a waning regard, as the expression of gladness at each other's points, acts, trials, victories, industry, perseverance; yet all this power for good is practically ignored; and while others are praised

and cheered to the echo, we never get the slightest token of appreciation, even though we toil like abject slaves to deserve it. If love exists between couples, it ought to show itself in something better than mere empty words. If it does not, whole troops of discontentments come crowding at our fireside; for neglected duties, broken promises, lip affection, magnetic, or passional attraction, will not fill the bill of an anxious heart! They paralyze us, render us cross, selfish, non-ambitious, careless, hopeless, solitary, and despondent. That affection which words itself by daylight, and snores when Night veils the world, is not worth an hour's purchase. Palsied affection seldom gets entirely well again! and non-reciprocal marriage infuriates all males; and too many wives make not the slightest effort toward mutuality; and by so neglecting one of the first of wifely duties, clap the lid on the coffin of their happiness, and hurry their joys to an untimely grave; and after thus committing marital suicide, they weep and wonder that their lords do not fall down at their feet to worship and idolize them as of yore, in the halycon days of courtship and the honeymoon; not realizing that he, poor fellow, has found the lace all paper, the diamonds all paste;—and no man likes either of these! She is not wise, who expects to hold a man securely unless one of her strongest cords is reciprocation, which every husband has a right to expect and realize; and every wife, by her vow, is bound to culture and accord. Otherwise their union is but a mockery and a sham.

She who habitually fails in that wifely duty helps to support the females who occupy the palaces of sin—and gin, to whose society her husband is, as "they say." driven by her coldness. The strange woman at least simulates accord; while the honorable wife expresses frigidity, horror, indifference, or disgust: neither of which are well calculated to keep a man in good training for his constant combat with the world!

I hold him not a good man who ever seeks what can never be sanctioned except by mutual love; for it is a profanation of the divinest sanctities of the human soul; and he is a poor specimen of a man who can seek solace in a cyprian's arms, or revel in passional debauch bought with current coin either in or out of wedlock; for nothing but Love can ever justify an act which may launch an immortal soul into being. Under these holy conditions marriage generates glorious thoughts, noble resolve, courage to endure; gives a better zest of, and hold on, life, fortune, goodness, God!

Under the false condition every participant rests on the edge of Hades, ready to roll off into it at any moment; and if there is an especial curse, they deserve it who, with their eyes open, as mine now are, and for some time have been,—violate that sacred law. That and "Variety" are death to true affection, and also destructive of the power and ability to experience any but coarse and gross emotion; besides brutalizing human nature, destroying nobleness of character, they totally unfit us to become parents of pure children and good ones; but only of such as, born of passion, shall rush on passion-tides adown the stream of life, cursing their progenitors at every inch of the dreadful way! But true love, thank Heaven! antagonizes, and finally destroys, lurid, baneful lust. The twain are incompatible; but the angel slays the fiend whenever they meet in combat on anything like even terms. Thank God for that again! So be it forever!

CXLV. There are too many million outrages inside, as well as without, the pale of matrimony; but these won't be, when both sides understand and obey the law which underlies human nature where. Men are chronically inflamed by reason of wrong life; are too excitable, hence unreasonable; and are apt to obtrude offensively, and far too frequently, for the best interests of all concerned. Wives yield when it is clear that from ill-health they ought not, and cannot without injury. No human season occurs oftener than thrice a month at most;—before, after, and midway, of her lunar period. The first two being ovarian seasons, maternity may result. The latter is her periodic soul-season, when motherhood is impossible, but soul-blending the divine resultant. Here is another new revelation of Sex, and the

statement of a law discovered by carefully noting hundreds of cases in a medical practice of nearly thirty years; and it is one that ought to be conformed to, because it will yet prevent innumerable child-murders that else would result from ignorance of it. In announcing this law I do mankind a service, and save many a woman from risks they may not wish to encounter.

It is held by some modern physiologists to be a law, that if the wife reaches the natural demise of marriage before the husband, and conception occurs, the resultant will be a boy, whose nature will resemble her own far more than it will her husband's; but if the father anticipates, the product will be feminine; but she will be more like him than its mother. Thus the gender of an inchoate human being can be predetermined by the Omnipotence of Will; all that is essential is the agreement as to what it shall be.

Before ending this section, I desire to re-impress the great truth and vital law. It is this: Where husband or wife is ill, mentally, morally, emotionally, or in any other way, that illness can be assuredly remedied by them, if when lying by each other they will but place their hands on each other's breasts, and will an interchange of vital life. It will instantly pass and repass, affording an exhibition of soul-power that shall astonish most people; and this mutual impartation becomes not merely a physical-nervous joy, but a most powerful magneto-vital, health-engendering force; an invigorant of the most wondrous potency; a direct and holy prayer, certain to be honored and answered by the everlasting and very loving God! CXLVI. Couples fail in being happy or rendering each other so, from muscular flabbiness, and consequent pulpiness of brain. Now if they will but lift all they can, gradually increasing the weight of the bags of sand, or whatever else it may be, five minutes before retiring, and two on arising, while in night-dress, ovarian, uterine, vaginal, kidney, bladder, testicular, and prostatic weaknesses will vanish like mists before the morning sun; and with the increase of muscular strength will come an accretment of Love and its cognates, thus dispensing with the aphrodisiacs now so largely used. In three months this course will revolutionize a household. Because it will give the soul a better vehicle to operate through; clear the channels of the body; remedy constitutional weakness; prevent and cure Embolism—the great impotence-creator, and will give a prolonged lease of life and all its nobler pleasures.

CXLVII. Love-starvation is a terrible thing to endure, but one which is not at all necessary; for by posing the soul for a mate or a love;—by willing and decreeing it as a system, the love-power will go out from you and centre on your adaptation, just as surely as that you make and persevere in the effort. The same principle applied to amative disorders will repair the impairment.

CXLVIII. Accursed forever must he, she. or they be, who counsel either conjugal frauds, condanuism, or any other destructive social abomination. They are seldom anything else than murderous. They lead to abortion, that is murder; and its perpetrators, nonprofessional, should be paraded through the streets on a mule's back, placarded "Abortionists!" while the professional baby-killers should swing by the neck to the nearest tree or lamp-post!

Another class of wretches need legal attending to. I refer to the makers and advertisers of peculiar stimulants, because they are compounded of villainous drugs, which agitate for a while, but are dead-sure to land the takers upon the bleak shores of sterility and hopeless impotence. There are cases wherein sex-tonics, invigorants, and direct aphrodisiac agents are absolutely essential to the restoration of amative and general health, but such are incapable of harming even a child, because their action is tonic and constitutional, and not sudden, fiery, lust-begetting, and destructive.

There are plants, essences, tinctures, and extracts, which, in the hands of good physicians, are effective for the purposes sought, while utterly non-dangerous, and free from harm. Let such be used, or none at

all.

Elsewhere, herein, I have alluded to a paper upon the esoteric part of the grand topic of this volume—called the Ansairctic Mystery, in which form I have opened up certain knowledges which I deem quite essential to the complete education of every true adult person. Concerning it, while I live, letters can be addressed to me; when dead, to my heirs, and those who will then become sole publishers of all my works.

The End of the Vision.—I promised to give the sequel to the curious Vision, related in the forepart of this book, concerning The Woman and the Man.

1st. It will be remembered that I sincerely loved and sympathized with my friend, to such an amazing magnetic extent that at times I was in absolute rapport with his entire soul; and at one time, believing the vision to have been true, I pitied him, and the millions who have sailed in the same boat, and been wrecked upon the rocks of treachery, adultery, and deceit. But in this case the vision was not true, for the lady was then, and ever after, as pure as snow-flakes winging their way from space to earth, while still floating in mid-air. But she had, prior to leaving, associated a day or two with a woman of the world, who had suggested the strange question upon which the man had long pondered and morbidly brooded; and his loneliness, and her long silence, had strengthened his evil suspicions, which suspicions he had imparted to me, and I had entered into full sympathy with him, believing just as he did.

2d. My friend was an artist of wide celebrity; very magnetic, and ties of that character were easily formed by him; and to sever them was often as fraught with agony as would be pulling teeth from a sensitive soul, were that possible; hence he was quite easily vampirized by unprincipled women, just as I have been a score of times, in as many lands, in my own strange life, by female leeches, who, attracted by the magnetic fulness of the nature inherited from the dear mother who bore me, came to feed upon it, and deplete my very soul; this, be it known, being possible without the slightest guilt of a sensual character, for such is not always essential to the attraction of the vital life of a full soul by an empty cormorantic one. It was from the abundance of these she-fiends who clustered round me, that for a time a semi-libertinish odor attached itself to my name; because, being foiled in their desperate game and diabolic intent, they generally went off and took sweet revenge, à la Mrs. Potiphar, and scandalized me far and near, right and left; cyprians, vampires, ghouls, all!—without a single exception!—penniless adventuresses, who came to learn of me how to victimize mankind, because I knew all the higher, white, as well as the lower, and black, magic, and they panted like the hart after the brooklets for the information they knew I alone, if I chose, which I did not, impart, but dismissed them empty as they came. It is a curious circumstance of my life that the worst foes I ever made were, 1st. The people to whom I lent money; and, 2d. Those whom I refused to initiate into the mystical secrets adverted to above; for the fellow who invited me to Massillon, after the Boston fire, finding I would not instruct him how to be a greater scoundrel than Nature made him, or God intended, perjured what soul he had, and thereby extorted nearly all I had saved from the fiery wreck two months before. The old "Man" of the Letter and young girl notoriety, also turned upon me for identical reasons. The Ranks of "Reformers" are thickly strewn with unprincipled males, and females, too, and I have been "done" to the tune of thousands by adventuresses of that peculiar ilk, as in the La Hue case detailed in the book called "My Curious Life;" and in the case of "La Blondette," of the "Woman's Book."

So much for victimization through magnetisme mauvais, to say nothing of another instance where, through a cleverly morphined pint of ale—"Bitter beer" it proved—my mother's only son was relieved of some hundreds of dollars; compelled to execute a will, and acknowledge a fact which never existed,

by the persuasive eloquence of a six-barrelled revolver in the hands of a male, and a four-barrelled one in the pocket of a thieving she-zingara. I therefore could pity the Man. 3d. If you turn to the section of the Mirror Vision, you will see that it had prophesied coming trouble, to be followed by a calm; and also that I had utterly forgotten the fact for the time. About the same period in which my friend was in the trouble about the woman, that trouble was enhanced and exacerbated by the arrival of a female from California, who had crossed the continent expressly to lay seize to his heart and—passions. She was strongly sensuous; of fine presence; voluptuous, sharp, keen, practical, and totally devoid of honor and principle; yet fearfully, desperately in love with him; so that, between all the powers bearing on him, the man was entirely distraught; and that, too, at a time when from other causes he was ill, morbid, downcast, and very negative; he, therefore, had brooded on his wretched fancies till himself was half daft, and I, his friend, through sympathy, was in full rapport with him. 4th. He had entrusted the absent one with certain very important financial business, which she, in thoughtless mood, had utterly ignored and totally neglected; consequently he was angry. 5th. He wearied me with the constant recital of his troubles, while I myself was ill, tired, worn out with excessive loneliness, mental toil, and financial embarrassments, all of which combined, threw me into a very morbid physical state; and his injuries and my absurd fancies took the dreadful form they did, which state of soul was taken advantage of by the teaching dead!—the viewless powers of the empyrean, to inculcate the most solemn, if most painful lesson he or I had ever learned; for there was not, and never had been, the slightest ground for either jealousy or suspicion; for their object was as pure as the sweetest angel who flits in glory about God's eternal throne!

The lesson cured two of us of jealousy in the first place. 2d. Rid him then, and me, shortly afterward, of all vampiral influences, whether from California or elsewhere. 3d. It brought us both nearer to those to whom our hearts went out in craving, longing, yearning, for the bread of life—Womanly affection. 4th. It led us to bend our stubborn souls at the shrine of the forgiving God! 5th. It taught us the mighty lesson of God-reliance and self-control. 6th. Taught us the folly of indulging even in occasional bibulant habits. 7th. It opened the road-way to a higher possible life, though the lesson was a terrible one; taught us the folly of unjust suspicion, and to ask pardon, while extending charity—of all. to all, and to ask it, too, of that good and compassionate Lord whose chastening hand had brought us face to face with truth and human duty, until at last the glorified beings flitting by that way peered into our humble rooms, beheld us there on bended knee,—contrite souls pleading for full redemption, and, turning their holy gaze heaven-ward again, they sent a message home to God:—"Behold! They Reason justly!" Reader, go thou and do likewise!

Moral!—1st. Never let your love be drawn out till you are sure it is right that it should be. 2d. If you are magnetic, take care to restrain its flow, and do not allow yourself to permit it to saturate a vampire, and then fall in "Love" with your own spherical emanation. 3d. Pray for deliverance all the time, else embodied and viewless leeches will sap your body and soul to the very lees, and then laugh at you when the certain Horror comes! 4th. Trust no one who seeks to separate you from your mate. 5th. Bear and forbear, give and forgive, and trust ye each other. 6th. Never be jealous, no matter what the proofs be, so long as your two bodily eyes do not sanction it. Remember my Lesson! 7th. Fulfil the part of husband and wife as if both stood on the verge of death; so shall ye be holy, pure, and fully, truly Human!

Upon good physical conditions, soundness, health, normal play of electric, nervous, magnetic, and passional forces, depends, unquestionably, much of the weal or woe. happiness or misery, sanity or insanity, attendant upon us in our journey through life. An experience of many years, in many lands, has familiarized me with all methods extant for creating the best conditions of vital health; combating obscure diseases of the nervo-vital organization, and for overcoming the effects of both excess and



violated natural law. That experience, travel, experiment, and observation enabled me to not only found, but firmly establish a New System of Medicine, embracing all that is good of Homœopathy, Water Cure, Magnetism, and a dozen other methods. I am nearly at the end of my career as a practical Physician, but desire that my methods and systems may survive to bless and relieve mankind, when my body shall rest beneath the hillside, and my weary soul shall sweetly sleep near the Throne of my Redeeming God,—the Ineffable One, whose hand has brought me out of the deeps, and given me a crown of victory at this end of my half-century of life; wherefore I propose to teach others a part, or the whole, of the magnificent System evolved during all these years of toil and struggle; and these are my reasons for desiring to do so:—

Very many of the large-brained, active-minded People of this Country, as is the case with the same class in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, and other large centres of population, labor under some form of Nervous disease, caused mainly by cerebral exhaustion from mental overwork. Another large class, including both sexes, suffer the same troubles, but from different causes,—the distressing symptoms being difficult to alleviate, much less to cure, with the means at hand, for the reason that until my discoveries and improvements there was no absolute medical agent, or Pharmaceutical preparation in existence, capable of meeting such cases successfully; and since my preparations—during 25 years of trial—have proved their unexampled power over all diseases involving nerves, brain, lungs, kidneys, and sexual organization, their popularity, without the adventitious aid of advertising, paid-for certificates, and other modes of puffery, demonstrating this fact,—I am proud to say, the field of their usefulness is wholly unchallenged by the products of the Pharmacopoeia of the civilized world.

In the experience of every Physician worthy the name, numerous cases present themselves, which may be generally defined as loss of magnetism, depletion of magnetic force; in other words, Vital Exhaustion; to cure which, thousands have resorted to the various hypophosphites, preparations of Lyttæ, Valerian, etc.; some of which undoubtedly afforded temporary relief; but all of which are impermanent, and, as Dynamic remedies, and no other, are adapted to that class of troubles, wholly and utterly unreliable. Patients who need and resort to such remedies—and in vain, for reasons self-apparent—may be classified as, First, those who, forgetful that Vigor is the gift of God, have exhausted the brain and nervous system by indoor life, too constant mental application,—of course involving loss of lung-power,—and hence, like plants in a cellar, are bleached out. The Second class have lived too fast; and late hours, wine, and personal excess have stranded them midway of life's sea; the Nerve fountains are run dry; vital energy is sapped and gone; and existence is dull, feverish, wholly spiceless, and insipid. A Third class have led such fretful, vexed, and troubled lives that, without intentional error, they have nearly extinguished the fire of life. A Fourth class, embracing both sexes and all ages, from ten years to threescore, consists of those unfortunates who, by neglect or other causes, have become inverted, and by solitary habits (not to be mentioned, but whose terrific consequences must be met and conquered), have sapped and drained their vitality, till their flesh is waxy, nerves unstrung, brain softened: they have become unreliable, changeful, angular, crooked, wild, shiftless, aimless, suspicious, lonely, nervous; easily affected by the weather, bad news; are gloomy, morose, scary, discontented, dreamy, fidgety, suicidal, secretive; now tender, then coarse and callous; now gentle, then the opposite; vapory, fretful, easily worried; wholly unfitted for life's most solemn duties; disquieted themselves, and estranging their best friends; they have become worn out, exhausted, and, in the case of females, loaded down with troubles that would kill half the men living; often, in their cases, resulting in morbid state of mind and body; and in men resulting in Impotence, and worse trouble. There is a Fifth class, whom Disease has wasted and reduced so that there is scarcely life enough to make it at all desirable; and a morbid melancholy, almost utter despair, follows. They have frightful dreams, flashes, headaches, palpitations, anger fits, hysteria, and angularities without number. A Sixth class have gone to waste,

impotence, and senility, at 30, 35, and 40 years of age, who with a little care could retain full vigor till threescore years and ten!

The above list embraces, 1st. All that vast mass of people who are exhausted by mental labor and sedentary occupations; who from various causes are angular, excitable, nervous, and, at times, unaccountably morbid; 2d. All who are passionless, cold, non-attractive, non-attracted, or, if attracted, hopelessly so, from lack of responsive ability; who are unsettled, uneasy, subject to mental, temperamental, gloomy, lonely, and passion storms; 3d. All who have half-ruined their minds and bodies, sapped their health and vigor, and are now crooked and fretful, despondent by passion excess, normal or otherwise, or from any cause whatever.

Who can doubt that, in reference to very many of these troubles, perverted, excessive, or abused Physical Love lieth at the foundation? No woman is ill whose Nervous apparatus is sound; no man is so whose natural appetites and brain are strong and vigorous. Life and power, strength and force, beauty and love, talent, genius, endurance and longevity, all depend upon the normal health of the vital-nervous organs, for when these are disordered the whole being must and does suffer, and nine-tenths of all the diseases of "Civilization" originate in the disturbances of that portion of the human economy.

The remedials I propose to teach how to manufacture, will revive energy lost from whatever cause, for they are nervous force and vital power in tangible form, and act, not by stimulation, but by invigoration, restoring magnetic and dynamic power, when nothing else on earth can do it.

Physicians and others are hereby given to clearly and distinctly understand, that in no sense whatever are either of these preparations empirical productions, or "Patent Medicines." Their discovery opens a new era in the curative art. They are not Medicines, but dynamic agents; have been thoroughly tested in France, England, and 35 States of this Union; and, where properly administered or taken, it is doubtful if a case exists of Incipient Consumption, Wasting, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Hysteria, Nervous or Vital Prostration, Leucorrhoea, Sterility, Brain Softening, Dyspepsia, Mental Wandering, General Debility, Whole or Partial Weakness from Nerval Exhaustion, that they will not speedily and radically cure, because of their extraordinary dynamic power.

In the Medical Profession, the great want has long been that of a powerful, positive, certain, yet harmless Nervine-Invigorant, capable of direct action upon the brain, nervous centres, and pelvic apparatus; an agent that will allay morbid inflammation, yet stimulate, exhilarate, tone up, and permanently strengthen; that will supply nervous energy, correct all morbid action, and furnish the material lost or wasted by excessive mental toil, venery, masturba-tion, onanism, and other forms of vital prostration. Every Physician of any reasonable amount of practice frequently has cases of weakness, mental and physical, demanding the exhibition of peculiar tonic stimulants and aphrodisiacs, that shall be certain in effect, yet non-irritant or reactionary. This want is generally met in my remedials, beyond all question the most perfect vitalizing agents known, and hence peculiarly adapted to all cases of Female disease, Marasmus, or Wasting, all anæmic cases, and those morbid states resulting in Hysteria, Despondency, Melancholia, Insanity, and Suicidal Depression, all of which result from Uterine, Ovarian, Cerebral, Nervous, Prostatic and Seminal Exhaustion in either sex respectively. To meet and conquer, especially, severe and stubborn cases of all such, I propose to instruct suitable persons how to prepare and use the following list of remedial agents, hitherto prepared by no one but myself; viz., 14 Formulas, embracing 1 Barosmyn, 1 Lucina Cordial, 1 Protogene, 3 for Eye diseases, with instruments, 2 for "accidental" complaints, but whose effects are supremely terrible—(these formulas are the only perfect cure on earth,—Hope for Poisoned wives). In short, I purpose to teach the best of my discoveries, and to give Parchment certificates to Prove the purchaser has actually been

instructed in my system and my formulas.

Through these remedials many have regained health; old men and barren women have become happy parents, and patients standing on the verge of death have been rendered strong and vigorous,—of course not alone by medicines, but by the course laid down for their guidance, especially those set forth in my Pamphlet on the Prolongation of Human Life and Power, called "The Golden Secret."

Where Parties expressly desire it, the above system will be supplemented by a Series of Esoteric instructions, involved mainly in the Ansairctic Mystery.

Those who have read my Works, need not now, at the end of 30 years, be told that, as an expert, in diseases of the nervous and genital systems, my fame is too well established to be successfully contested by any man, men, or party, nor that the ablest Physicians in the land are glad to accept my teachings and improvements upon original discoveries. During the past year I have by a new discovery revolutionized the entire treatment of such diseases. By it the physician and patient need no longer "guess," but go at once to the cure of the case. The discovery is entirely original, and will be imparted to practitioners,—those who wish to make a specialty of treating that class of human ailments. Terms by mail. The cardinal principle of both the treatment and remedials, is that, contrary to all the "schools," I hold that Life itself is a principle; that we are not born with a given amount of it, which, when exhausted, gives us up to death; but that we can not only accrete and gather in new life, and thus add long years to the sum total of its duration, but also that we can intensify, deepen, broaden, and expand it in every direction, thus preserving our fire, beauty, vigor, energy, magnetic and personal force, to an unlimited degree. And not only that, but—and here is indeed a mighty discovery—that the very source of exhaustion, is, properly understood, the actual fountain of perpetuity, endurance, long life, and power, mental, physical, moral, emotional, and magnetic. In a word, I hold it possible to almost wholly rejuvenate ourselves and become young again in spirits, vigor, mental power, and endurance,—that loss of love is loss of life, and that both can be restored. These things I teach, and among others give much practical knowledge of inestimable value, on the observance of which depends the happiness of all wedded couples, and ignorance of which fills the land with vice, murder, suicide, divorce, and wretchedness incalculable. [This knowledge is broadly laid down in the large work, "The Master Passion," and the greater one "Good News," Tables of Contents of which will be sent to any address on receipt of postage thereon.]

My instructions will prove of inestimable value and importance not only to Physicians, but to other men, and especially to women, for a great many reasons which I do not choose to set forth herein.

Lastly: this book will inevitably call attention to the B. O. E. (Brotherhood of Eulis), the Hope of the world and Sheet anchor of Mankind. All such are informed that a handbook of the Order will be issued from this Grand Lodge; to the officers of which application for information should be made; and to no other authority, save myself, until death.[2]

My address at present is Toledo, Ohio; when it is changed, due notice will be given.  
P. B. Randolph.

See second note below.[3]

Complaints on both sides—deep, if not loud—are made about want of passionate fervor, and affectional ardor; and unjustly often in both cases, for each takes especial pains and particular care not to strive in any way to bring about a different nerval condition. I once asked an Arab physician in Egypt, if such

things existed among the dark races, in the harems, or amidst the nomads. Yes, he said; but seldom. And when it does, the entire character of the food is changed; abstinence l'amour, is persisted in; and when both these fail, the weak one is by the other mesmerized with a long-fringed feather, tenderly, lightly, slowly drawn down the spine, breasts, and across all parts of the well-washed cuticle, so lightly as scarce to touch! There is a peculiar and powerful conducting property in such a feather, and never yet in 2,000 years has it been known to fail. In your cold land (America) the aphrodisiacal treatment should be accompanied with the internal cordials I told you of; and Allah, precious Allah! will speedily bless the unfruitful pair; for a soul begotten without fervor had better never come to earth, for it will be wretched and a curse to itself until its flight toward the Ghillem. There is more on these points, but they cannot be given herein.

There are quite a number of exceedingly important and inexpressibly holy and delicate questions connected with the subject-matter of this work, which, although alluded to, have not been openly and freely discussed herein, for self-apparent reasons. These things relate to the inner mysteries of the human being and of Eulis, (or the Philosophy of Love, Agape, not stogu,) and are only to be given under the sacred conditions of Patient and Physician or Teacher and Pupil. How long I may remain to teach of course I do not know,—only this I do know—that I have suffered much and am weary; but while able I shall take great delight in clearing up the doubts and mysteries besetting those about me; and all who need such counsel as I am capacitated to impart, are hereby freely warranted in asking or writing for it,—assured that I will do my best toward alleviating the distresses of body and heart, Soul and Spirit; and although I cannot bear the burdens of all, still I have done somewhat of good in that line, and am ready to continue so doing while life lasts.

In March, 1874, I organized a society, provisionally, down in Tennessee—"The B. O. E." to which it was my intention to teach all the occult branches of esoteric knowledge, constitute it my literary heir, and through it spring many lofty truths upon the world; but

"The best laid plans of mice or men

Aft gang alee!"

And so did mine with reference to that society; for owing to irreconcilable misunderstandings it became absolutely necessary to dissolve the provisional society as the B. O. E., and to utterly decline to permanently organize it, owing to the presence in it of a person with whom it became impossible for me to break bread and taste salt—things which no man of Eulis or Rosicrucia will ever do under unpleasant conditions. Consequently, hereafter as heretofore, I shall do what good I can, single-handed and alone—yet not alone, for God and I are a clear majority. I'll help myself and others, and He will help me.

June 30, 1874

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